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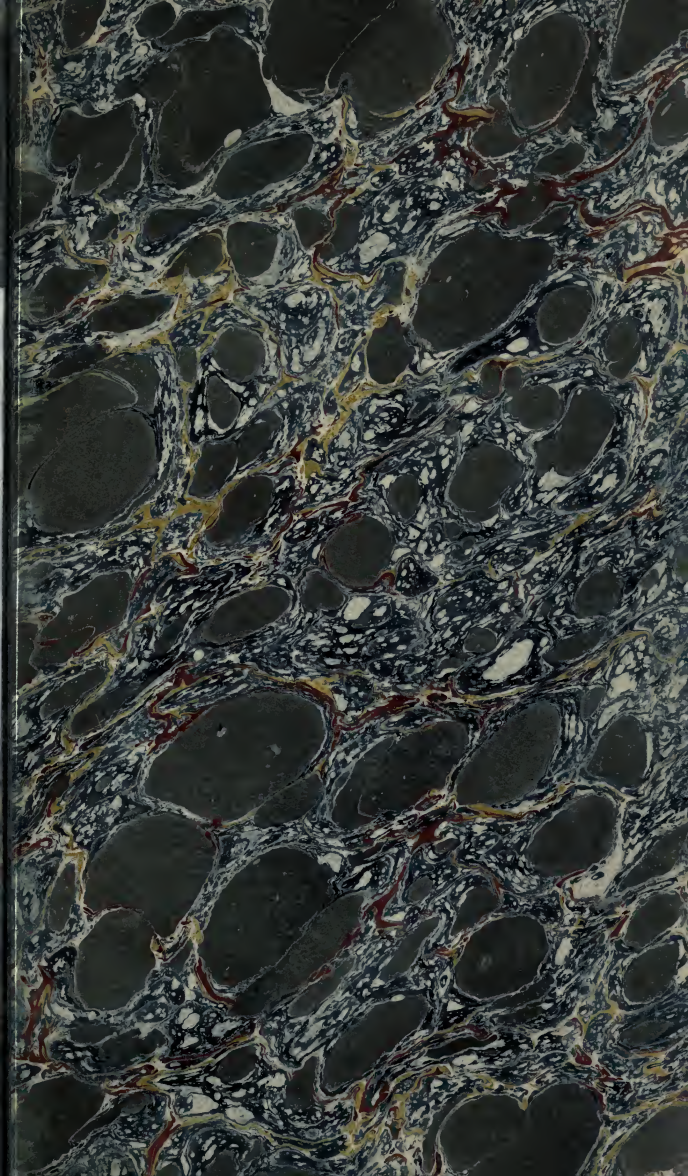
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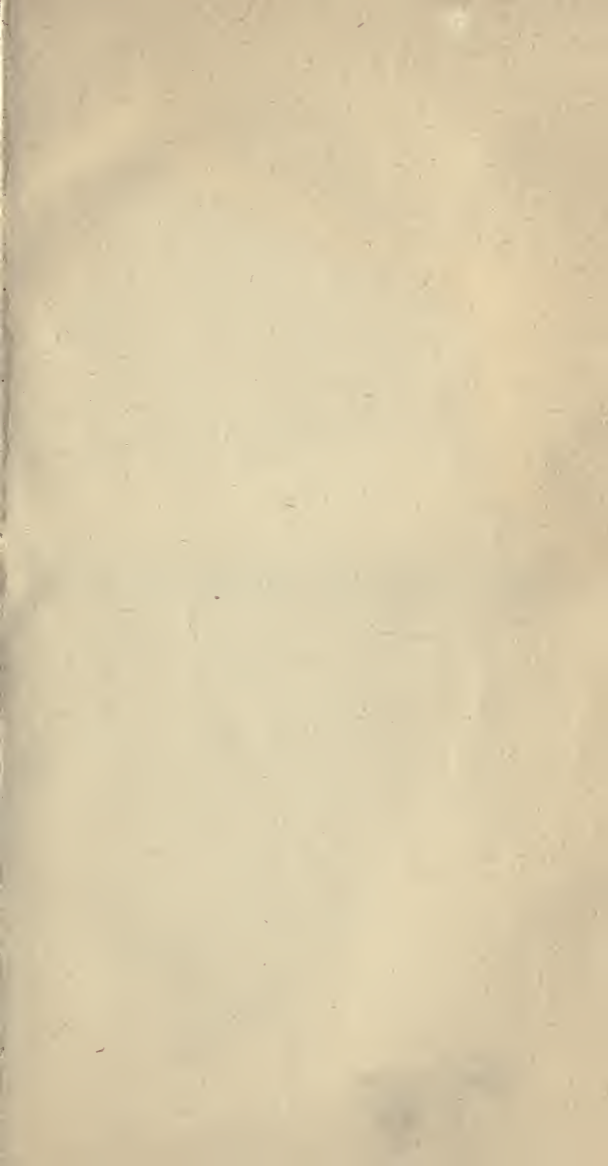
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Battle at Richebourg commences on 9th May 1915  
visits Richebourg St Vaast 10th May.

Brigade left position on right of Richebourg  
on 20th May 1915 and rested at Allouagne.  
Reached Allouagne on 21st May. Billeted on  
the Route de Longuehuet.



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THE  
SCOTTISH BALLADS;

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "THE  
PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

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EDINBURGH :

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MDCCCXXIX.

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## PREFACE.

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SINCE the publication of a few Scottish Ballads by Percy, in 1755, but especially during the present century, the public have been put in possession of many various collections of popular narrative poetry; among which the chief are—Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1801—Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806—Finlay's *Historical and Romantic Ballads*, 1808—Kinloch's *Ancient Ballads*, 1826—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, 1827—and Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland*, 1828. Each of these works contains a certain number of ballads, which the editors recovered from the mouths of the common people, and printed for the first time; as also a considerable number, which can only be called various versions of similar compositions elsewhere published. One way and another, nearly two hundred distinctly different ballads have been thus laid before the public; some of them in no fewer than six different forms. And a representation has been

afforded of the condition in which such poetry exists in all the principal provinces of Scotland.

In the present age, when, like the precious volumes of the Sibyl, books may be said to increase in value in so far as they are abbreviated, objection will scarcely be taken to a work which proposes to condense the diffused merit of so many different and expensive books. The reader will here find, that I have not only made a careful selection of what appeared to me in every respect the best of the whole mass of published ballads; which has been already done, to a certain extent, by recent compilers; but that, by a more daring exertion of taste, I have, in a great many instances, associated what seemed to me the best stanzas, and the best lines, nay even the best words, of the various copies extant; thus producing something considerably different, it is true, from what is to be found in any particular part of the country, and therefore not correctly a representation of the condition of Scottish ballad poetry any where; but which, nevertheless, as it combines many other advantages, is unquestionably better, at least in a literary point of view, than any other single thing either oral or printed. I am perfectly aware that this mode of editing ballads

is deprecated by the antiquary, as being little better than the deliberate vitiation of these revered compositions, of which so many other editors have been guilty. Yet, after a thorough review of all the circumstances, I have arrived at the conclusion, that it is not only allowable, but is absolutely demanded by the public. These narratives, it must be remarked, have not reached us in the exact shape in which they were thrown off by their authors. They have come down from the far retreats of antiquity, altogether different in spirit, in language, and in form, from what they originally were. Many of them, especially those most recently published, are so completely translated into the modern phraseology of the vulgar, that it is impossible to say that they are genuine old ballads at all. Had they been, like the most of the English ballads published by Percy, preserved in a manuscript of considerable antiquity, and had they still borne marks of the taste of ancient times, I at once allow, that, as there would have been no necessity, so would there been no excuse, for adopting my plan of publishing them. Seeing, however, that they are put into our hands in a corrupted shape, and have, in reality, no ascertainable value in a historical or antiquarian point of view, it seems but proper that the next best

plan should be adopted—that of purifying them as much as possible, and giving them the utmost literary value of which they may be susceptible. By adopting what the antiquarians would call the more faithful plan, I should have produced the same matter in thrice its present extent, and so much decussated into fragments, and so frequently repeated, that it would have been almost unfit for the general reader. By adopting the plan which taste and various other considerations forced upon me, I am hopeful that the reader will find, within the compass of a single volume, and at a very moderate price, nearly all that he could wish to see. To allay, in some measure, the fervour of the antiquary, let me remind him, that the ballads still exist, in their original shape, in the publications where they first appeared. All that I have attempted, is to combine, as in the Ossianic poems, certain compositions formerly fugitive and various, and which seemed capable of a more extensive application in the reading world if so combined, but which, in their native condition, could never have been much regarded, except by men devoted to the study of that species of literature.

HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

*April 27, 1829.*

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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THE Ballads forming this volume are divided into four different classes :—

I. HISTORICAL BALLADS.

II. BALLADS SUPPOSED TO REFER TO REAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN PRIVATE LIFE.

III. ROMANTIC BALLADS.

IV. IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLADS.

The two first of these classes form properly one kind of ballad—namely, short metrical narratives of real incidents, which have happened in recent or remote times. They are here divided into two series, because it seemed somewhat awkward to mix up transactions of a public nature, and which are essentially connected with history, with those which have taken place in the lives of particular and often obscure individuals. In this place, however, they may be considered as the same.

The first thing to be considered in the character of this kind of ballad, is its antiquity. And here we are at once reduced to the necessity of presenting conjecture instead of fact. It is the belief of all previous enquirers into this subject—and common-sense counte-

nances the theory most expressly—that, in almost every case, the ballads referring to real incidents were composed immediately after the transactions which called them forth. It seems to have been a custom of the people from all time, to throw incidents which impressed their minds into this historical form. We see them, at the present day, do something of the same kind, in regard to notorious criminals, and to great battles. It is at least far more likely that they composed the ballads on the spur of the occasion, than with the deliberate retrospect of a historical novelist of the present day.

Allowing this theory to be correct, we have here “Sir Patrick Spens,” “The Gude Wallace,” “The Battle of Otterbourne,” “Young Bekie,” “The Douglas Tragedy,” “Gil Morrice,” &c. as compositions of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; which must assuredly be considered a very respectable degree of antiquity for popular poems. Great changes, no doubt, must have taken place in the form and language of these productions, before they were arrested and fixed down in their present consistence by the types of the eighteenth century. We may even allow, that in some cases, as certain antiquaries suppose, they have degenerated from the lengthy and regular narratives which the minstrels formerly “carpit” to the noble of the land, and that, in all instances, they have become something decidedly inferior to what they were originally. Yet, after all, there is evidence to prove that this change cannot have been very great, during at least the last two centuries.

Hume, of Godscroft, in his History of the House of Douglas, which was published in 1646, thus quotes a verse from a ballad, which he says was composed on the death of the Knight of Liddisdale :

The Countess of Douglas, out of her bowre she came,  
 And loudly then that she did call ;  
 It is for the Lord of Liddisdale,  
 That I let all these tears downe fall.

In allusion to the assassination of William, sixth Earl of Douglas, by James II., in 1440, the same writer quotes the following stanza, anathematory of the scene of the incident, from another old ballad :

Edinburgh Castle, toune and towre,  
 God grant thou sink for sinne,  
 And that even for the black dinoure,  
 Erl Douglas got therein !

These fragments, besides implying the antiquity of the custom of writing ballads on historical subjects, prove, from the style of their versification and language, that little change has taken place on this species of poetry since at least the reign of Charles I. In all probability, had Hume had occasion to quote a stanza of " Sir Patrick Spens," or " Jock o' the Syde," we should have found it the same, word for word, with the corresponding passage in either of these two ballads, as now printed.

All that can be said, therefore, regarding the two first classes of ballads in the present collection, is, that they are the proper traditionary records of certain in-

cidents in history and private life, which made an impression on the minds of the populace at the time they happened; and that they may be thus accepted, with slight reservations, as in general forming authentic specimens of the popular poetry of their respective ages.

The Romantic Ballads, which form the third class in this Collection, are different from the two first classes in every respect, except that they are the productions, and form the entertainment, of the same people. In strict chronology, perhaps, they ought to have been placed in the first rank; for, while the ballads of the two first classes refer, in general, to incidents, of which there is some collateral and authentic record, these productions seem to have taken their rise in the infancy of society, before any other mode of historical commemoration had yet been discovered. The Romantic Ballads, indeed, bear all the appearance of having been conceived in the very cradle of human nature; they seem to have had their origin while as yet mankind was little more than a single family. Their *stories* are, in general, only such simple and familiar incidents as take place in a rude state of society: what is more, they are almost all common to every nation in the world.

It would be absurd to contend, that these compositions have existed in their present shape for a great length of time. All that can be said in favour of their antiquity, is, that they are the last *shape* or *form* into which the stories which amused our earliest ancestors have been resolved. Some of them, moreover, are evidently of a less remote extraction than others—

are, indeed, only referable to the earlier ages of our own history. But this, nevertheless, is the proper general account of their origin.

As one instance, for all, of the universality of these stories, both as to place and time, it may be mentioned, that the beautiful love tale of "Burd Helen" is the same with one called the *Lai le Frêne*, preserved in English in the Auchinleck Manuscript, and in Norman in the *Lais of Marie*, which were written about the year 1250. "Tamlane" may also be referred to the story of Thomas the Rhymer, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The tale of "Fair Annie" is found, with many others, in the great Danish collection called the *Kæmpe Viser*, which was published in 1593.





# SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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PART FIRST.

**Historical Ballads.**

SCOTTISH BALLADS

THE FIRST

VOLUME

# SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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## PART FIRST.

### Historical Ballads.

---

#### SIR PATRICK SPENS.\*

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,†  
Drinking the blude-red wine :  
“ O where will I get a skeilly skipper  
To sail this ship o’ mine ?”

O up and spak an eldren knicht,  
Sat at the king’s richt knee :  
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That sails upon the sea.”

\* The copy here given of this touching and beautiful ballad, is chiefly taken from that which was printed in Herd’s Collection, with a few additional verses from those found in the publications of Sir Walter Scott, and Messrs Jamieson, Motherwell, and Buchan. We owe it to Mr Motherwell, who gives some various readings and additional stanzas not here adopted, that the occasion of the ballad is now known to have been the expedition which conveyed Margaret, daughter of King Alexander III., to Norway, in 1281, when she was espoused to Eric, king of that country. Fordoun, in his History of Scotland, relates the incident, in a paragraph which I translate for the convenience of the reader: “ A little before this, namely, in the year 1261, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the King of Norway; who, leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home, after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-alto, and many other persons, were drown-  
ed.”

† The Scottish monarchs chiefly resided in their palace of Dunfermline, from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of Alexander III.

The king has written a braid letter,  
 And signed it wi' his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Was walking on the sand.\*

The first line that Sir Patrick read,  
 A loud lauch lauchit he ;  
 The second line that Sir Patrick read,  
 The tear blinded his ee.

“ O wha is this has done this deed,  
 And tauld the king o' me ?  
 To send us out at this time o' year  
 To sail upon the sea ! †

To Norroway, to Norroway,  
 To Norway ower the faem,  
 The king's dauchter to Norroway,  
 It's we maun tak her hame.

\* I think it extremely probable, that Sir Patrick Spens lived near the little port of Aberdour, on the north side of the Frith of Forth ; which port, though now the most trifling imaginable, might then have been in use as a sort of haven for the town of Dunfermline, from which it is not far distant. In the last verse of the ballad, the shipwreck is described as taking place half way back from Norway to Aberdour ; and it is certainly a likely circumstance, that the ship was destined to the same port from which she set out. What adds greatly to the probability of this theory, is, that there is an extremely fine tract of hard white sand to the east of Aberdour ; a tract of sand which may, indeed, be described as unmatched anywhere in Scotland for its extent and beauty—altogether quite a local wonder. As this tract might properly be called “ the Sand,” *par excellence*, especially by a local poet, the imagination can hardly be restrained from forming the idea, that Sir Patrick was enjoying his ordinary walk along the fine beach in front of his house, when the royal order came down from the inland palace-town of Dunfermline, commanding him to get ready the vessel which he kept in the neighbouring port, in order to convey the princess to Norway. It is an additional fact in favour of this theory, that Spens is to this day an almost exclusively Fife name. Spens of *Craigsanquhar*, formerly of Lathallan, in Fife, is, I have been informed, the only landed gentleman of the name in Scotland.

In some modern copies of the ballad, the word *strand* has been injudiciously substituted for *sand*.

† In former times, on account of the rude and imperfect state of navigation, it was considered impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to sail during winter. In the reign of James III., two hundred years after the period assigned to this composition, an act of the Scottish parliament prohibited all vessels from being navigated, “ frae the feast of St Simon's-day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our Lady, called Candlemas.”

Ye'll eat and drink, my merry-men a',  
 And see ye be weel thorne;  
 For, blaw it wind, or blaw it weet,  
 Our gude ship sails the morn."

Then out and spak a gude auld man;  
 A gude deid mat he dee!  
 "Whatever ye do, my gude master,  
 Tak God your guide to be."

"There shall nae man gang to the ship,  
 Till I say mass and dine,  
 And tak my leave of my gude ladye;  
 Gang to the bonnie ship syne."

The ship it was a gudely ship;  
 Its tap-mast was o' gowd;  
 And at ilka tack o' needle wark  
 A silver bell it jowed.

They mounted sail on Mononday morn  
 Wi' a' the haste they may;  
 And they landed in Norroway  
 Upon the Wodensday.

They hadna been a month, a month,  
 In Norroway, but twae,  
 When that the lords o' Norroway  
 Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,  
 And a' our queenis fee."  
 "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
 Sae loud as I hear ye lie.

For I've brought as much white monie  
 As gane\* my men and me;

\* Gane, suffice; apparently an abbreviation of the phrase, to secure *agane*, or against, want.

And I brought a half-fou \* o' gude red gowd  
Out ower the sea wi' me.

Make haste, make haste, my merry-men a',  
Our gude ship sails the morn."  
"Now ever alake, my master dear,  
I fear a deidly storm!

I saw the new mune late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld mune in her arm;  
And I fear, and I fear, my dear master,  
That we will come to harm."

"Betide me weel, betide me wae,  
This day I'll leave the shore;  
For I will spend my white money  
'Mong Norroway dogs no more."

Sir Patrick he is on the sea,  
And far out ower the faem,  
Wi' five-and-fifty Scots lords' sons,  
That longed to be at hame.

Upstartit the mermaid by the ship,  
Wi' a glass and a kame in her hand;  
Says, "Reek about, my merry-men;  
Ye are nae far frae land."

"Ye lie, ye lie, my bonnie mermaid,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
For, sin' I hae seen your face this nicht,  
The land I will never see!"

They had na sail'd a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

\* A half-peck.

The anchors brak, and the tap-masts lap,  
 It was sic a deidly storm ;  
 And the waves cam ower the staggering ship,  
 Till a' her sides were torn.

“ O where will I get a gude sailor  
 To tak my helm in hand,  
 Till I get to the tall tap-mast,  
 To see if I can spy land ?”

“ O here am I, a gude sailor,  
 To tak the helm in hand,  
 Till you gang to the tall tap-mast ;  
 But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.”

He had na gane a step, a step,  
 A step but barely ane,  
 When a bout\* flew out of our goodly ship,  
 And the salt sea it came in.

“ Gae fetch a wab o' the silken claith,  
 Another o' the twine,  
 And wrap them baith round our ship's side,  
 And let na the sea come in.”

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken claith,  
 Anither o' the twine,  
 And they wrapped them round that gude ship's side ;  
 But still the sea cam in.

“ Then picke her well, and spare her well,  
 And make her hale and sound.”  
 But, ere he had the word weel spoke,  
 The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith was our Scottish lords  
 To wat their cork-heel'd shoon ;

But, lang or a' the play was played,  
They wat their hats abune !

And mony was the feather bed  
Lay floating on the faem ;  
And mony was the gude Scots lord  
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,  
Wi' their fans in their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand.

O lang, lang may the ladyes look,  
Wi' their gown tails ower their croun,  
Before they see their ain deir lords  
Come sailing to Dunfermline toun.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves ;  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,  
Full fifty fathoms deep,  
There lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
And the Scots lords at his feet.

---

### THE GUDE WALLACE.\*

WALLACE wicht, upon a nicht,  
Cam riding ower a lin ;  
And he is to his leman's bouir,  
And tirl'd at the pin.

\* The subject-matter of this ballad is to be found in the fifth book of Blind-Harry's "Wallace."



“ O sleep ye, or wake ye, lady ?” he cried ;  
 “ Ye’ll rise and let me in.”

“ O wha is this at my bouir door,  
 That knocks and knows my name ?”

“ My name is William Wallace ;  
 Ye may my errand ken.”

“ The truth to you I will rehearse—  
 The secret I’ll unfauld ;  
 Into your enemies’ hands, this night,  
 I fairly hae you sauld.”

“ If that be true ye tell to me,  
 Do ye repent it sair ?”

“ Oh, that I do,” she said, “ dear Wallace,  
 And will do evermair !

The English did surround my house,  
 And forcit me theretill ;  
 But for your sake, my dear Wallace,  
 I could burn on a hill.”

Then he ga’e her a loving kiss ;  
 The teir drapt frae his ee ;  
 Says, “ Fare ye weel for evermair ;  
 Your face nae mair I’ll see.”

She dress’d him in her ain claithing,  
 And frae her house he came ;  
 Which made the Englishmen admire  
 To see sic a stalwart dame !

Now Wallace to the Hielands went,  
 Where nae meat nor drink had he ;  
 Said, “ Fa’ me life, or fa’ me death,  
 To some toun I maun drie.” \*

\* Repair.

He steppit ower the river Tay—  
 On the North Inch \* steppit he ;  
 And there he saw a weel-faured May, †  
 Was washing aneath a tree.

“ What news, what news, ye weel-faured May ?  
 What news hae ye to me ?  
 What news, what news, ye weel-faured May,  
 What news in the south countrie ? ”

“ O see ye, sir, yon hostler-house  
 That stands on yonder plain ?  
 This very day have landit in it  
 Full fifteen Englishmen,

In search of Wallace, our champion,  
 Intending he should dee ! ”  
 “ Then, by my sooth,” says Wallace wicht,  
 “ These Englishmen I’se see.

If I had but in my pocket  
 The worth of a single pennie,  
 I wad gang to the hostler-house,  
 These gentlemen to see.”

She put her hand in her pocket,  
 And pull’d out half-a-crown,  
 Says, “ Tak ye that, ye beltit knicht,  
 And pay your lawin ‡ down.”

As he went frae the weel-faured May,  
 A beggar bold met he,  
 Was cover’d wi’ a clouted cloke,  
 In his hand a trustie tree.

\* A beautiful plain, or common, lying along the Tay, near Perth.

† Maiden.

‡ Reckoning.

“ What news, what news, ye silly auld man ?  
What news hae ye to gie ?”

“ No news, no news, ye beltit knicht,  
No news hae I to thee,  
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house  
Waiting Wallace for to see.”

“ Ye’ll lend to me your clouted cloke,  
That kivers ye frae heid to shie ;  
And I’ll go to the hostler-house,  
To ask for some supplie.”

Now he’s gane to the West-muir wood,  
And pulled a trustie trie ;  
And then he’s on to the hostler gone,  
Asking there for charitie.

Doun the stair the captain comes,  
The puir man for to see :  
“ If ye be captain as gude as ye look,  
You’ll give me some supplie.”

“ Where were ye born, ye cruikit carle ?  
Where, and in what countrie ?”

“ In fair Scotland, sir, was I born,  
Cruikit carle as ye ca’ me.”

“ O I wad give you fifty pounds  
Of gold and white monie ;  
O I wad give you fifty pounds,  
If Wallace ye would let me see.”

“ Tell doun your money,” quo’ the cruikit carle,  
“ Tell doun your money good ;  
I’m sure I have it in my pour,  
And never had a better bode.” \*

\* Offer of price, or remuneration.

The money was told upon the table,  
 Of silver pounds fiftie :  
 “ Now here I stand !” quo’ the gude Wallace,  
 And his cloke frae him gar’d flie.

He slew the captain where he stood ;  
 The rest they did quake and rair :  
 He slew the rest around the room ;  
 Syne ask’d if there were ony mair.

“ Get up, get up, gudewife,” he says,  
 “ And get me some dinner in haste ;  
 For it soon will be three lang days time,  
 Sin’ a bit o’ meat I did taste !”

The dinner was na weil readie,  
 Nor yet on the table set,  
 When other fifteen Englishmen  
 Were lichtit at the yett.\*

“ Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace !  
 This is the day ye maun dee !”  
 “ I lippen nae sae little to God,” he says,  
 “ Although I be but ill wordie.”

The gudewife had an auld gudeman ;  
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stude,  
 Till ten o’ the fifteen Englishmen  
 Lay before the door in their blude.

The other five he took alive,  
 To the greenwood as they ran ;  
 And he has banded them, bot mercie, †  
 Up hich upon a grain. ‡

\* Gate.

-- † Without mercy.

‡ A forked branch of a tree is so called in Scotland—as also any other object in nature of a fork-shape.

Now he is on to the North Inch gone,  
 Where the May was washing tenderlie.  
 "Now, by my sooth," said the gude Wallace,  
 "It's been a sair day's wark to me."

He's put his hand in his pocket,  
 And pulled out twenty pounds ;  
 Says, "Tak ye that, ye weel-faured May,  
 For the gude luck o' your half-crown."

Full five-and-twenty men he slew,  
 Five hanged upon a grain ;  
 On the morn he sat, wi' his merry-men a',  
 In Lochmaben toun at dine.\*



## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.†

[THE SCOTTISH VERSION OF THE ENGLISH BALLAD  
 "CHEVY CHACE."]

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
 When the muirmen win their hay,

\* The first seven stanzas of this ballad are from a copy in Buchan's "Ballads of the North of Scotland." The remainder is composed out of two copies—one in Johnson's "Musical Museum," the other in Buchan's "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads." The twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first verses are slightly altered by the editor, for the sake of completing the narrative in a consistent manner.

† I quote from Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," what I conceive to be at once the briefest and most intelligent authentic account of the occasion of this ballad as yet in print.

"In the year 1388, the Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England upon a large scale, and had assembled a large army for that purpose; but, learning that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the rich and flat country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

"Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both

## The doughty Earl of Douglas rode Into England, to catch a prey.

were gallant knights; but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew out his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas got possession, in the struggle, of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognizance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith.

“ ‘That,’ said Percy, ‘shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland.’

“ ‘Then,’ said Douglas, ‘come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent.’

“ The Scots army, having completed the object of their expedition, began their retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running towards the Scottish frontier. They encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the frontier, on the 19th August, 1388.

“ In the middle of the night, the alarm arose in the Scottish camp, that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the advance of Sir Harry Percy, with a body of men equal or superior in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed-water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and with a degree of military skill, which could scarcely have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

“ Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there was none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with, threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising, showed them the Scottish army, who they fancied were retreating, drawn up in complete order and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of ‘Douglas!’ rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, it would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North-Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his patron with a long lance.

“ ‘How fares it, cousin?’ said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

“ ‘Indifferently,’ answered Douglas; ‘but, blessed be God, my ancestors have died on the field of battle, not on down-beds. I sink fast, but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family, that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will this day be accomplished.’

“ The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting, ‘Douglas! Douglas!’ louder

He has chosen the Lindsays licht,\*  
 With them the Gordons gay,  
 The Earl of Fife withouten strife,  
 And Sir Hugh Montgomerie.

They hae taken Northumberland,  
 And part of Bamboroughshire; †  
 And the Otterdale they burnt it hale,  
 And set it a' on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,  
 And he rode it round about;  
 "O wha's the lord o' this castle,  
 Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spak proud Lord Percy then,  
 And O but he spak hie!  
 "I am the lord o' this castle,  
 My wife's the lady gay."

than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly; and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas—

'Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,  
 And, Douglas dead, his name has won the field.'

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him, for ransom, to build a castle for him at Pencon, in Ayrshire. The battle of Otterburn was disastrous to the leaders on both sides—Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems; and the great historian Froissart says, that, one other action excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time."

\* In the old days of clanship, when every different family had distinctly different characteristics as well as interests, this great Angus clan was usually designated "the licht Lindsays," probably on account of some peculiar levity of disposition which they might think proper to manifest in their military conduct. On the same principle, the clan mentioned in the next line, who were then a Border clan, were called "the gay Gordons:"

"He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John."

*Ballad of Glenlogie.*

† The old maxim, of "major continet minorem," is here disregarded. Bamboroughshire is a part of Northumberland; being so designated from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumbrian kings.

“ If thou’rt the lord o’ this castle,  
 Sae weel it pleases me !  
 For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
 The tane of us shall die.”

He took a lang speir in his hand,  
 Shod with the metal free ;  
 And, for to meet the Douglas there,  
 He rode richt furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked,  
 Frae aff the castle wa’,  
 When down, before the Scottish speir,  
 She saw proud Percy fa’ !

“ Had we twa been upon the green,  
 And never an eye to see,  
 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ; \*  
 But your sword shall gae wi’ me.”

“ But gae ye up to Otterbourne, †  
 And wait there dayis three ;  
 And if I come not ere three dayis end,  
 A fause knicht ca’ ye me.”

“ The Otterbourne ’s bonnie burn ;  
 ’Tis pleasant there to be ;  
 But there is nocht at Otterbourne  
 To feed my men and me.

The deer rins wild on hill and dale, ‡  
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;  
 But there is neither bread nor kale  
 To fend § my men and me.

\* Flesh and skin.

† Otterbourne is a small vale in the parish of Elsdon, Northumberland, near the old Watling-street road.

‡ Roebucks were to be found upon the wastes of Northumberland so lately as the reign of George I.

§ Sustain.



Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
 Where you shall welcome be ;  
 And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

" Thither will I come," proud Percy said,  
 " By the micht of our Ladye !"  
 " There will I byde thee," said the Douglas,  
 " My trowth I plight to thee."

They lichtit high on Otterbourne,  
 Upon the bent sae brown ;  
 They lichtit high on Otterbourne,  
 And threw their pallions down.\*

And he that had a bonnie boy  
 Sent out his horse to grass ;  
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
 His ain servant he was.

Then out and spak a little boy,  
 Was near o' Percy's kin ;  
 " Methinks I see the English host  
 Coming branking us upon ;

Nine waggons beiring braid and wide,  
 Seven banners beiring high ;  
 It wad do ony living gude  
 To see their bonnie colours fly !"

" If this be true, my little boy,  
 That thou tells unto me,  
 The brawest bouir in Otterbourne  
 Sall be thy morning fee :

But if it be false, my little boy,  
 And a lie thou tells to me,

\* The encampment was on a grassy plain, near the river Reed.

On the highest tree in Otterbourne  
Sune hangit shalt thou be.

But I hae dreimed a drearie dreim :—  
Beyond the Isle o' Skye,  
I saw a deid man win a fight ;  
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braidsword,  
And to the field he ran ;  
But he forgot the helmet gude,  
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu' fain !  
They swakkit their swords till sair they swat,  
And the blude ran down like rain.

But Percy, wi' his gude braid sword,  
That could sae sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,  
And said, " Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain deir sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomerie.

My nephew gude," the Douglas said,  
" What recks the death o' ane !  
Last nicht I dreimed a drearie dreim,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.

My wound is deep ; I fain wad sleep :  
Tak thou the vanguard o' the three,  
And hide me by the braken-bush  
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

O bury me by the braken-bush,  
 Beneath the bluming brier ;  
 Let never living mortal ken  
 That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,  
 Wi' the saut tear in his ee ;  
 He hid him in the braken-bush,  
 That his merrie-men nicht not see.

The mune was cleir, the day drew neir,  
 The speirs in flinders flew ;  
 But mony a gallant Englishman  
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English blude  
 They steeped their hose and shoon ;  
 The Lindsays flew like fire about  
 Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
 That either of other were fain ;  
 They swappit swords, and they twa swat,  
 Till the blude ran doun between.

" Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy !" he said,  
 " Or else I shall lay thee low !"  
 " Whom to shall I yield," Earl Percy said,  
 " Sin' I see it maun be so ?"

" Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;  
 But yield thee to the braken-bush  
 That grows on yon lilye lee."

" I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
 Nor yet will I to a brier,

But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here."

As sune as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword's point in the ground ;  
And Sir Hugh the Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was dune at Otterbourne,  
About the breaking o' the day.  
Earl Douglas was buriat at the braken-bush,  
And Percy led captive away.\*

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### THE BATTLE OF HARLAW†

FRAE Dunidier as I came through,  
Doun by the hill of Bannochie,  
Alangst the lands of Garioch,  
Grit pitie was to heir and see  
The noise and dulesome harmonie,  
(That evir that dulefu' day did daw!)‡

\* First published, in an imperfect state, in Herd's Collection, and afterwards, in a completer shape, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The present copy is compiled from both these versions, with one or two additional stanzas which have been preserved by Mr Finlay, in the "Introduction" to his "Historical and Romantic Ballads." It appears from Hume of Godscroft's "History of the House of Douglas," written in 1646, that the present ballad was then popular. Something of the kind must have also been in the possession of the common people a century earlier than even that period, as, in the catalogue of songs and ballads given in "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1548, there occurs one, under the title of "The Perssee and Montgumerye met, that day, that gentil day."

† This disastrous conflict, which took place on Friday, the 24th of July, 1411, at the Harlaw, a place about ten miles north-west of Aberdeen, was occasioned by a dispute between Donald of the Isles and the Regent Duke of Albany, regarding the succession to the Earldom of Ross. As the real incidents of the fight, and all its circumstances and consequences, are detailed faithfully in the ballad, it is unnecessary to enter at length into its history. It may only be mentioned, as a fact proving in a lively manner the great contemporary fame of this incident, that, for a long time after, it was customary, at schools, for the boys to arrange themselves in two parties, and fight the battle of Harlaw over again, as an amusement.—See *Major's History*.

‡ Dawn.

Cryand the coronach \* on hie,  
Alas, alas, for the Harlaw !

I marvelit what the matter meint ;  
All folks were in a fierie fairrie : †  
I wist not wha was fae or friend ;  
Yet quietly I did me carrie.  
But, sin' the days of auld King Harrie,  
Sic slauchter was not heard nor seen ;  
And there I had not time to tarrie,  
For business in Abirdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,  
To Inverury as I went,  
I met a man and bade him stay,  
Requeisting him to mak me 'quaint  
Of the beginning and the event,  
That happenit there at the Harlaw :  
Then he entreitit me tak tent, ‡  
And he the truth sould to me shaw.

“ Grit Donald of the Isles did claim,  
Unto the lands of Ross some richt,  
And to the governor he came,  
Them for to have, gif that he micht ;  
Wha saw his interest was but slicht,  
And therefore answerit with disdain.  
He haistit hame baith day and nicht,  
And sent nae bodward § back again.

But Donald, richt impatient  
Of that answer Duke Robert gave,  
He vowed to God omnipotent,  
All the hale lands of Ross to have,

\* The well-known song of lament which the Highland people cry over their dead, and which, I believe, is also common to other Celtic nations, especially the Irish.

† Bustle, consternation.

‡ To pay attention.

§ Message, reply.

Or els be graithit \* in his grave.  
 He wald nocht quat his richt for nocht,  
 Nor be abaisit like a slave.  
 That bargain sould be deirly boucht.

Then hastilie he did command,  
 That all his weir-men † sould convene,  
 Ilk ane weil-harnessit frae hand, ‡  
 To meit and heir what he did mein.  
 He waxit wroth and vowit tein, §  
 Sweirand he wald surprise the North,  
 Subdue the bruch of Abirdene,  
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fife to Forth.

Thus, with the weir-men of the Isles,  
 Wha war aye at his biddin boun' ;  
 With monie mae, with fors and wyles,  
 Richt far and neir, baith up and down,  
 Through mount and muir, frae toun to toun,  
 Alongs the lands of Ross, he roars ;  
 And all obeyed at his bandoun, ||  
 Evin frae the north to suthren shores.

Then all the countrie-men did yield,  
 For nae resistance durst they mak,  
 Nor offer battle in the field,  
 Be fors of arms to beir him back.  
 But they resolvit all, and spak,  
 That best it was for their behuve,  
 They sould him for their chieftain tak,  
 Believing weel he did them luv.

Then he a proclamation made,  
 All men to meit at Inverness,  
 Through Murray land to make a raid, ¶  
 Frae Arthursyre unto Speyness :

\* Dressed.  
 § Revenge.  
 ¶ Inroad.

† Men of war.  
 || Command ; *d son bandoun*, Fr.

‡ Immediately.

And, furthermair, he sent expresse,  
 To shaw his colours and eusenye,  
 To all and sundrie, mair or less,  
 Throughout the bounds of Boyne and Enye.

And then through fair Strabogie land  
 His purpose was for to pursue,  
 And whasoevir durst gainstand,  
 That race they should full sairly rue.  
 Then he bade all his men be true,  
 And him defend by fors and slicht,  
 And promist them rewards enew,  
 To mak them men of mickle micht.

Without resistans, as he said,  
 Through all these bounds he stoutly past,  
 Where some war wae, and some war glad;  
 But Garioch was all aghast!  
 Through all these fields he sped him fast,  
 For sic a sicht was nevir sene;  
 And then, forsooth, he langed at last  
 To see the bruch of Abirdene.

To hinder this proud enterpryse,  
 The stout and michtie Earl of Mar,  
 With all his men in arms, did ryse,  
 Even frae Crugarf to Craigievar,  
 And doun the syde of Don richt far.  
 Angus and Mearns did a' convene,  
 To fecht, orr Donald cam sae nar  
 The royal bruch of Abirdene.

And thus the martial Earl of Mar  
 Marcht with his men in richt array;  
 Befoir the enemy was nar,  
 His banner bauldly did display:  
 For weel eneuch they kenned the way,  
 And all their semblance weil they saw,

Without all danger or delay,  
Come hastilie to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvie,  
Of Angus sberiff-principal,  
The constable of gude Dundie,  
The vanguard led befor them all.  
Suppose in number they war small,  
They first richt bauldie did pursue,  
And made their faes before them fall,  
Wha then that race did sairly rue.

And then the worthy Lord Saltone,  
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,  
The stalwart Laird of Lauristone,  
With ilk their forces all and some,  
Panmure, with all his men, did come.  
The provost of braif Abirdene,  
With trumpettis and with tuik of drum,  
Came shortlie in their armour sheen.

These with the Earl of Mar came on,  
In the reirward richt orderlie,  
Their enemies to set upon,  
In awful manner, hardilie ;  
Together vowit to live and die,  
Since they had marchit monie myles,  
For to suppress the tyrannie  
Of doubted Donald of the Isles.

But he in number ten to ane  
Richt subtilie along did ryde,  
With Malcolmtosh and fell Maclean,  
With all their power at their syde.  
Presumand on their strength and pryde,  
Without all feir or ony awe,  
Richt bauldie battle did abyde,  
Hard by the toun of fair Harlaw.



The armies met, the trumpet sounds,  
 The dandering \* drums aloud did tuik,  
 Baith armyes bydand on the bounds,  
 Till ane of them the field sould bruik. †  
 Nae help was therefoir ; nane wald jouk ; ‡  
 Ferce was the fecht on ilka syde,  
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk §  
 Of them that there did battle byde.

With doubtsome victorie they dealt ;  
 The bluidy battle lestit lang ;  
 Ilk man his neebor's force there felt ;  
 The weakest aft times gat the wrang :  
 There was nae mowis || there them amang ;  
 Naething was heard but heavy knocks :  
 The Echo maid a dulefu' sang,  
 Thereto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gaif back ;  
 For they were all out of array :  
 The Earl of Mar's men through them brak,  
 Pursuing sharplie in their way,  
 Their enemies to tak or slay,  
 By dint of force to gar them yield,  
 Wha war richt blythe to win away,  
 And sae for fricht they tint the field.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,  
 To mountains hich, for all his micht ;  
 For he and his men war all aghast,  
 And ran till they war out of sicht.  
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt,  
 Though mony men he with him brocht ;

\* A word formed from the sound ; rattling.

† Possess. ‡ To escape by suddenly stooping.

|| Jest, in opposition to earnest.

§ Body.

Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,  
And all he wan was deirly boucht.

“ This is,” quod he, “ the richt report  
Of all that I did heir and know,  
Though my discourse be something schort,  
Tak this to be a richt gude saw : \*  
Contrair to God and the King’s law,  
There was spilt mickle Christian blude  
Intil the battle of Harlaw ;  
This is the sum ; sae I conclude.

But yet a bonnie while abyde,  
And I sall mak thee cleirly ken,  
What slauchter was on ilka side,  
Of Lawland and of Hieland men,  
Wha for their awin haif evir bene :  
These lazie loons nicht weel be spaired,  
Chessit like deirs into their dens,  
And gat their wages for reward.

Malcomtosh, of the clan heid chief,  
Maclean, with his grit haughty heid,  
With all their succour and relief,  
War dulefully dung to the deid :  
And now we are freed of their feid ; †  
They will not lang to come again ;  
Thousands with them, without remeid,  
On Donald’s syde, that day war slain.

And on the other syde war lost,  
Into the field that dismal day,  
Chief men of worth, of meikle cost,  
To be lamentit sair for ay.

\* Story, or rather true saying.

† Feud, quarrel.

The Lord Saltone of Rothiemay,  
 A man of micht and mickle main ;  
 Grit dolour was for his decay,  
 That sae unhappilie was slain.

Of the best men amang them was  
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilvie,  
 The sheriff-principal of Angus,  
 Renownit for truth and equitie,  
 For faith and magnanimitie ;  
 He had few fallows in the field ;  
 Yet fell by fatal destinie,  
 For he naeways wad grant to yield.

Sir James Scrimgeour of Dudhope, knight,  
 Grit Constable of fair Dundie,  
 Unto the dulefu' death was dicht ;  
 The King's chief bannerman was he ;  
 A valiant man of chivalrie,  
 Whase predecessors wan that place  
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,  
 'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,  
 The much renownit Laird of Drum,  
 Nane in his days was bettir sene,  
 When they war semblit all and some ;  
 To praise him we sould nocht be dumbe,  
 For valour, witte, and worthines ;  
 To end his dayis he there did come,  
 Whaise ransom is remeidyles.

And there the Knicht of Lauriston  
 Was slain into his armour sheen ;  
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,  
 Wha Provost was of Abirdene ;\*

\* The tomb of Sir Robert Davidson, " the Provost of braif Abirdene,"

The Knicht of Panmure, as was sene,  
 A mortal man,\* in armour bricht;  
 Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,  
 Left to the world their last gude-nicht.

There was not, sin' King Kenneth's dayis,  
 Sic strange intestine cruel stryfe  
 In Scotlande sene, as ilk man sayis,  
 Where monie lyklye † lost their lyfe;  
 Whilk made divorcée twene man and wyfe,  
 And monie children fatherles,  
 Whilk in this realm has bene full ryfe;  
 Lord help these lands! our wrangs redress!

In July, on St James his euin,  
 That four-and-twenty dismal day,  
 Twelve hundred, twelve score, and eleven,  
 Of yeirs sin' Christ, the suthe to say;  
 Men will remember, as they may,  
 When thus the veritie they know;  
 And monie a ane will mourne for ay  
 The brim ‡ battle of the Harlaw." §

is still shown in St Nicholas Church, New Aberdeen. The valour of this worthy gentleman, and of his hardy little band of citizens, contributed greatly to the victory.

\* Deadly.

† Handsome men.

‡ Fierce.

§ First printed in Ramsay's *Evergreen*, as a poem composed before the year 1600, but rightly suspected by antiquaries to have been a composition of much more recent date, if not written by Ramsay himself, or some of his friends. It is certain, however, that there was a ballad upon the subject of the Battle of Harlaw, before the year 1549, as it is alluded to in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, published that year. A printed copy, of date 1668, is stated to have been in the library of old Robert Mylne, the well-known collector of MSS.—See Mr Laing's "*Early Metrical Tales*." It is also certain, that there was a tune called "The Battle of Harlaw," previous to the age of Drummond of Hawthornden, (the early part of the seventeenth century,) as, in the *Polemio Middinia* of that poet, the following three lines occur:—

"Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros,  
 Præcedens magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,  
 Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum."

## YOUNG WATERS.

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,  
 And the round tables \* began,  
 A-there is come to our king's court  
 Mony a weel-fau'red man.

The great, the great, thegither rade,  
 The sma' cam a' behin';  
 But wi' Young Waters, that brave knight,  
 There cam a gay gatherin'.

The Queen luikit ower the castle-wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and down;  
 And there she saw Young Waters  
 Come ryding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
 His horsemen rade behind;  
 And a mantel o' the burnin gowd  
 Did keep him frae the wind.

The horse Young Waters rade upon,  
 It cost him hunders nine;  
 For it was siller-shod before,  
 And gowd graith had behin'.

At ilka tait o' his horse's mane,  
 There hang a siller bell;  
 The wind was loud, the steed was proud,  
 And they gied a sindry knell.

Out then spak a wylie lord,  
 Unto the queen said he,

\* The game of the Round Tables, a favourite amusement of the Scottish kings, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

“ O tell me wha’s the fairest face  
Rydis in the companie ?”

“ I’ve seen lairds, and I’ve seen lords,  
And knichts o’ a hie degree ;  
But a fairer face than Young Waters,  
Mine eyes did nevir see.”

The king turn’d richt and round about,  
And an angry man was he :  
“ An if he had been twice as fair,  
Ye nicht hae exceptit me.”

“ You’re neither laird nor lord,” she says,  
“ But the king that weirs the croun ;  
There’s no a lord in fair Scotland,  
But to thee maun bow down.”

But, a’ that she could do or say,  
Appeasit he wadna be ;  
But, for the words that she had said,  
Young Waters he maun dee.

“ Likewise, for your ill-waled\* words,  
Ye sall hae cause to mourn ;  
But for the bairn that ye are wi’,  
Ye on a hill suld burn.”

Young Waters cam before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee ;  
“ Win up, win up, Young Waters !  
What’s this I hear o’ thee ?”

“ What ails the king at me ?” he said,  
“ What ails the king at me ?”

\* Ill-chosen.

“ It is tauld me, the day, Sir Knight,  
Ye’ve dune me treasonie.”

“ Liars will lee on fell gude men ;  
Sae will they do on me :  
I wadna wish to be the man,  
That liars on wadna lee.”

“ Yet, natheless,” the king ’goud say,  
“ In prison strang gang ye !  
O yea for yea,” the king ’goud say,  
“ Young Waters, ye sall dee !”

Syne they hae taen him, Young Waters,  
Put fetters on his feet ;  
They hae taen Young Waters, and  
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

“ Aft hae I riddin through Striviling toune,  
Through heavy wind and weet ;  
But ne’er rade I through Striviling toune,  
Wi’ fetters on my feet.

Aft hae I ridden through Striviling toune,  
Through heavy wind and rain ;  
But I ne’er rade through Striviling toune,  
But thocht to hae ridden ’t again.”

They brought him to the Heiding Hill,  
His horse, bot and his saddle ;  
And they hae brought to the Heiding Hill  
His young son in his cradle.

And they hae brocht to the Heiding Hill  
His hounds intill a leish ;  
And they brocht to the Heiding Hill  
His gos-hawk in a jess.

King James he then rade up the hill,  
 And mony a man him wi' ;  
 And called on his trustie page  
 To come richt speidilie.

“ Ye'll do ye to the Earl o' Mar,  
 Whar he sits on yon hill ;  
 Bid him loose the brand frae his bodie,  
 Young Waters for to kill.”

“ O Gude forbid,” the Earl said,  
 “ The like suld e'er fa' me,  
 My bodie e'er suld beir the brand,  
 That gars Young Waters dee !”

Then he has loosed his trusty brand,  
 And casten 't in the sea ;  
 Says, “ Never let them get a brand,  
 Till it comes back to me !”

The scaffold it was ready than,  
 And he did mount it hie ;  
 And a' the folk that luikit on,  
 The tears did blind their ee.

“ O haud your tongues, my brethren deir,  
 And mourn nae mair for me ;  
 Ye're seeking grace frae a graceless face,  
 For there is nane to gie.

Ye'll tak a bit o' canvass claith,  
 And put it ower my ee ;  
 And, Jack, my man, ye'll be at hand  
 The hour that I sall dee.

Syne aff ye'll tak my bluidy sark,  
 Gie it fair Margaret Grahame ;



For she may curse the dowie \* day  
That brocht King James him hame.

Ye'll bid her mak her bed narrow,  
And mak it naewise wide ;  
For a brawer man than Young Waters  
Will ne'er streek † by her side.

Bid her do weel to my young son,  
And gie him nurses three ;  
Though, gin he live to be a man,  
King James will gar him dee."

He ca'd upon the heidsman, then ;  
A purse o' gowd him ga'e ;  
Says, " Do your office, heidsman boy,  
And mak nae mair delay.

O heid me sune, O heid me clean,  
And put me out o' pyne ;  
For it is by the king's command—  
Gar heid me till his min'.

By him though I'm condemned to die,  
I'm lieve to his ain kin ;  
And, for the truth I'll plainly tell,  
I am his sister's son."

" Gin ye're my sister's son," he said,  
" It is unkenn'd to me."  
" O mind na ye your sister Bess,  
That lives in the French countrie?"

" Gin Bess, then, be your mither dear,  
As I trust well she be,

\* Doleful.

† Stretch.

Gae hame, gae hame, Young Waters,  
Ye's neir be slain by me."

But he laid by his napkin fine,  
Was saft as ony silk ;  
And on the block he laid his neck,  
Was whiter than the milk ;

Says, " Strike the blow, ye heidsman boy,  
And that richt speidilie ;  
It's nevir be said, here gaes a knight  
Was ance condemned to dee !"

The heid was taen frae Young Waters,  
And mony tears for him shed !  
But mair did mourn fair Margaret,  
As, raving, she lies mad.\*

\* The ballad of Young Waters was first published by Lady Jean Home, (sister of the Earl of Home,) at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo, about the middle of the last century. It has been often reprinted, but never in a complete shape, till at length Mr Buchan, in 1828, presented an entire copy in his " Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland." The version here printed comprehends the portion published by Lady Jean Home, improved by collation with Mr Buchan's, and further gives all the additional stanzas which the latter editor has preserved. Mr Buchan's additional portion commences at the twenty-first stanza; the most curious and historical, though perhaps the least meritorious in a literary point of view, of the whole. The story of the ballad has hitherto been supposed to refer to " the bonnie Earl of Murray," whose fate is not ill shadowed out in the first twenty verses. Mr Buchan, in presenting the rest, has added a conjecture, that it is founded upon the story of David Graham of Fintroy, who was executed in 1592, for his accession to a popish plot. I must however acknowledge, that, since the publication of the complete ballad by the northern editor, I have not entertained the least doubt that it alludes to the fate of some one of the Scottish nobles executed by James I., after his return from his captivity in England. It is very probable, that Walter Stuart, second son of the Duke of Albany, is the individual referred to. Many circumstances in the ballad go to prove this—the name, which may be a corruption of Walter; the mention of the Heading (beheading) Hill of Stirling, which is known to have been the very scene of Walter Stuart's execution; the relationship which Young Waters claims with the king; and the sympathy expressed by the people, in the last verse, for the fate of the young knight, which exactly tallies with what is told us by the Scottish historians, regarding the popular feeling expressed in favour of the numerous nobles and princes of his own blood, whom the king saw it necessary to sacrifice. There is in the ballad, just that precise degree of vagueness, inapplicability, and exaggeration, which the people always give to such an historical fact, when they are left to relate it in their own way.

## JOHNIÉ ARMSTRANG.\*

SOME speikis of lords, some speikis of lairds,  
And sic lyke men of hie degree ;

\* Johnie Armstrang, of Gilnockie, the hero of this ballad, is a noted personage both in history and tradition. He lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. He appears, both from the ballad and from tradition, as well as from authentic history, to have been a Border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower, which is still shown at a place called *the Hollows*, amidst the bewildering beauties of Eskdale, (Dumfriesshire,) is one of considerable strength and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. In general, the private predatory wars which the borderers carried on against each other, were quite independent on the relations which subsisted between the governments of the two countries. The nuisance, however, had reached such a height during the minority of James V., that, when the young sovereign came of age, he found it necessary to repress the violence of his own borderers, in order to prevent a war with England, which he was very anxious to avoid. He therefore undertook a justiciary excursion through Ettrick Forest and Ewesdale, attended by an army of about ten thousand men. He successively seized and executed Cockburn of Henderland and Adam Scott of Tushilaw, two noted freebooters, the last of whom was so powerful, as to be popularly called "King of the Border." As he proceeded into Ewesdale, the evil genius of Johnie Armstrang, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. Lindsay of Pitcottie, in his History of Scotland, corroborates almost every particular mentioned by the ballad. "After this hunting, he hanged John Armstrang, Laird of Kilknocky, and his complices, to the number of thirty-six persons: for the which many Scotsmen heavily lamented: for he was the most redoubted chieftain that had been, for a long time, on the borders either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed: yet he never molested any Scottishman. But it is said, that, from the Borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foresaid number, richly apparelled, trusting that, in the free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, forwardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants that knave that a king should have?' But John Armstrang made great offers to the king, that he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman. Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length, he seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: but, (said he,) had I known this, I should have lived on the Borders, in despite of King Harry and you both; for King Harry, I know he would downweigh my best horse with gold, to know that I was condemned to die this day.'" Johnie and all his retinue were accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away. They were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are yet shown.

Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
Sometyne called Laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a luving letter,  
With his ain hand sae tenderlie,  
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,  
To come and speik with him speidilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene ;  
They were a gallant companie :  
“ We’ll ride and meet our lawful king,  
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.”

“ Make kinnen † and capon readie then,  
And venison in great plentie ;  
We’ll welcome here our noble king ;  
I hope he’ll dine at Gilnockie !”

They ran their horse on Langholm howm,  
And brak their speirs wi’ mickle main ;  
The laidies luickit frae their loft windows :  
“ God bring our men weel back again !”

When Johnie cam before the king  
Wi’ a’ his men, sae brave to see,  
The king he movit his bonnet to him ;  
He weened he was a king as weel as he.

“ May I find grace, my sovereign liege,  
Grace for my loyal men and me ?  
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,  
And subject of yours, my liege,” said he.

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !  
Out o’ my sicht sune mayst thou be !  
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,  
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king !  
 And a bonnie gift I’ll gie to thee ;  
 Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids,  
 Were a’ foaled in ae year to me.

I’ll gie thee a’ thae milk-white steids,  
 That prance and nicher \* at a speir ;  
 And as muckle gude English gilt, †  
 As four o’ their braid backs dow ‡ bear.”

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !  
 Out o’ my sicht sune mayst thou be !  
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,  
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee !”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king !  
 And a bonnie gift I’ll gie to thee ;  
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging ¶ mills,  
 That gang through a’ the yeir to me.

Thae four-and-twenty mills complete  
 Sall gang for thee through a’ the yeir ;  
 And as muckle of gude red wheat,  
 As a’ their happers dow to bear.”

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !  
 Out o’ my sicht sune mayst thou be !  
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,  
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king !  
 And a great gift I’ll gie to thee ;  
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters’ sons,  
 Sall for thee fecht, though a’ should flee !”

\* Neigh.  
 ¶ Going.

† Gold.

‡ Can, or, are able to.

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !  
 Out o’ my sicht sune mayst thou be !  
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,  
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Grant me my life, my liege, my king !  
 And a brave gift I’ll gie to thee ;  
 All between here and Newcastle toun,  
 Shall pay their yeirly rent to thee.”

“ Away, away, thou traitor strang !  
 Out o’ my sicht sune mayst thou be !  
 I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,  
 And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“ Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,” he says,  
 “ Although a king and prince ye be !  
 For I’ve lo’ed naething in my life,  
 I weel daur say’t, but honestie—

Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
 Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir ;  
 And England suld have fund me meal and mault,  
 Gif I had lived this hundred yeir !

Sche suld have fund me meal and mault,  
 And beef and mutton in a’ plentie ;  
 But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,  
 That e’er I skaithed her a pair flee.

To seik het water aneath cauld ice,  
 Surely it is a great folie—  
 I have asked grace at a graceless face,  
 But there is nane for my men and me !

But had I kenn’d, ere I cam frae hame,  
 How thou unkind wadst been to me !

I wad hae keepit the Border side,  
In spite of all thy force and thee.

Wist England's king that I was taen,  
O gin a blythe man he wad be!  
For anes I slew his sister's son,  
And on his breist-bane brak a tree."

John wore a girdle about his middle,  
Imbroidered ower wi' burning gold,  
Bespangled wi' the same metal;  
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats \* at Johnie's hat,  
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—  
"What wants that knave that a king suld have,  
But the sword of honour and the croun!

O whair got thou thae targats, Johnie,  
That blink sae brawly † abune thy bree?"  
"I got them in the field fechtin,  
Whair, cruel king, thou durst not be.

Had I my horse and harness gude,  
And riding as I wont to be,  
It suld have been tauld this hundred yeir,  
The meeting o' my king and me!

God be with thee, Kirsty, ‡ my brother!  
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun!  
Lang mayst thou live on the Border syde,  
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,  
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!

\* Tassels.

† Glitter so bravely.

‡ Christopher, a very common Border name in former times.

But an thou live this hundred yeir,  
Thy father's better thou'lt nevir be.

Fareweel, my bonnie Gilnock-hall,  
Where on the Esk thou standest stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,  
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlen rig,  
And all his gallant companie;  
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their country deir  
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld;  
While Johnie lived on the Border syde,  
Nane o' them durst come ne'er his hauld.\*

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### JOCK O' THE SYDE.†

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,  
But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;

\* This copy of the ballad is derived, through the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, from the Evergreen of Ramsay, who informs us that he took it down from the recitation of a gentleman of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth in descent from the hero.

† Jock o' the Syde was a noted Border moss-trooper in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. The site of his residence, the Syde, is pointed out on a heathy upland, about two miles to the west of Newcastleton, in Liddesdale, (the southern district of Roxburghshire,) while Mangerton Tower, the seat of his maternal uncle, is still visible, in a ruined state, on the haugh below. The fame of Jock o' the Syde, as a Border reaver, seems to have reached even to the court of his sovereign at Edinburgh, as Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, in a poetical "Complaint" which he wrote "aganis the Thievis of Liddisdaill," thus speaks of him in particular:

He is weel kenned, Johne of the Syde;  
A greater thief did never ryde;  
He never tyres  
For to break byres;  
Ower muir and myres  
Ower gude ane guyde.



For Michael o' Wingfield he is dead,  
And Jock o' the Syde he is prisoner taen.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane;  
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;  
And down the water wi' speed she rins,  
While tears in spaits\* fa' fast frae her ee.

Then up and spoke our gude auld lord:  
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"  
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;  
Michael is killed, and they hae taen my son Johnnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;  
"I have yokes of owsen, eighty and three;  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weil filled,  
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall die.

Three men I'll send to set him free,  
A' harneist wi' the best o' steil;  
The English loons may hear, and drie  
The weight o' their braidswords to feel.

His real name was Armstrong, as was that of the Laird of Mangerton also. There is no historical certainty in the event of the ballad, though, when we consider the condition of the Border previously to the Union of the crowns, there is not the least reason to doubt what is so strongly countenanced both by song and tradition. The ballad is here given directly from the *Border Minstrelsy*; but it was originally published in a little volume, printed at Hawick, in 1784, (*the Hawick Museum*), having been communicated to the proprietors of that miscellany by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman from whom Sir Walter Scott afterwards derived many of the best ballads which went to the composition of his own excellent collection. The air to which the ballad is usually sung, is of a slow and melancholy kind, full of high romantic notes, and pathetic cadences. Yet, strange to say, it is interlarded with a very low and ludicrous burden. The first verse, as thus interlarded, runs as follows:

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid;  
Fa la, diddle, du du diddle!  
I wat they had better hae staid at hame;  
For Michael o' Wingfield he is dead,  
And Jock o' the Syde he is prisoner taen;  
Fa la, diddle, du du diddle!

\* Torrents.

The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa;  
 O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!  
 Thy coat is blue; thou hast been true,  
 Since England banished thee to me."

Now Hobbie was an English man,  
 In Bewcastle dale was bred and born:  
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
 They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton then orders gave,  
 "Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;  
 Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,  
 But look like corn-caugers\* gaun the road.

Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
 Nor yet appear like men o' weir;  
 As country lads be a' arrayed,  
 Wi' branks and brecham† on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,  
 And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine;  
 Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,  
 And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' licht down,  
 And there, wi' the help o' the licht o' the moon,  
 A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,  
 To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,  
 And were alichted at the wa',

\* Corn-carriers.

† Halter and cart-collar. *Branks*, perhaps, signifies more particularly the two pieces of wood which the country people slip upon the faces of horses, but more frequently of cattle, and to which the halter is attached. Burns, describing the limbs of Death, says,

"They were as lang, as sharp, and sma',  
 As cheeks o' branks."

They fand their tree three ells ower laigh ;  
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock :  
" There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force."  
But when they cam the gate untill,  
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang ;  
Wi' fit or hand he ne'er play'd pa !  
His life and his keys at anes they hae taen,  
And cast the body ahind the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,  
And to the prisoner thus they call :  
" Sleeps thou, or wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,  
Or art thou weary of thy thrall ?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone :  
" Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep :  
But whae's this kens my name sae weel,  
And thus to mese\* my waes does seek ?"

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,  
" Now fear ye na, my billie," quo he ;  
" For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat, ]  
And Hobbie Noble come to set ye free."

" Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,  
For ever alas ! this canna be ;  
For, if a' Liddesdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day that I maun die.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,  
They hae laid a' richt sair on me ;  
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound  
Into this dungeon dark and dreirie."

\* Mese, soothe.

“ Fear ye na that,” quo the Laird’s Jock ;  
 “ A faint heart ne’er wan a fair ladye ;  
 Work thou within, we’ll work without,  
 And I’ll be sworn we’ll set thee free.”

The first strong door that they cam at,  
 They loosed it without a key ;  
 The next chained door that they cam at,  
 They gar’d it a’ to flinders flie.

The prisoner now upon his back  
 The Laird’s Jock has got up fu’ hie ;  
 And down the stair, him, irons and a’,  
 Wi’ nae sma speed and joy, brings he.

“ Now Jock, my man,” quo Hobbie Noble,  
 “ Some o’ his weight ye may lay on me.”  
 “ I wat weil no,” quo the Laird’s ain Jock,  
 “ I count him lichter than a flee.”

Sae out at the gates they a’ are gane,  
 The prisoner’s set on horseback hie ;  
 And now wi’ speed they’ve taen the gate,  
 While ilk ane jokes fu’ wantonlie :

“ O Jock ! sae winsomely’s ye ride,  
 Wi’ baith your feet upon ae side !  
 Sae weel ye’re harneist and sae trig !  
 In troth, ye sit like ony bride !”

The nicht, though wat, they did na mind,  
 But hied them on fu’ merrilie,  
 Until they cam to Cholerford brae,\*  
 Where the water runs like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,  
 There they met wi’ an auld grey man ;

\* A ford upon the Tyne, above Hexham.

Says: "Honest man, will the water ride?  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo the gude auld man;  
"I hae lived here thretty years and three;  
And I never yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spak the Laird's saft Wat,  
The greatest coward in the companie;  
"Now halt, now halt! we need na try't;  
The day is come we a' maun die!"

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" quo the Laird's ain Jock,  
"There'll nae man die but him that's fie.\*  
I'll guide ye a' richt safely through;  
Lift ye the prisoner on ahint me."

Wi' that the water they hae taen,  
By anes and twas they a' swam through;  
"Here are we a' safe," quo the Laird's Jock,  
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?"

They scarce the other brae had won,  
When twenty men they saw pursue;  
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,  
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;  
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,  
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weel no," quo the Laird's Jock;  
"I'll keep them a'; shoen to my mear they'll be,  
My gude bay mear—for I am sure,  
She has bought them a' richt dear frae thee."

\* Predestined.

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,  
 E'en as fast as they could them hie ;  
 The prisoner is brought to his ain fire-side,  
 And there o's airns they mak him free.

" Now Jock, my billie," quo a' the three,  
 " The day is com'd thou was to dee ;  
 But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,  
 Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me !"



### DICK O' THE COW.\*

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in ;  
 There is na riding there at a' ;  
 The horses are a' grown sae lither fat,  
 They downa stur out o' the sta'.

Fair Johnie Armstrang to Willie did say,  
 " Billie, a-riding we will gae ;  
 England and us have been lang at feid ;  
 Aiblins we'll licht on some bootie."

Then they are come on to Hutton Ha' ;  
 They rade that proper place about ;  
 But the laird he was the wiser man,  
 For he had left nae gear without.

\* This ballad, like its predecessor, " Jock o' the Syde," was originally published in the Hawick Museum, and afterwards copied into " The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Both poems owe their origin to the district of Liddesdale, where, till late years, they formed a sort of code of popular literature, being impressed upon the memory of all ages and conditions of people, and invariably sung, *from end to end*, at all festive meetings. Some of the personages in this ballad are the same with those who figure in " Jock o' the Syde;" as the Laird's Jock—that is, John Armstrong, son of the Laird of Mangerton, and cousin of Jock o' the Syde; but this gentleman is here represented at a somewhat later period of life, when he had, apparently, set up in business for himself, and drove a separate trade in thieving at Puddingburn House. " The Laird's Jock" appears, as one of the men of name in Liddesdale, in the list of Border clans, 1597. " Dick o' the Cow" was jester to Lord Scroope, the English Warden of the West Marches from 1590 to 1603. *Innocent*, the ordinary phrase in Scotland for a natural fool, is here frequently applied to him.

For he had left nae gear to steal,  
 Except sax sheep upon a lee :  
 Quo' Johnie, " I'd rather in England die,  
 Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me."

" But how ca' they the man we last met,  
 Billie, as we cam ower the knowe?"

" That same he is an innocent fule,  
 And men they call him Dick o' the Cow."

" That fule has three as gude kye o' his ain,  
 As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he :  
 " Betide me life, betide me death,  
 These kye shall go to Liddesdale wi' me."

Then they have come on to the puir fule's house,  
 And they hae broken his wa's sae wide ;  
 They hae loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three kye,  
 And ta'en three co'erlets frae his wife's bed.

Then on the morn, when the day was licht,  
 The shouts and the cries rase loud and hie :  
 " O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,  
 " And o' thy crying let me be !

O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,  
 " And o' thy crying let me be ;  
 And, ay where thou hast lost ae cow,  
 In gude sooth I shall bring thee three."

Now Dickie's gone to the good Lord Scroope ;  
 And I wat a drearie fule was he ;  
 " Now haud thy tongue, my fule," he says,  
 " For I may not stand to jest wi' thee."

" Shame fa' your jesting, my lord," quo' Dickie ;  
 " For nae sic jesting 'grees wi' me ;

Liddesdale's been in my house last nicht,  
And they hae awa my three kye frae me.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,  
To be your puir fule and your leal,  
Unless you gie me leave, my lord,  
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."

" I gie thee leave, my fule !" he says ;  
" Thou speaks against my honour and me,  
Unless thou gie me thy trowth and thy hand,  
Thou'lt steal frae nane but whae staw frae thee."

" There is my trowth, and my richt hand !  
My heid shall hang on Hairibee ;  
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle Sands again,  
If I steal frae a man but whae staw frae me."

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master ;  
I wat a merry fule was he !  
He bought a bridle and a pair o' new spurs,  
And packed them up in his breek thie.

Then Dickie's come on to Puddingburn House,\*  
E'en as fast as he micht drie ;  
Then Dickie's come on to Puddingburn House,  
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

" O what's this come o' me now ?" quo' Dickie ;  
" What mickle wae is this ?" quo' he ;  
" For here is but ae innocent fule,  
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three !"

\* Puddingburn House was a house of strength, situated in a dean, or recess, formed by a little mountain rill, on the side of the Tinnis Hill in Liddesdale, being about three miles westward from the Syde. The ruins of the castle are now so much dilapidated, as only to serve as a sheep-fold ; but tradition still preserves a distinct picture of the former glories of the place. It records, for one thing, that the Laird's Jock had stables excavated in the side of the adjacent hill, capable of accommodating even more horses than those which Dickie " tied with St Mary's knot."



Yet he's come up to the fair ha' boord ;  
 Sae weel he's become his courtesie !  
 " Weel may ye be, my gude Laird's Jock !  
 But the deil bless a' your companie !

I'm come to 'plain o' your man, Johnie Armstrang,  
 And syne o' his billie Willie," quo he ;  
 " How they've been in my house last nicht,  
 And they hae taen my kye frae me."

" Ha !" quo Johnie Armstrang, " we will him hang."  
 " Ha," quo Willie, " we'll him slae."  
 Then up and spak another young Armstrang,  
 " We'll gie him his batts, and let him gae."

But up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,  
 The best falla in a' the companie :  
 " Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,  
 And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll gie ye."

But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,  
 'That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat.  
 Then he was aware o' an auld peat-house,  
 Where a' the nicht he thought for to sleep.

Then Dickie was aware o' an auld peat-house,  
 Where a' the nicht he thocht for to lye ;  
 And a' the prayers the puir fule prayed,  
 Were, " I wish I had amends for my gude three kye !"

It was then the use of Puddingburn House,  
 And the House of Mangerton, all hail,  
 Them that cam na at the first ca',  
 Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads that hungry and weary were,  
 Abune the door-heid they threw the key ;

Dickie he took gude notice o' that,  
Says, "There will be a bootie for me."

Then Dickie has in to the stable gane,  
Where there stude thirty horses and three;  
He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,\*  
A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,  
A' these horses but barely three;  
He's loupen on ane, taen another in hand,  
And away as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew licht,  
The shouts and cries rase loud and hie:  
"Ah! whae has done this?" quo the gude Laird's Jock;  
"Tell me the truth and veritie!"

Whae has done this deed?" quo the gude Laird's Jock;  
"See that to me ye dinna lie!"  
"Dickie has been in the stable last nicht,  
And has taen my brother's horse and mine frae me."

"Ye wad ne'er be tald," quo the gude Laird's Jock;  
"Have ye not found my tales fu' leal?  
Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,  
Till crooked, and blind, and a' wad steal."

"But lend me thy bay," fair Johnie 'gan say;  
"There's nae horse loose in the stable save he;  
And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,  
Or the day is come that he shall dee."

"To lend thee my bay!" the Laird's Jock 'gan say;  
"He's baith worth gowd and gude monie;"

\* *Tying a horse with St Mary's knot*, is an old Border cant phrase for hamstringing him. Dickie was obliged to resort to this cruel expedient, in order to prevent a pursuit. He only appears to have left the Laird's Jock's horse unhurt, out of gratitude for the protection afforded him by that gentleman on his arrival.

Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse ;  
I wish thou may na mak him three."

But he's taen the Laird's jack on his back,  
A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie ;  
He has taen a steel-cap on his heid,  
And galloped on to follow Dickie.

Dickie was na a mile frae aff the toun,  
I wat a mile but barely three,  
When he was owertaen by fair Johnie Armstrang,  
Hand for hand, on Cannobie Lee.\*

" Abide, abide, thou traitor thief !  
The day is come that thou maun dee."  
Then Dickie looked ower his left shouther,  
Said, " Johnie, hast thou nae mae in companie ?

There is a preacher in our chapell,  
And a' the live-lang day teaches he :  
When day is gane and nicht is come,  
There's never ae word I mark but three.

The first and second is—Faith and Conscience ;  
The third—Ne'er let a traitor free :  
But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine,  
When thou took awa my three kye frae me ?

And when thou had taen awa my three kye,  
Thou thocht in thy heart thou wast not weel sped,  
Till thou sent thy billie Willie ower the knowe,  
To tak three coverlets aff my wife's bed !"

Then Johnie let a spear fa' laigh by his thie,  
Thocht weel to hae slain the innocent, I trow ;

\* A piece of ground on the banks of the Esk, on the way from Puddingburn House to Longtown.

But the powers above were mair than he,  
 For he ran but the puir fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan ;  
 This was Dickie the fule and he !  
 Dickie couldna win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,  
 But felled him wi' the plummet under the ee.

Thus Dickie has felled fair Johnie Armstrang,  
 The prettiest man in the South Countrie :  
 " Gramercy !" then 'gan Dickie say ;  
 " I had but twa horse—thou hast made me three !"

He has taen the steel-jack aff Johnie's back,  
 The twa-handed sword, that hung low by his thie ;  
 He has taen the steel-cap aff his heid :  
 " Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee."

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,  
 I wat a drearie man was he :  
 " And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, than  
 The shame and the dule is left wi' me !

And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, than  
 The deil gae in thy companie !  
 For if I should live these hundred years,  
 I ne'er shall fecht wi' a fule after thee !"

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,  
 E'en as fast as he micht hie :  
 " Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,  
 Till hie hangit thou shalt be."

" The shame speed the liars, my lord !" quo Dickie ;  
 " This wasna the promise ye made to me !  
 For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,  
 Had I not got my leave frae thee."

“ But what gar’d ye steal the Laird’s Jock’s horse ?  
 And, limmer, what gar’d ye steal him ? ” quo he ;  
 “ For lang thou micht’st in Cumberland dwelt,  
 Ere the Laird’s Jock had stown frae thee.”

“ Indeed, I wat ye lied, my lord !  
 And e’en sae loud as I hear ye lie !  
 I wan the horse frae fair Johnie Armstrang,  
 Hand to hand on Cannobie Lee.

There is the jack was on his back ;  
 This twa-handed sword hung laigh by his thie ;  
 And there’s the steel-cap was on his heid ;  
 I brought a’ these tokens to let ye see.”

“ If that be true thou to me tells,  
 (And I think thou dares na tell a lie,)  
 I’ll gie thee fifteen punds for the horse,  
 Weel tauld on thy cloak-lap shall be.

I’ll gie thee ane o’ my best milk-kye,  
 To maintain thy wife and children three ;  
 And that may be as gude, I think,  
 As ony twa o’ thine wad be.”

“ The shame speed the liars, my lord ! ” quo Dickie ;  
 “ Trow ye aye to mak a fule o’ me ?  
 I’ll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,  
 Or he’s gae to Morton fair wi’ me.”

He’s gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,  
 A’ in gowd and white monie ;  
 He’s gien him ane o’ his best milk-kye,  
 To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie’s come doun through Carlisle toun,  
 E’en as fast as he could drie ;

The first o' men that he met wi',  
Was my lord's brother, Bailiff Glozenburrie.

"Weel be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"

"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo he:

"Where didst thou get Johnie Armstrang's horse?"

"Where did I get him, but steal him?" quo he.

"But wilt thou sell me the bonny horse?"

And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo he:

"Aye; if thou tell me the money on my cloak-lap:"

For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."

"I'll gie thee ten pund for the gude horse;

Weel tald on thy cloak-lap they shall be;

And I'll gie thee ane o' the best milk-kye,

To maintain thy wife and children three."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo Dickie;

"Trow ye aye to mak a fule o' me!

I'll either hae twenty pund for the gude horse,

Or he's gae to Morton fair wi' me."

He's gien him twenty pund for the gude horse,

Baith in gowd and gude monie;

He's gien him ane o' his best milk-kye,

To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,

And I wat a loud lauch lauched he:

"I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken,

If ony o' the twa were better than he!"

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;

Judge ye how the pair fule had sped!

He's gien her twa score English pund,

For the three auld coverlets taen aff her bed.

“ And tak thee thae twa as gude kye,  
 I trow, as a’ thy three might be;  
 And yet here is the white-footed naigie;  
 I trow he’ll carry baith thee and me.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;  
 The Armstrangs they wad hang me hie.”  
 So Dickie’s ta’en leave at lord and master,  
 And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.\*

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### HOBBIE NOBLE.†

FOUL fa’ the breist first treason bred in!  
 That Liddesdale may safely say:  
 For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
 And corn unto our geldings gay;

And we were a’ stout-hearted men,  
 As England she might often say;  
 But now we maun turn our backs and flee,  
 Since brave Noble is sold away.

\* At the conclusion of the ballad, the singer used invariably to add, that Dickie’s removal to Burgh under Stanmuir did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs. Having fallen into their power, several years after this exploit, he was plunged into a large boiling pot, and so put to death. The scene of this cruel transaction is pointed out somewhere in Cumberland.

† This ballad delineates the fate of the hero who acted so conspicuous a part in the deliverance of Jock o’ the Syde. After Hobbie had for some time exercised his profession against that native district from which he was banished, his countrymen at length succeeded in bribing some of his Scottish protectors to deliver him up. The chief person concerned in his rendition was an Armstrong, usually called Sim o’ the Mains, the proprietor of a Border keep near Castletoun, now in ruins. Under the pretext of a foray into England, Hobbie was conducted by this person, and, it would appear, other four, to Consouthart-green, in the Waste of Bewcastle, and there surrendered to the proper officer of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The Laird of Manger-ton, with whom Hobbie was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him; and Sim o’ the Mains, having fled into England from the resentment of his chief, was seized, and executed at Carlisle, within two months after Hobbie’s death. This ballad first appeared in the Hawick Museum, along with Jock o’ the Syde and Dick o’ the Cow.

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,  
 And born into Bewcastle-dale;  
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
 They banished him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot\* the tryste was set,  
 Kershope of the lilye lee;  
 And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,  
 And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,  
 Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil;  
 And he has taen out his fringed grey,  
 And there brave Hobbie he rade him weil.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,  
 E'en as fast as he could hie;  
 Though a' should hae bursten and broken their hearts,  
 Frae that riding tryste he wadna be.

“ Weel be ye met my feres † five!  
 And now what is your will wi' me?”  
 Then they cried a', wi' ae consent,  
 “ Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

Wilt thou with us into England ride,  
 And thy safe warrand we will be?  
 If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,  
 Upon his back thou soon shalt be.”

“ I daurna by day into England ride;  
 The land-sergeant has me at feid:  
 And I know not what evil may betide;  
 For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is deid.

\* The confluence of the Kershope water with the Liddel; a noted place of assignation among the moss-troopers.

† Companions, friends.



And Anton Shiel he loves not me,  
 For I gat twa drifts o' his sheip;  
 The great Earl of Whitfield\* loves me not,  
 For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

But will ye stay till the day gae doun,  
 Until the nicht come over the grund?  
 And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,  
 That may in Liddesdale be found.

Though the nicht be black as pick and tar,  
 I'll guide ye ower yon hill sae hie;  
 And bring ye a' in safety back,  
 If ye'll be true and follow me."

He has guided them ower moss and muir,  
 Ower hill and hope, and mony a doun;  
 Until they cam to the Foulbogshiel,  
 And there, brave Noble, he lichtit doun.

But word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
 In Askerton, where that he lay:  
 "The deer that ye hae hunted sae lang,  
 Is seen into the Waste this day."

"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!  
 I wat he carries the style fu' hie;  
 Aft has he driven our bluid-hounds back,  
 And held oursells at little lea.

Gar warn the bows o' Hartlie-burn;  
 See they sharp their arrows on the wa:  
 Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,  
 And see the morn they meet me a'.

Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,  
 And see it be by break o' day;

\* *Earl* is surely a typographical mistake for *carl*.

And we will on to Conscouthart-green,  
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dreim,  
In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay;  
He dreimit his horse was aneath him shot,  
And he himsell got hard away.

The cocks 'goud craw, the day 'goud daw,  
And I wot sae even fell down the rain;  
Had Hobbie Noble na wakened at that time,  
In the Foulbogshiel he had been taen or slain.

"Awake, awake, my feres five!  
I trow here maks a fu' ill day;  
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,  
I hope shall cross the Waste this day."

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;  
But, ever alas! it was na sae:  
They were beset by cruel men and keen,  
That away brave Hobbie nicht na gae.

"Yet follow me, my feres five,  
And see ye keip of me gude ray;  
And the worst cloak o' this companie  
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."

But the land-sergeant's men came Hobbie before,  
And traitor Sim cam Hobbie behin';  
So, had Hobbie been wicht as Wallace was,  
Away, alas! he nicht na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;  
But he did mair than a laddie's deed;  
For that sword had clear'd Conscouthart-green,  
Had it not broke ower Jerswigham's heid.

Then they hae taen brave Hobbie Noble,  
 Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;  
 But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,  
 As when his ain five bound him on the brae!

They hae taen him on for West Carlisle;  
 They asked him if he kenn'd the way?  
 Though much he thought, yet little he said;  
 He knew the gate as well as they.

They hae taen him up the Ricker-gate;\*  
 The wives they cast the windows wide;  
 And every wife to another 'gan say,  
 "That's the man lows'd Jock o' the Syde!"

"Fye on ye, women! why ca' ye me man?  
 For it's nae man that I'm used like;  
 I'm but like a forfoughen† hound,  
 Has been fighting in a dirty syke."‡

They hae taen him up through Carlisle toun,  
 And set him by the chimney fire;  
 They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,  
 And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,  
 And after that a can o' beer;  
 And they a' cried, with one consent,  
 "Eat, brave Noble, and mak gude cheir!"

Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,  
 "And to-morrow in Carlisle thou'se na dee."  
 "How can I confess than," Hobbie says,  
 "When I never saw them wi' my ee?"

Then Hobbie he swore a fu' great aith,  
 Bi the day that he was gotten and born,

\* A street in Carlisle.

† Exhausted with fatigue.

‡ Ditch.

He never had ony thing o' my lord's,  
That either eat him grass or corn.

“ Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !  
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see :  
I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive,  
For a' the gowd in Christentie.

And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !  
Baith the hie land and the law ;  
Keip ye weel frae the traitor Mains !  
For gowd and gear he'll sell ye a'.

Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,  
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,  
Than I'd be ca'd the the traitor Mains,  
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut !”



### KINMONT WILLIE.\*

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde ?  
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop ?  
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,  
On Hairibee to hing him up ?

Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as he,  
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen,  
Wi' eight score in his companie.

\* The incident on which this ballad is founded, took place on the 13th of April, 1596. It was the last enterprise of the kind which fell out betwixt the inhabitants of the two kingdoms, before the union of their sovereignty under James the Sixth. The hero was a noted depredator of the name of William Armstrong, but called, from his residence or property, *Kinmont Willie*.

They band his legs beneath the steed,  
 They tied his hands behind his back ;  
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,  
 And they brought him ower the Liddel rack.\*

They led him through the Liddel rack,  
 And also through the Carlisle sands ;  
 They brought him to Carlisle Castell,  
 To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

“ My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
 And whae will daur this deed avow ?  
 Or answer by the Border law ?  
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ?”

“ Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !  
 There's never a Scot sall set ye free :  
 Before ye cross my castle yett,  
 I trow ye sall take fareweel o' me.”

“ Fear ye na that, my lord,” quo' Willie :  
 “ By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop,” he said,  
 “ I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,†  
 But I paid my lawing ‡ before I gaed.”

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,  
 That Lord Scroop has taen the Kinmont Willie,  
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has taen the table wi' his hand ;  
 He garred the red wine spring on hie :  
 “ Now, Christ's curse on my head,” he said,  
 “ But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be !

\* A ford on the Liddel.  
 † Reckoning.

‡ Inn.

O is my basnet\* a widow's curch, †  
 Or my lance a wand of the willow tree,  
 Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,  
 That an English lord should lightly ‡ me !

And have they taen him, Kinmont Willie,  
 Against the truce of Border tide,  
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
 Is keeper here on the Scottish side ?

And have they e'en taen him, Kinmont Willie,  
 Withouten either dreid or fear,  
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
 Can back a steed or shake a spear ?

O were there war between the lands,  
 As weel I wot that there is none,  
 I would slight Carlisle Castle high,  
 Though it were builded of marble stone.

I would set that castle in a low, §  
 And sloken it with English bluid !  
 There's never a man in Cumberland  
 Should ken where Carlisle Castle stude !

But since nae war's between the lands,  
 And there is peace, and peace should be,  
 I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,  
 And yet the Kinmont freed shall be !"

He has called him forty march-men bauld,  
 I trow they were of his ain name,  
 Except Sir Gilbert Elliot called,  
 The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty march-men bauld,  
 Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;

\* Helmet.

† Coif.

‡ Slight.

§ Flame.

With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,\*  
And gluives of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',  
Wi' hunting horns, and bugles bright;  
And five and five cam wi' Buccleuch,  
Like Warder's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five, like broken men;  
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.†

And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o' men that we met wi',  
Whae should it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"

"We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshalmen?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,  
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"

"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"

\* Armour on shoulder.

† A house on the Border, belonging to Buccleuch.

Now Dickie o' Dryhope\* led that band,  
And the never a word o' lear had he.

“ Why trespass ye on the English side?  
Row-footed outlaws, stand !” quo' he.  
The never a word had Dickie to say ;  
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed ;  
The water was great and meikle of spait,  
But the never a man nor horse we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie ;  
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw ;  
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we cam beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa' ;  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell  
To mount the first before us a'.

He has taen the watchman by the throat ;  
He flung him down upon the lead :  
“ Had there not been peace between our land,  
Upon the other side he had gaed !

\* Dryhope is a farm, but was formerly a distinct property, in Yarrow, near the eastern extremity of St Mary's Loch. It was possessed by a branch of the Scotts ; of which Mary Scott, the celebrated “ Flower o' Yarrow,” was a daughter.



Now sound out, trumpets !” quo’ Buccleuch ;  
 “ Let’s waken Lord Scroop, richt merrilie !”  
 Then loud the warden’s trumpet blew—  
 “ *O whae daur meddle wi’ me ?*” \*

Then speedilie to work we gaed,  
 And raised the slogan ane and a’,  
 And cut a hole through a sheet o’ lead,  
 And so we wan to the castle ha’.

They thought King James and a’ his men  
 Had won the house wi’ bow and spear ;  
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,  
 That put a thousand in sic a steer ! †

Wi’ coulters, and wi’ fore-hammers,  
 We garred the bars bang merrilie,  
 Until we cam to the inner prison,  
 Where Willie o’ Kinmon the did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,  
 Where Willie o’ Kinmont he did lie :  
 “ O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
 Upon the morn that thou’s to die ?”

“ O I sleep saft, and I wake aft ;  
 It’s lang since sleeping was fleyed ‡ frae me !  
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,  
 And a’ gude fellows that spier ¶ for me.”

Then Red Rowan has hente § him up,  
 The starkest ¶ man in Teviotdale :  
 “ Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
 Till of my Lord Scroop I take farewell.

\* The name of a Border tune. † Stir. ‡ Frightened.  
 † Inquire. § Heaved. ¶ Strongest.

Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroop !  
 My good Lord Scroop, farewell !” he cried ;  
 “ I’ll pay you for my lodging mail,\*  
 When first we meet on the Border side.”

Then shoulder-high, with shout and cry,  
 We bore him down the ladder lang ;  
 At every stride Red Rowan made,  
 I wot the Kinmont’s arms play’d clang !

“ O mony a time,” quo’ Kinmont Willie,  
 “ I’ve ridden horse baith wild and wudde ; †  
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,  
 I ween my legs have ne’er bestrode.

And mony a time,” quo’ Kinmont Willie,  
 “ I’ve prick’d a horse out ower the furs ; ‡  
 But since the day I back’d a steed,  
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs !” ||

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,  
 When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,  
 And a thousand men, in horse and foot,  
 Cam wi’ the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn’d to Eden Water,  
 Even where it flow’d frae bank to brim,  
 And he has plunged in, wi’ a’ his band,  
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn’d him on the other side,  
 And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he :  
 “ If ye like na my visit in merry England,  
 In fair Scotland come visit me !”

\* Rent.

† Mad.

‡ Furrows.

|| Alluding to his irons.

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop ;  
 He stood as still as rock of stone :  
 He scarcely dared to trew\* his eyes,  
 When through the water they had gane.

“ He is either himsell a devil frae hell,  
 Or else his mother a witch maun be ; †  
 I wadna have ridden that wan water,  
 For a’ the gowd in Christendie !” ‡

~~~~~

### EDOM O’ GORDON. §

It fell about the Martinmas,  
 When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
 Said Edom o’ Gordon to his men,  
 “ We maun draw to a hauld.

\* Give credence to.

† It is related of the bold baron who executed this singular exploit, that, being afterwards called to account by Queen Elizabeth for his conduct, and being asked by her majesty how he had dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous, he answered, with characteristic boldness, “ Dared, madam ! What is it that a man dares not do ?”

‡ From the Mins’relsy of the Scottish Border, to which the reader may be referred for a great number of interesting particulars regarding the story of “ Kinmont Willie.”

It may be proper to mention that this and the three preceding ballads are given in a cluster, as referring to one district and one subject—the Border and its old predatory character—though somewhat in violation of the chronological arrangement.

§ This ballad is founded upon a real event, which took place in the north of Scotland, in the year 1571, during the struggles between the party which held out for the imprisoned Queen Mary, and that which endeavoured to maintain the authority of her infant son James VI. The person here designated Edom o’ Gordon, was Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and his deputy as lieutenant of the north of Scotland for the Queen. This gentleman committed many acts of oppression on the clan Forbes, under colour of the Queen’s authority ; and, in one collision with that family, killed Arthur, brother to Lord Forbes. He afterwards sent a party, under one Captain Car, or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes. The proprietor of this mansion being from home, his lady, who was pregnant at the time, confiding too much in her sex and condition, not only refused to surrender, but gave Car some very opprobrious language over the walls ; which irritated him so much, that he set fire to the house, and burnt the whole inmates, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons. As Gordon never cashiered

And whatna hauld sall we draw to,  
 My merrie-men and me?  
 We will gae to the house o' Rodes, [Rothes]  
 To see that fair ladye."

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,  
 Nor putten on her gown,  
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
 Were round about the toun.

They had nae suner sitten doun,  
 Nor suner said the grace,  
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
 Were closed about the place.

The ladye ran to her tourir heid,  
 As fast as she could drie,  
 To see if, by her fair speeches,  
 She could with him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,  
 And hir yetts all lockit fast,

Car for this inhuman action, he was held by the public voice to be equally guilty; and accordingly we here find a ballad in which he is represented as the principal actor himself.

Gordon, in his History of the Family of Gordon, informs us that, in the right old spirit of Scottish family feud, the Forbeses afterwards attempted to assassinate Gordon on the streets of Paris. "Forbes," he says, "with these desperate fellows, lay in wait, in the street through which he was to return to his lodgings from the palace of the Archbishop of Glasgow, then ambassador in France. They discharged their pistols upon Auchindown, as he passed by them, and wounded him in the thigh. His servants pursued, but could not catch them; they only found, by good chance, Forbes's hat, in which was a paper with the name of the place where they were to meet. John Gordon, Lord of Glenluce and Longormes, son to Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, lord of the bedchamber to the King of France, getting instantly notice of this, immediately acquainted the king, who forthwith dispatched *le grand provost de l'hotel*, or the great provost of the palace, with his guards, in company with John Gordon, and Sir Adam's servants, to the place of their meeting to apprehend them. When they were arrived at the place, Sir Adam's servant, being impatient, rushed violently into the house, and killed Forbes; but his associates were all apprehended, and broke upon the wheel." This dreadful incident would surely have made an excellent *second part* to the ballad.

He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

“ Come down to me, ye ladye fair,  
Come down to me, let's see ;  
This nicht ye'se lie by my ain side,  
The morn my bride sall be.”

“ I winna come doun, ye fause Gordon ;  
I winna come doun to thee ;  
I winna forsake my ain deir lord,  
That is sae far frae me.”

“ Gie up your house, ye fair ladye,  
Gie up your house to me ;  
Or I will burn yoursell therein,  
But and your babies thrie.”

“ I winna gie 't up, thou fause Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as thee ;  
Though thou suld burn mysell therein,  
But and my babies thrie.

And ein wae worth you, Jock, my man !  
I paid ye weil your fee ;  
Why pou ye out my grund-wa-stane,  
Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man !  
I paid ye weil your hyre ;  
Why pou ye out my grund-wa-stane,  
To me lets in the fyre ?”

“ Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weil my fee ;  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.”

O then bespake her youngest son,  
 Sat on the nurse's knee ;  
 " Dear mother, gie ower your house," he says,  
 " For the reek it worries me."

" I winna gie up my house, my dear,  
 To nae sic traitor as he ;  
 Come weel, come wae, my jewel fair,  
 Ye maun tak share wi' me."

O then bespake her daughter deir ;  
 She was baith jimp and sma' ;  
 " O row me in a pair o' sheets,  
 And tow me ower the wa'."

They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,  
 And towed her ower the wa' ;  
 But on the point o' Edom's speir  
 She gat a deidly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,  
 And cherry were her cheiks ;  
 And cleir, cleir, was her yellow hair,  
 Whereon the reid blude dreips.

Then wi' his spier he turned her ower,  
 O gin her face was wan !  
 He said, " You are the first that eir  
 I wist alyve again."

He turned her ower and ower again,  
 O gin her skin was whyte !  
 He said, " I micht hae spaired thy lyfe,  
 To been some man's delyte.

Backe and boun, my merrie-men all,  
 For ill dooms I do guess ;

I canna luik on that bonnie face,  
As it lies on the grass !”

“ Them luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits will follow them ;\*  
Let it ne'er be said brave EDOM o' Gordon  
Was dauntit by a dame.”

O then he spied her ain deir lord,  
As he came ower the lea ;  
He saw his castle in a fyre,  
As far as he could see.”

“ Put on, put on, my michtie men,  
As fast as ye can drie ;  
For he that's hindmost o' my men,  
Sall ne'er get gude o' me.

And some they rade, and some they ran,  
Fu' fast out ower the plain ;  
But lang, lang, ere he could get up,  
They a' were deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men,<sup>1</sup>  
Lay gasping on the grene ;  
For o' fifty men that EDOM brought,  
There were but fyve gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie men,  
Lay gasping on the grene ;  
And mony were the fair ladies,  
Lay lemanless at heme.

And round and round the wa's he went,  
Their ashes for to view ;

\* A Scottish proverb. A *freit* is a superstitious maxim.

At last into the flames he ran,  
And bade the world adieu.\*



## THE BATTLE OF THE REIDSWIRE.†

THE seventh of July, the suith to say,  
At the Reidswire the tryst was set ;  
Our wardens they affixed the day,  
And, as they promised, so they met.  
Alas, that day I'll ne'er forgett !  
Was sure sae feir'd, and then sae faine—  
They came there, justice for to gett,  
Will never greene‡ to come again.

Carmichael was our warden then ;  
He caused the county to convene ;  
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,  
Brought in his sirname weil beseen,||  
The Armistrangs, that aye hae been  
A hardie house, but not a hale ;§

\* First printed by Lord Hailes, in a separate sheet, at Glasgow, in the year 1755, and afterwards engrossed by Percy in his Reliques, with a few alterations adopted from his celebrated folio manuscript. The above is Percy's version, with only a few orthographical alterations.

† This skirmish, the last of any consequence fought upon the Borders, took place on the 7th of July, 1575, at a meeting held by the Wardens of the Marches, for the transaction of peaceable business, on Redswire, a part of Carter Fell. It was occasioned by the complaint of a Scotsman against an Englishman of the name of Farnstein. Sir John Forster, the English warden, having alleged that it was impossible to deliver up this man to justice, as he had already fled, the Scottish warden, Sir John Carmichael, took the liberty of admonishing him to "play fair." Forster retorted by some injurious expressions regarding Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. The Tynedale men, accepting Sir John's conduct as a signal for war, let fly a flight of arrows among the Scots; and a battle then commenced, which is very faithfully described in the ballad. The Scots, chiefly by the exertions of the brave citizens of Jedburgh, who came up near the close of the fray, gained a complete victory.

‡ Long.

|| Well-appointed.

§ That is, a broken clan, or clan without an acknowledged chief.



The Elliots, their honours to mainteene,  
Broucht down the lave of Liddesdale.

Then Tividale came, too, wi' speid ;  
The Sheriff\* broucht the Douglas down,  
Wi' Cranstoune, Gladstoune, good at neid,  
Baith Rule water and Hawick toune.†  
Bonjethart bauldly made him boun',  
Wi' a' the Turnbulls, strong and stout ;  
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,  
Convoyed the town of Jethart out. ‡

Of other clans I cannot tell,  
Because our warning was not wide.  
By this our folks hae taen the fell,  
And laid down pallions||, there to byde.  
We lookit down the other side,  
And saw come breistin ower the brae,  
Wi' Sir John Forster for their gujde,  
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair that day, I trow,  
Wi' Sir John Heron of Shipydehouse :  
Because we were not men enow,  
They countit us not worth a louse.  
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse ;§  
But he was hail and het as fyre ;  
And yet, for all his cracking crouse,¶  
He rued the raid of the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain ;  
For either must ye fecht or flie,

Douglas of Cavers, hereditary Sheriff of Teviotdale.

† That is to say, the inhabitants of the valley of Rule water and of the town of Hawick.

‡ The inhabitants of Jedburgh, which is the nearest Scottish town to the field of battle.

¶ Tents.

§ Grave.

¶ Talking big.

Or else no answer make again,  
 But play the beist and let them be.  
 It was nae wonder he was hie,  
 Had Tynedale, Reidsdale, at his hand,  
 Wi' Buikdale, Glensdale on the lee,  
 And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

Yet was our meeting meek enough,  
 Begun wi' merriment and mowes,\*  
 And at the brae, abune the heuch,  
 The clerk sat down to call the rowes.†  
 And some for kyne, and some for ewes,  
 Call'd in of Dandie, Hob, and Jock—  
 We saw, come marching ower the knowes,  
 Five hundred Fenwicks in a flock.

With jack and speir, and bows all bent,  
 And warlike weapons at their will :  
 Although we were na weel content,  
 Yet, by my trowth, we feired nae ill.  
 Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,  
 And some to cards and dice them sped ;  
 Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,  
 And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichael bade them speik out plainly,  
 And cloke no cause for ill nor gude ;  
 The other answering him as vainly,  
 Began to reckon kin and blude :  
 He rase and raxed † him where he stude,  
 And bade him match him with his marrows,  
 Then Tynedale heard them reason rude,  
 And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nocht but bow and speir,  
 And every man pulled out a brand ;

\* Jests.

† Rolls.

‡ Stretched himself up to his full length, a gesticulation of pride.

“ A Schafton and a Fenwick” thare :  
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.  
 The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,  
 Frae time they saw John Robson slain—  
 What should they cry? the king’s command  
 Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the Laird to red the cumber,  
 Which would not be for all his boast ;  
 What could we doe with sic a number ?  
 Fyve thousand men into a host.  
 Then Harry Purdie proved his cost,  
 And very narrowly had mischieved him ;  
 And there we had our warden lost,  
 Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another through the breiks him bair,  
 While flatlies to the ground he fell :  
 Then thocht I weel we had lost him there,  
 Into my stomach it struck a knell !  
 Yet up he rase, the truth to tell ye,  
 And laid about him dunts full dour ;  
 His horsemen they rade sturdilie,  
 And stude about him in the stoure.

Then rase the slogan with ane shout,  
 “ Fy, Tynedale, to it !”—“ Jethart’s here !” \*  
 I trow he was not half sae stout,  
 But anes his stomach was asteir,  
 With gun and genzie, † bow and speir,  
 Men nicht see mony a crackit croun !  
 But up amang the merchant geir,  
 They were as busy as we were doun.

The swallow-tail frae tackles flew,  
 Five hundreth flain ‡ into a flicht,

\* The slogans, or war-cries, of the men of Tynedale and the inhabitants of Jedburgh.

† Engines of war.

‡ Arrows.

But we had pistolets enew,  
 And shot among them as we nicht.  
 With help of God the game gaed richt,  
 Frae time the foremost of them fell;  
 Then ower the knowe without goodnight,  
 They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,  
 Yet Tynedale men they turned again;  
 And had not been the merchant packs,  
 There had been mae of Scotland slain.  
 But, Jesu! if the folks were faine  
 To put the bussing on their thies:  
 And so they fled wi' a' their main,  
 Doun ower the braes, like cloggit bees.

Sir Francis Russel \* taen was there,  
 And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;  
 Proud Wallington † was woundit sair,  
 Albeit he be a Fenwick fierce.  
 But if ye wald a souldier search,  
 Among them a' were taen that nicht,  
 Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,  
 As Collingwood, ‡ that courteous knicht.

Young Henry Schafton he is hurt;  
 A souldier shot him with a bow:  
 Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,  
 For laming of the Laird of Mowe. §  
 The Lairdis Wat did weel indeed;  
 His friends stude stoutly by himsel,  
 With little Gladstain, gude in need,  
 For Gretein kend nae gude by ill.

\* Brother to the Earl of Bedford.

† Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.

‡ Sir Cuthbert Collingwood, ancestor, I believe, to the late Lord Collingwood.

§ Ancestor of William Molle of Mains, Esq. The lands of Molle, pronounced Mowe, are upon Bowmont Water, in Roxburghshire.

The Sheriff wanted not gude will,  
 Howbeit he might not fight so fast ;  
 Bonjethart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,  
 Three, on they laid weel at the last.  
 Except the horsemen of the guard,  
 If I could put men to availe,  
 None stouter stude out for their laird,  
 Than did the lads of Liddesdale.

But little harness had we there ;  
 But auld Badrule had on a jack,  
 And did richt weel, I you declare,  
 With all his Trumbils at his back.  
 Gude Elderstane was not to lack,  
 Nor Kirktown, Newton, noble men !  
 Thirs all the specials I of speike,  
 By others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,  
 We need not fear to find him sune ;  
 For Sir John Foster, I dare well say,  
 Made us this noisome afternune.  
 Not that I speike preceesely out,  
 That he supposed it would be perril ;  
 But pride, and breaking out of feuid,  
 Garr'd Tynedale lads begin the quarrel.\*

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## THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.†

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
 Oh, where have ye been ?

\* This ballad has been preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript, Advocates' Library. It was first printed by Allan Ramsay, in the Evergreen, but with some inaccuracies. The present copy is from a purer version, printed in the Border Minstrelsy.

† The tragical circumstance upon which this ballad is founded, affords a notable illustration of the bloody feuds which prevailed among the nobility

They hae slain the Earl o' Murray,  
And lain him on the green.

so late as the reign of James VI. James, Earl of Murray, the subject of the ballad, was a son of Lord Downe, but acquired the title of Moray, by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celebrated Regent Moray. He was thought to be the handsomest man of his time; and it would appear from the song, that he was skilled in those chivalric accomplishments which are so well fitted to set off a good figure to advantage. There is even a suspicion that he was a gallant of the queen, Anne of Denmark, then recently brought over to Scotland; but this seems to be countenanced by little else than the ballad. The following authentic account of his murder is from Sir Walter Scott's delightful little work, entitled "Tales of a Grandfather."

"The Earl of Huntly, head of the powerful family of Gordon, had chanced to have some feudal differences with the Earl of Murray, in the course of which John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, was killed by a shot from Murray's castle of Darnaway. This was enough to make the two families irreconcilable enemies, even if they had been otherwise on friendly terms. About 1591-2, an accusation was brought against Murray for having given some countenance, or assistance, to Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, in a recent treasonable exploit. King James, without recollecting, perhaps, the hostility between the two earls, sent Huntly with a commission to bring the Earl of Murray to his presence. Huntly probably rejoiced in the errand, as giving him an opportunity of revenging himself on his feudal enemy. He beset the house of Dunnibrissle, on the northern shore of the Forth, and summoned Murray to surrender. In reply, a gun was fired, which mortally wounded one of the Gordons. The assailants proceeded to set fire to the house; when Dunbar, sheriff of the county of Moray, said to the Earl, 'Let us not stay to be burned in the flaming house; I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion.' They rushed out among their enemies accordingly, and Dunbar was slain. But his death did not save his friend, as he had generously intended. Murray, indeed, escaped for the moment, but as he fled towards the rocks of the sea-shore, he was traced by the silken tassels attached to his head-piece, which had taken fire as he broke out among the flames. By this means his pursuers followed him down amongst the cliffs near the sea; and Gordon of Buckie, who is said to have been the first that overtook him, wounded him mortally. As Murray was gasping in the last agony, Huntly came up; and it is alleged by tradition, that Gordon pointed his dirk against the person of his chief, saying, 'By heaven, my lord, you shall be as deep in as I,' and so he compelled him to wound Murray whilst he was dying. Huntly, with a wavering hand, struck the expiring earl in the face. Thinking of his superior beauty, even in that moment of parting life, Murray stammered out the dying words, 'You have spoiled a better face than your own.'

"After this deed of violence, Huntly did not choose to return to Edinburgh, but departed for the north. He took refuge, for the moment, in the castle of Ravenscraig, belonging to the Lord Sinclair, who told him, with a mixture of Scottish caution and hospitality, that he was welcome to come in, but would have been twice as welcome to have passed by. Gordon, when a long period had passed by, avowed his contrition for the guilt he had incurred."

It is a strange circumstance, but characteristic of the times, that this Gordon of Buckie was the person selected by Huntly to go over to Edinburgh, to inform the king of the transaction. He did so, and escaped without being seized. The bodies of the Earl and the Sheriff of Moray lay for several months exposed in the church of Leith, their friends refusing to bury them till their murder should be avenged. But they were never gratified in their wish.

Forty-three years afterwards, when advanced to extreme old age, Gordon

“ Now wae be to you, Huntly !  
 And wherefore did ye sae ?  
 I bade you bring him wi’ you,  
 But forbade you him to slay.”

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he rade at the ring ;  
 And the bonnie Earl o’ Murray,  
 Oh ! he micht ha’ been a king.

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he rade at the gluve ;  
 And the bonnie Earl o’ Murray,  
 Oh ! he was the Queen’s luvie !

Oh ! lang will his lady  
 Look ower the Castle Doune,\*  
 Ere she see the Earl o’ Murray  
 Come sounding through the toun.

testified his contrition for the murder of Murray on a very remarkable occasion. Being one of the jury at the trial of Lord Balmerino for leasing-making, on which occasion it was calculated that he would be sure to vote against the accused, he disappointed the expectations of all concerned, by rising up as soon as the assize was enclosed, and imploring them to consider well what they were about before giving an unfavourable verdict. “ It was a matter of blood,” he said, “ and if they determined to shed that, they might feel the weight of it as long as they lived. He had himself been drawn in to shed blood in his youth; he had obtained the king’s pardon for his offence; but it cost him more to obtain God’s grace. It had given him many sorrowful hours.” As he said this, the tears ran over his face. Burnet records, in his gossiping history, that the speech of the old man struck a damp into the rest of the assize, though it did not prevent them from finding Balmerino guilty. It must have assuredly been a strange sight, to see this hoary murderer, who had been marked as a man sure to obey the tyrannical dictates of a court, rise up, and, with tears in his eyes, implore the gentler personages around him to pause before shedding innocent blood.

We further learn, from Spalding’s Troubles, that Gordon of Buckie commanded one of the Marquis of Huntly’s castles against the Covenanters, so lately as the year 1646.

\* Doune Castle, in Menteith, now in ruins, but still the property of the noble family of Moray. It may be mentioned, that Dunnibrissle, where the murder happened, was the seat of the earl’s mother; and that he was only there on a visit.

## THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.\*

O I will sing, if ye will hearken,  
 If ye will hearken unto me ;  
 The king has taen a puir prisoner,  
 The wanton young Laird o' Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,  
 Carmichael's keeper o' the key ;  
 And May Margaret's lamenting sair,  
 A' for the love o' young Logie.

When news cam to our gudely queen,  
 She sich'd, and said richt mournfullie,

\* The historical incident which gave occasion to this ballad, is thus detailed in "The Historie of King James the Sext." It must only be premised, that it took place before the year 1600, while as yet James I. resided in the palace of Holyrood, the humble monarch of solitary Scotland.

"In this close tyme, it fortunit that a gentleman called Weymis of Logye, being also in credence at court, was delatit as a traffecker with Francis, Earl of Bothwell; and he being examinat before king and counsel, confessit his accusation to be of veritie, that sundry times he had spoken with him, expresslie aganis the king's inhibition proclomit in the contrare, whilk confession he subscryvit with his hand; and because the event of this mater had sik a success, it sall also be praysit by my pen, as a worthie turne, whilk suld in no ways be obscurit from the posteritie, for the gude example; and therefore I have thought gude to insert the same for a perpetual memorie.

"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was servit with diverss gentilwomen of hir awin countrie, and naymlie with ane callit Mrs Margaret Twynstoun, to whom this gentilman, Weymes of Logye, bare great honest affection, tending to the godlie band of marriage; the quhillk was honestlie requytat by the said gentilwoman, yea evin in his greatest mister; for howsone she understude the said gentilman to be in distress, and apparentlie by his confession to be puneist to the death, and she having privilege to lye in the queynis chalmer this same verie night of his accusation, where the king was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the dure prevelie, bayth the prencis being then at quyct rest, and past to the chalmer, where the said gentilman was put in custody to certayne of the garde, and commandit thayme that immediatelie he sould be brought to the king and queyne, whereunto they geving sure credence, obeyit. But howsone she was come back to the chalmer dure, she desyrit the watches to stay till he sould come furth agayne, and so she closit the dure, and convoyit the gentilman to a window, where she ministrat a long corde unto him, to convoy himself down upon; and sae be hir gude cheritable help he happillie escapit be the subteltie of loove."



“ O what will come o’ Lady Margaret,  
Wha beirs sic love to young Logie ?”

May Margaret tore her yellow hair,  
When as the queen told her the same :

“ I wis that I had ne’er been born,  
Or ne’er had known young Logie’s name !”

“ Lament, lament na, May Margaret,  
And of your weeping let me be ;  
For ye maun to the king himsell,  
To seek the life o’ young Logie.”

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,  
And curlit back her yellow hair ;  
“ If I canna get young Logie’s life,  
Fareweel to Scotland evermair !”

When that she came before the king,  
She kneelit lowly on her knee :  
“ O what’s the matter, May Margaret ?  
And what needs a’ this courtesie ?”

“ A boon, a boon, my noble liege !  
A boon, a boon, I beg of thee !  
And the first boon that I come to crave,  
Is to grant me the life of young Logie.”

“ O na, O na, May Margaret,  
Forsooth, and so it maunna be ;  
For a’ the gowd in fair Scotland  
Shall not save the life of young Logie.”

May Margaret she gaed down the stair,  
I wat she gaed richt mournfullie :  
“ Oh ! a’ the money in fair Scotland  
Wadna save the life o’ young Logie !”

And sae she tore her yellow hair,  
 Kinking her fingers ane by ane ; \*  
 And cursed the day that she was born,  
 Or that she heard o' Logie's name !

“ Lament, lament na, Margaret,  
 And of your weeping let me be ;  
 And I will to the king mysell,  
 To seek the life o' young Logie.”

The queen she trippit up the stair,  
 And lowly knelt upon her knee :  
 “ A boon, a boon, I crave, my liege !  
 Grant me the life of young Logie !”

“ If you had asked me castles and towers,  
 I wad hae gien them, twa or three ;  
 But a' the money in fair Scotland  
 Wad na buy the life of young Logie !”

The queen she trippit down the stair,  
 And down she gaed richt mournfullie ;  
 “ Oh ! a' the money in fair Scotland  
 Wad na buy the life of young Logie.”

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,  
 When as the queen tauld her the same :  
 “ I'll tak a knife, and end my life,  
 And be in the grave as sune as him.”

“ Oh, fie ! na, na !” then spoke the queen ;  
 “ Fie, na ! fie, na ! this maunna be !  
 I'll set ye on another way  
 To win the life o' young Logie.”

\* Wringing her fingers so hard in the agony of her distress, as to make them crack ; a very striking, though simple delineation of grief.

May Margaret has taen the king's redding-kame,\*  
 Likewise the queen her wedding-knife;  
 And sent the tokens to Carmichael,  
 To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,  
 Another o' the white monie;  
 She sent him a pistol for each hand,  
 And bade him shoot when he gat frie.

When he cam to the tolbooth stair,  
 There he let his volley flee;  
 It made the king in his chamber start,  
 E'en in the bed where he micht be.

And when he cam to the queenis window,  
 Whaten a joyfou shout ga'e he!  
 Saying, "Peace be to our royal queen,  
 And peace be in her companie!"

"O whaten a voice is that?" quo' the king;  
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quo' he:  
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quo' the king;  
 "I think it's the voice of young Logie.

Gae out, gae out, my merry-men a',  
 And bid Carmichael come speik to me;  
 For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,  
 That yon's the voice o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,  
 He fell down low upon his knee;  
 The very first word that the king spoke,  
 Was, "Where's the young Laird o' Logie?"

Carmichael turned him round about,  
 (I wat the tear blinded his ee,)

\* Comb for the hair.

“ There came a token frae your grace,  
Has taen the laird away frae me.”

“ Hast thou played me that, Carmichael ?” he said ;  
“ And hast thou played me that ?” quo’ he ;  
“ The morn, therefore, at twelve o’clock,  
Your men and you shall hangit be.”

“ Ah, na ! fie, na !” then quoth the queen ;  
“ Fie, my deir love ! this canna be :  
If ye be gaun to hang them a’,  
Indeed ye maun begin wi’ me.”

Carmichael is gane to Margaret’s bowir,  
Even as fast as he micht drie :  
“ O if young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come and speik with me !”

May Margaret turned her round about ;  
I wot a loud lauch lauchit she :  
“ The egg is chippit ; the bird is flown ;  
Ye’ll see nae mair o’ young Logie.”

The tane is shippit at the pier o’ Leith,  
The tother at the Queen’s Ferrie ;  
And now the lady has gotten her luve,  
The winsome young Laird o’ Logie ! \*

\* This ballad first appeared, under the title of “ The Laird of Ochil-tree,” in Herd’s Collection. In the Border Minstrelsy appeared another version, under the title of “ The Laird o’ Logie ;” and to it Mr Motherwell has latterly added a stanza from recitation. In the present edition, an attempt is made to combine the various incidents of both of these versions ; the queen’s application for mercy being taken from Herd’s, while the expedient by which the hero is eventually liberated, is adopted from Sir Walter Scott’s. Thus, the present version, associating the varieties of other two, is considerably longer than either.

## THE BURNING OF FRENDRAUGHT.\*

THE eighteenth of October,  
 A dismal tale to hear,  
 How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
 Were both burnt in the fire.

\* The reader, before perusing this ballad, will do well to give some attention to the following prose account of the incident on which it is founded; an incident of the most mysterious and interesting nature to be found, perhaps, in the whole history of Scotland; the murder of Darnley not excepted.

A mortal feud having arisen betwixt the Laird of Frendraught and the Laird of Rothiemay, both gentlemen of Banffshire, a rencontre took place, at which the retainers of both were present, on the 1st of January, 1630; when Rothiemay was killed, and several persons hurt on both sides. To stanch this bloody quarrel, the Marquis of Huntly, who was chief to both parties, and who had therefore a right to act as arbiter between them, ordered Frendraught to pay fifty thousand merks to Rothiemay's widow. In the ensuing September, Frendraught fell into another quarrel, in the course of which James Lesly, son to Lesly of Pitcaple, was shot through the arm. Soon after the last incident, Frendraught having paid a visit to the Marquis of Huntly at the Bog of Gight, the Laird of Pitcaple came up with thirty armed men, to demand atonement for the wound of his son. Huntly acted in this case with great discretion. Without permitting the two lairds to come to a conference, he endeavoured to persuade the complaining party that Frendraught was in reality innocent of his son's wound; and, as Pitcaple went away vowing vengeance, he sent Frendraught home under a strong escort, which was commanded by his son the Viscount Aboyne, and by the young Laird of Rothiemay, son to him whom Frendraught had killed some months before. The party reached Frendraught Castle without being attacked by Pitcaple; when, Aboyne and Rothiemay offering to take leave of Frendraught and his lady, in order to return home, they were earnestly entreated by these individuals to remain a night, and postpone their return till to-morrow. Being with difficulty prevailed upon, the young Viscount and Rothiemay were well entertained, and after supper went cheerfully to bed. To continue the narrative in the words of Spalding—"The Viscount was laid in an bed in the Old Tower going off the hall, and standing upon a vault, wherein there was ane round hole, devised of old, just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordon, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid in the same chamber. The Laird of Rothiemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in another chamber just above Aboyne's chamber; and in another room, above that chamber, were laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants; with them also was laid Captain Rolloch, then in Frendraught's own company. All being thus at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, yea, and in ane clap, that the noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colonel Wat, another of Aboyne's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death, without help or relief; the Laird of Frendraught, his lady, and haill household looking on, without moving or stirring to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Gordon, being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers and Captain Rolloch, be-

When steeds were saddled, and weel bridled,  
 And ready for to ride,  
 Then out came she and fause Frendraught,  
 Inviting them to bide.

Said, " Stay this nicht until ye sup,  
 The morn until ye dine ;

ing in the third room, escaped this fire also, and, as was said, Aboyne might have saved himself also if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber, and wakened him to rise; and as he is awakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, ' Help ! help ! for God's cause ! ' The Laird and Lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help or manner of helping; which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins; syne clasped in each other's arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom. Thus died this noble Viscount of singular expectation, Rothiemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and hail common people, especially to the noble Marquis, who for his good will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's own dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men all her life-time, following the love of the turtle dove.

" It is reported that upon the morn after this woeful fire, the Lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis, backed in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house, the same gate she came, comfortless."—SPALDING'S *History of the Troubles in Scotland*.

Suspicion formed two theories regarding the cause of the fire of Frendraught. The first was, that the Laird had wilfully set fire to the tower, for the purpose of destroying the young Laird of Rothiemay. The other was, that it originated in the revengeful feelings of the Laird of Pitcaple. In the first theory there is extremely little probability. First, it could not have been premeditated; because the circumstance of Frendraught being accompanied home that day by Aboyne and Rothiemay, was entirely accidental. In the second place, there was no reason for Frendraught being inclined to murder Rothiemay, except that he grudged the payment of the fifty thousand merks to his mother; while there was every reason for his being inclined rather to befriend a youth whom he had already injured by occasioning the death of his father. In the third place, all Frendraught's family papers, with much gold and silver, both in money and plate, were consumed in the fire. And, in the fourth place, it is extremely improbable that any man of his rank should commit so deliberate and so atrocious an act of villainy. On the other hand, it seems by no means improbable that Pitcaple should have caused fire to be set to his enemy's house; a mode of reprisal, which had been practised in the same district of country, as we have already seen, by a gentleman of only the preceding age. Pitcaple's men, moreover, had been heard to declare an intention of attempting some such enterprise against Frendraught; as was proved on the trial of a gentleman of the name of Meldrum, who was apprehended, condemned, and executed for his alleged accession to their conspiracy.

'Twill be a token of gude greement  
'Twixt your good lord and mine."

" We'll turn again," said good Lord John.  
But, " No," said Rothiemay ;  
" My steed's trapann'd ; my bridle's broken ;  
I fear this day I'm fey."\*

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber were laid.

They had not long cast off their clothes,  
And were but new asleep,†  
When the weary smoke began to rise,  
Likewise the scorching heat.

" O waken, waken, Rothiemay,  
O waken, brother dear ;  
And turn ye to our Saviour ;  
There is strong treason here !"

When they were dressed in their clothes,  
And ready for to boune,  
The doors and windows were all secured,  
The roof-tree burning down.

He did him to the wire window,  
As fast as he could gang ;  
Says, " Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,  
For out we'll never win !"

When he stood at the wire window,  
Most doleful to be seen,

\* Predestined, or ordained to death.

† Recently fallen asleep.

He did espy her, Lady Fren draught,  
Who stood upon the green.

Cried, "Mercy, mercy! Lady Fren draught!  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For first your husband kill'd my father,  
And now you burn his son!"

O then out spoke her, Lady Fren draught,  
And loudly did she cry,  
"It were great pitie for good Lord John,  
But none for Rothiemay.  
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well—  
Ye cannot get away!"\*

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,  
The fire augmented high,  
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,  
And the bed wherein he lay.

He lookit east, he lookit west,  
To see if any help was nigh;  
At length his little page he saw,  
Who to his lord did loudly cry.

"Oh, loup! oh, loup! my dear master;  
Oh, loup! and come to me:  
I'll catch you in my armis two;  
One foot I will not flee.

Oh, loup! oh, loup! my dear master,  
Though the window's dreigh and high;  
I'll catch you in my armis two;  
But Rothiemay may lie!"

\* In corroboration of the truth of this part of the ballad, opposed as it is to probability, Mr Finlay mentions, as a fact of which he was informed by a person residing near Fren draught, that many years ago, when the well of the castle was cleared out, a bunch of keys was found at the bottom.



“ The fish shall swim the flood nae mair,  
 Nor the corn grow through the clay,  
 Ere the fiercest fire that ever was kindled  
 Twin me and Rothiemay.\*

But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
 I cannot win to thee ;  
 My heid’s fast in the wire-window,  
 And my feet’s burning frae me !

My eyes are seething in my head,  
 My flesh roasting also ;  
 My bowels are boiling with my blood ;  
 I’m sinking in the low ! †

Take here the rings frae my white fingers,  
 That are so long and small ;  
 And give them to my lady fair,  
 Where she sits in her hall.

I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
 I cannot loup to thee ;  
 My earthly part is all consumed,  
 My spirit but speiks thee !”

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
 His lady she was seen ;  
 Who thus address’d his servant Gordon,  
 As he stude on the green.

\* So altered from the original, which ran thus :—

“ The fish shall never swim the flood,  
 Nor corn grow through the clay,  
 Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled,  
 Twin me and Rothiemay.”

† In the original,—

“ Is not that a woeful woe !”

“ O wae be to you, George Gordon !  
 An ill death may you die !  
 Sae safe and sound as ye stand there,  
 And my lord bereaved from me !”

“ I bade him loup, I bade him come,  
 I bade him loup to me ;  
 I'd catch him in my armis two,  
 A foot I should not flee.

He threw me the rings from his white fingers,  
 Which were so long and small,  
 To give to you his lady fair,  
 Where you sat in your hall.”

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
 O bonnie Sophia was her name ;  
 Her waiting maid put on her clothes ;  
 But I wat she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, “ Alas ! alas !  
 A sair heart's ill to win ;  
 I wan a sair heart when I married him ;  
 And this day its weel return'd again !”\*

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### FRENNET HALL.

WHEN Frennet Castle's ivied walls  
 Through yellow leaves were seen ;

\* This ballad was first published in an entire shape, in a little volume, printed at Edinburgh for private distribution, (1824,) termed “ the North Country Garland.” The present copy includes two or three additional verses, which had been previously recovered from tradition by Mr Finlay. The editor thinks it proper to give, in continuation, a very pleasing modern ballad on the same subject, which first appeared in Herd's Collection.

When birds forsook the sapless boughs,  
And bees the faded green ;

Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,  
Did wander frae the ha',  
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,  
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,  
Had clumb a lofty tree,  
Whase branches to the angry blast  
Were sougling mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path  
That near the castle lay,  
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay  
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,  
When prey beneath is seen :  
As quickly he forgot his hold,  
And perch'd upon the green.

“ O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,  
Frae this dark wood awa' !  
Some visitors of gallant mein  
Are hasting to the ha'.”

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,  
Her feet she did na spare,  
Until she left the forest's skirts  
A long bow-shot and mair.

“ O where, O where, my good Lord John,  
O tell me where ye ride ?  
Within my castle-wall this nicht  
I hope ye mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,  
 In yonder bower to stay,  
 Soft ease shall teach you to forget  
 The hardness of the way."

" Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,  
 How can we here remain?  
 Full well you know your husband deir  
 Was by my father slain :

The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,  
 Within your bosom swell :  
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood  
 Should this black passion quell."

" O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,  
 That I will you betray,  
 Or sue requital for a debt  
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high !  
 Ye lights that 'gin to shine !  
 This nicht shall prove the sacred cord,  
 That knits your faith and mine."

The lady slie, with honey'd words,  
 Enticed thir youths to stay ;  
 But the morning sun ne'er shone upon  
 Lord John and Rothiemay.

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### THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.\*

It fell on a day, on a bonnie summer day,  
 When the aits grew green and early,

\* Airly Castle, the ancient seat of the Earl of Airly, is situated in the county of Forfar, on a high promontory formed by the confluence of the

That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyle and Airly.\*

Argyle has raised a hunder men,  
A hunder men and mairly,  
And he's awa down by the back o' Dunkeld,†  
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady look'd over her window sae hie,  
She lookit lang and weary,  
Till she has espied the great Argyle,  
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

“Come down, come down, Lady Ogilvie,” he said,  
Come down and kiss me fairly;  
Or, I swear by the sword which I hold in my hand,  
I winna leave a stannin stane in Airly!”

“I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,  
I wadna kiss thee fairly,

Isla and Melgum. It is still a house of prodigious strength and size; but, having been formerly secured by a ditch in front, at least twenty feet wide, and by a rampart wall, ten feet thick and thirty-five feet high, it was considered, at the period alluded to in the ballad, as perfectly impregnable. Notwithstanding its great strength, it was reduced and burnt, in 1640, by the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Argyle, who had a commission to that effect from the Covenanters; its proprietor, the Earl of Airly, being then in attendance upon King Charles in England. We learn from authentic documents, that the Lady Ogilvie, who was wife of the Earl's eldest son, was not in Airly Castle at the time. She was at the house of Forthar, the usual residence of her husband, Lord Ogilvie. As Forthar, however, was also reduced by Argyle, and the lady expelled from it, much after the manner delineated in the ballad, it is probable that the poet has combined the two incidents under one theme of description.

\* The poet here gives the colour of an accidental quarrel to what had in reality been a long-continued feud. The truth is, that Argyle, in administering the vengeance of the state to Airly, wreaked out feelings of revenge which he had personally entertained against that nobleman all his life; at the same time gratifying his family pride by the humiliation of a rival clan. It is related by Gordon of Straloch, the author of a very curious manuscript history of the civil wars, that Argyle was so much interested personally in the destruction of Airly House, as to take up a hammer, and *work till he sweat* at the demolition of the door-ways and other hewed stone-work which had been spared by the fire.

† The poet seems to be here topographically correct. If Argyle approached Airly from his own country, he would probably take the road by Blairgowrie, which leads “down by the back of Dunkeld.”

O, I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyle,  
 Though ye should na leave a stannin stane in Airly."

He has taen her by the middle sae sma,  
 Says, " Lady, where is your drury?"\*  
 " It's up and down by the bonnie burn-side,  
 Among the plantings o' Airly."

They soucht it up, they soucht it doun,  
 They soucht it late and early,  
 Till they fand it in the bonnie ploom-tree,  
 That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has taen her by the middle sae sma',  
 And O, but she grat sairly !  
 And he's set her up on a bonnie knowe-tap,  
 To see the burning o' Airly.

" O, I hae seven brave sons," she says ;  
 " The youngest ne'er saw his daddie ; †  
 And although I had as mony mae,  
 I wad gie them a' to Charlie !

But gin my gude lord had been at hame,  
 As this nicht he is wi' Charlie,  
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle,  
 Durst ha' plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly !

Were my gude lord but here this day,  
 As he is wi' King Charlie,

\* Treasure, jewels ; as in the ancient romances.

† If the Countess of Airly be here meant, the poet must be wrong as to the number of her ladyship's family. She had in reality only three children. If Lady Ogilvie be meant, he is still more widely wrong ; as she had only one. There is, perhaps, more truth in the second line of this stanza. Lady Ogilvie, when expelled by Argyle from Forthar, was pregnant, and, it may be added, experienced no little distress, and underwent no little danger, before she could find a place of refuge proper for her delicate condition.

The dearest blude o' a' thy kin  
Wad sloken the burning o' Airly!"\*



## THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE.

" O billie, billie, bonny billie,  
Will ye gae to the wood wi' me?  
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,  
And gar them trow slain men are we."

" O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,  
" For that's the thing that maunna be;  
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,  
And mounted by the break o' day;  
And he has join'd our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.

" Now, fareweel, father, and fareweel, mother,  
And fare ye weel, my sisters three;  
And fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,  
For thee again I'll never see!"

And they're awa to Bothwell Hill,  
And, waly, they rade bonnilie!  
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',  
He went to view their companie.

" Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,  
" Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;"

\* Composed out of three copies, one of which (a carefully collated one) is in Mr Finlay's collection; another in Cromek's Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song; and a third in "the Ballad Book," Edinburgh, 1824.

And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,  
The foremost o' your companie.

But yield your weapons, ane and a ;  
O yield your weapons, lads, to me ;  
For, gin ye yield your weapons up,  
Ye'se a' gae hame to your countrie."

But up there spoke a Lennox lad,  
And waly he spoke bonnilie ;  
" I winna yield my weapons up,  
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,  
A' set about wi' bonnie blue ;  
" Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,  
See that ye stand by other true."

They settled their cannons on the height,  
And shower'd their shot down in the howe ;  
And beat our Scots lads even down ;  
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',  
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,  
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,  
And they lay slain on every knowe.

" O hold your hand," then Monmouth cried,  
Gie quarters to yon men for me !"  
But wicked Claverse swore an oath,  
His cornet's death revenged sould be.

" O hold your hand," then Monmouth cried,  
" If ony thing you'll do for me :  
Hold up your hand, you cursed Graham,  
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."



Then wicked Claverse turn'd about,  
 I wot an angry man was he ;  
 And he has lifted up his hat,  
 And cried, " God bless his Majestie !"

Then he's awa to London toun,  
 Ay, e'en as fast as he can drie ;  
 Fause witnesses he has wi' him taen,  
 And taen Monmouth's head frae his bodye.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,  
 Mony brave man lies cauld and still :  
 But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,  
 The bloody battle o' Bothwell Hill.\*

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## THE THREATENED INVASION. †

TUNE—*How are ye, Kimmer ?*

ELSPAT.

" Fy, fy, Margaret ! woman, are ye in ?  
 I nae sooner heard it, than fast I did rin

\* From the Border Minstrelsy, the editor of which procured it from recitation. The hero is Gordon of Earlstoun, a gentleman of Galloway, who, after fighting at Bothwell-bridge, and escaping from it; after being several times under sentence of death, and on the point of being executed; was at length released from the grasp of his persecutors by the Revolution, which event he survived many years. The reader will scarce fail to be touched with the fine despair which this gentleman is made to express in the first few stanzas of the ballad.

† This very curious and amusing little rustic dramatic poem seems to have been composed in 1719, when Spain, with which this country was then at war, threatened the coasts of Britain with an invasion in favour of the Chevalier de St George; an invasion which partially did take effect in the north of Scotland, though in so slight a degree as to be repelled by only a few companies of men under General Wightman. This version of the ballad is composed out of two imperfect and confused copies, one of which is in Mr Sharpe's "Ballad Book," and the other in Mr Peter Buchan's "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads." In arranging the various verses, I have been guided partly by the sense, and partly by my recollection of their recital by an old schoolmaster of Peebles-shire, who, attired in petticoats and head-gear, and carrying a *roke* under his arms, used, in my young days, to act this strange *folly*, to its very last verse, before gentlemen and ladies, when he had arrived at a particular stage of convivial merriment.

Down the gate to tell ye,  
 Down the gate to tell ye,  
 Down the gate to tell ye,  
 We'll no be left our skin.

Oh dear! oh dear! didna ye hear,  
 The French and the Spaniards are a' comin here?  
 And we'll a' be murdered,  
 And we'll a' be murdered,  
 And we'll a' be murdered,  
 Or the neist year.

Weel micht I kent a' wasna richt;  
 I dreamt o' red and green a' last nicht,  
 And twa cats fechtin,  
 And twa cats fechtin,  
 And twa cats fechtin;  
 I waukent wi' the fricht.

Fare ye weel, woman, for now I maun rin;  
 Trow ye, if our neebour Eppie be in,  
 And auld Robin Barber,  
 And auld Robin Barber,  
 And auld Robin Barber?  
 For I maun tell him."

MARGARET.

" Bide a wee, woman, and gies't a' out."  
 They're bringing in black Paperie, I doubt, I doubt,  
 And sad reformation,  
 And sad reformation,  
 And sad reformation,  
 In a' the kirks about.

I carena, for my ain part, though they come the morn;  
 I'll gie them another link to the cruiks o' their horn;  
 For I'll no yield it,  
 For I'll no yield it,

For I'll no yield it,  
To ony man that's born.

O, dinna ye mind o' this very fleer,  
When we were a' riggit out to gang to Sherramuir,  
    Wi' stanes in our aprons,  
    Wi' stanes in our aprons,  
    Wi' stanes in our aprons,  
Did muckle dule, I'm sure?"

ELSPAT.

"Hech howe! Margaret, wasna that a gun?"

MARGARET.

"Atweel, no, Elspat, 'twas me \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\* :  
    We're weel when we get it,  
    We're weel when we get it,  
    We're weel when we get it,  
Awa wi' little din."

The way you think of it  
 is not the way I think of it

At least you think of it in a way  
 that is not the way I think of it  
 I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it  
 I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it

I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it

I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it  
 I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it  
 I think of it in a way that is not  
 the way you think of it

# SCOTTISH BALLADS

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PART SECOND.

**Ballads**

SUPPOSED TO REFER TO REAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN

**Private Life.**

SCOTTISH RAILWAYS

THEY ARE

THE

THE

THE

# SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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## PART SECOND.

### Ballads

SUPPOSED TO REFER TO REAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN

### Private Life.

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#### YOUNG BEKIE.\*

IN London was Young Bekie born ;  
He long'd strange countries for to see ;  
He pass'd through many kingdoms great,  
Until he cam to Grand Turkye.

He view'd the fashions of that land ;  
Their way of worship viewed he ;  
But to Mahound or Termagaunt  
Wad Bekie never bend a knee.

\* Young Bekie should be spelled Young Becket. The hero was no less a personage than the father of the celebrated Thomas a Becket, and it would appear that the ballad is, upon the whole, a faithful history of the captivity, sufferings, and subsequent marriage of that individual. He had accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Wars, out of motives of piety. Holinshed, speaking of the famous St Thomas of Canterbury, says, "This Becket was born in London; his father hight (called) Gilbert; but his mother was a Syrian born, and by religion a Saracen." There is a story often printed regarding the strange love history of Gilbert Becket; but it is perhaps only a prose version of the ballad.

So they have taen Young Bekie straight,  
 And brought him before their hie jurie ;  
 And, for he was a Christian man,  
 They've handled him most cruellie.

In every shoulder they bored a hole,  
 In every hole they put a trie ;  
 And they have made him trail the wine  
 And spices on his fair bodye.

- Syne in their massiemore sae deep,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see,  
 For seven lang zeir they keepit him,  
 Waiting the day that he mot die.

The jailer had but ae daughter,  
 Her name was callit Susan Pye ;  
 And ilka day, as she took the air,  
 The prison door she passit by.

But it fell out upon a day  
 She heard Young Bekie sadly sing :  
 His sang sae dulefu' was and sweet,  
 Her heart wi' pity it did wring.

“ My hounds they all go masterless,  
 My hawks they fly frae tree to tree ;  
 My younger brother will heir my land ;  
 Fair England again I'll never see !

Oh were I free as I hae been,  
 My ship once more upon the sea,  
 I'd turn my face to fair England,  
 And sail nae mair to a far countrie !”

She went away into her chamber ;  
 All nicht she never closed an ee ;



And when the morning licht cam in,  
At the prison door alane was she.

And she has open'd the prison doors,  
I wot she open'd two or three,  
Ere she could get to Young Bekie,  
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she cam Young Bekie to,  
Sore wonder'd he that may to see;  
He took her for some fair captive:  
"Fair lady, I pray, of what countrie?"

"O have you any lands," she said,  
"Or castles in your ain countrie,  
That ye wad give to a lady fair,  
From prison strong to set you free?"

"Near London toun I have a hall,  
With other castles two or three;  
I'll give them all to the lady fair,  
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of it give unto me,  
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
The truth of it I'll freely gie,  
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
For the kindness thou dost show to me."

She took him frae her father's prison,  
Gi'en him the best o' her father's wine,  
And a brave health she drank to him,  
"I wish, Young Bekie, ye war mine!"

She's gi'en him to eat the gude spice-cake,  
 She's gi'en him to drink the blude-red wine;  
 She's bidden him sometimes think on her,  
 That sae kindly freed him out of pyne.

"It's seven lang years, I'll mak a vow,  
 And seven lang years I'll keep it true,  
 If ye'll wed wi' nae other woman,  
 O, I will wed nae man but you."

She's broken a ring from her finger,  
 And to Bekie half of it gave she:  
 "Keep this to mind you of that love  
 The lady bore that set you free."

She's ta'en him to her father's port,  
 And gi'en to him a ship of fame:  
 "Fareweel, fareweel, my Young Bekie,  
 I fear I'll ne'er see you again!"

Young Bekie turn'd him round about,  
 And lowly, lowly loutit he:  
 "Ere seven years come to an end,  
 I'll tak you to mine ain countrie."

So he has come to London toun;  
 A happy, happy man was he;  
 The ladies a' around him thrang'd,  
 To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died of sorrow,  
 And sae were a' his brethren three;  
 His lands they a' were lying waste;  
 In ruins were his castles frie.

Nae porter there stude at his yett;  
 Nae living creature could he see,

Except the screeching owls and bats,  
To cheer him with their companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,  
And he has gowd and jewels frie ;  
And sune the pages round him thrang'd,  
To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,  
His table rang wi' mirth and glee ;  
He sune forgot the lady fair,  
That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

And he has courtit a lady gay,  
To heir wi' him his lands sae frie ;  
Ne'er thinking that the lady fair  
Was on her way frae Grand Turkye.

Fair Susie Pye could get nae rest,  
She long'd sae sair her love to see :  
She thocht on him sae lang and sair,  
That she grew sick and like to die.

Sae, lang ere seven years were gane,  
She's set a fair ship on the sea ;  
And secretly she stept on board,  
And turn'd her back to her ain countrie.

But sic a vessel was never seen—  
The very masts were tapped wi' gold ;  
The sails were o' the satin fine,  
Most beautiful for to behold.

She sailed east, she sailed west,  
Until to England's shore she came ;  
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

“ What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
 What news hast thou to tell to me?”  
 “ Such news I hear, ladye,” he says,  
 “ The like was never in this countrie.

There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
 Has lastit thirty days and three;  
 But the bridegroom winna bed the bride,  
 For the love of one that’s ’yond the sea.”

She put her hand in her pocket,  
 Gi’en him the gold and white monie;  
 “ Hae, tak ye that, my bonny boy,  
 For the gude news thou tell’st to me.”

When she cam to Young Bekie’s gates,  
 She tirl’d saftly at the pin;  
 Sae ready was the proud porter,  
 To let this lovely lady in.

“ Is this young Bekie’s hall?” she said,  
 “ Or is that noble lord within?”  
 “ Yes, he’s in the hall, amang them all,  
 And this is the day of his weddin.”

“ And has he wed another love?  
 And has he clean forgotten me?  
 Oh!” sighing, said that lady fair,  
 “ I wish I were in my ain countrie.”

But she has taen her gay gold ring,  
 That with her love she brak sae free;  
 Says, “ Gie him that, thou proud porter,  
 And bid him come and speak to me.”

When the porter came his lord before,  
 He kneeled low down upon his knee:

“ What aileth thee, thou proud porter,  
Thou art so full of courtesie ?”

“ O I’ve been porter at your gates,  
This thirty long years now and three ;  
But there stands a lady at them now,  
The like o’ her did I never see ;

On every finger she has a ring,  
And on the mid ane she has three ;  
And O she is the fairest lady,  
That my twa een did ever see !”

Then up bespak the bride’s mother ;  
An angry woman, I wat, was she :  
“ Ye micht have exceptit our bonnie bride,  
And twa three of our companie.”

“ O hald your tongue, thou bride’s mother,  
And of your folly let me be ;  
She’s ten times fairer than the bride,  
Or ony in this companie !

My lord, she begs some of your breid,  
Bot and a cup of your reid wine ;  
And to remember the lady’s love,  
That ance did lowse ye out of pyne.”

Then up and startit Young Bekie ;  
I wat he made the table flee :  
“ I wad gie a’ my yearly rent,  
’Twere Susie Pye come ower the sea !”

And quickly hied he doun the stair ;  
Of fifteen steps he made but three ;  
He’s taen his bonnie love in his arms,  
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

“ Oh, hae ye taen another bride ?  
 And hae ye quite forgotten me ?  
 And hae ye quite forgotten her,  
 That gave you life and libertie ?”

She luikit ower her left shouther,  
 To hide the tears stude in her ee :  
 “ Now, fare thee weel, Young Bekie,” she says,  
 “ I’ll try to think no more on thee.”

“ Oh, never, never, Susie Pye ;  
 For surely this can never be ;  
 Nor ever shall I wed but her  
 That’s done and dree’d so much for me.”

Then out and spak the forenoon bride :  
 “ My lord, your love it changeth soon ;  
 This morning I was made your bride,  
 Ye’ve chosen another ere it’s noon.”

“ O hald your tongue,\* thou forenoon bride ;  
 Ye’re ne’er a whit the waur o’ me ;  
 And, when ye return to your own countrie,  
 A double dower I’ll send wi’ thee.”

He’s taen fair Susie by the hand,  
 And gently led her up and down ;  
 And aye, as he kist her rosie lips,  
 “ Ye’re welcome, jewel, to your own !”

He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And led her to yon fountain stane ;  
 He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,  
 And he’s call’d her his bonnie love, Lady Jane.\*

\* First published, in two different versions, by Mr Jamieson. The present copy is composed of the first of Mr J.’s two copies, and another which has since been printed in Mr Kinloch’s “ Ancient Scottish Ballads ;” excepting the second verse of Young Bekie’s prison-song, which is supplied from Mr Motherwell’s *Introduction*, p. xv.

## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.\*

“RISE up, rise up, Lord Douglas,” she says,  
 “And put on your armour so bright ;  
 Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
 Was married to a lord under night.

Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
 And put on your armour so bright ;  
 And take better care of your youngest sister,  
 For your eldest’s awa the last night.”

He’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself on a dapple grey,  
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
 And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit ower his left shoulder,  
 To see what he could see,  
 And he spied her father and seven brethren bold  
 Come riding ower the lee.

“Licht down, licht down, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
 “And hold my steed in your hand,  
 Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
 And your father, I make a stand.”

\* “The ballad of the Douglas Tragedy is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower,” (formerly the residence of a branch of the family of Douglas,) “Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink. So minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragic tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.”—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, fourth edition, vol. II. p. 214.*

Sometimes she rade, and sometimes she gaed,  
 Till again that place she did near,  
 And there she saw her seven brethren slain,  
 And her father still fechting sae dear.

“ O hald your hand, sweet William !” she said,  
 “ For your strokes they are wondrous sair ;  
 True lovers I may get mony a ane,  
 But a father I can never get mair.”

And she’s taen out her handkerchief,  
 That was o’ the holland sae fine,  
 And aye she dichtit her father’s bluidy wounds,  
 Where the blude ran red as the wine.

“ O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
 “ O whether will ye gang or bide ?”  
 “ I’ll gang, I’ll gang, Lord William,” she said,  
 “ For ye’ve left me no other guide.”

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon the grey,  
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side ;  
 And slowly they rade away.

He lifted her on the milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon the brown,  
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
 And they baith went weeping along.

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
 And a’ by the licht o’ the mune,  
 Until they cam to yon wan water,  
 And there they lichtit down.

They lichtit down to tak a drink  
 Of the spring that ran sae clear ;



And down the stream ran his gude heart's blude,  
And sair she 'gan to fear.

“ Hold up, hold up, Lord William,” she says,  
“ For I fear that you are slain !”  
“ 'Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
That shines in the water sae plain.”

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the licht o' the mune,  
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,  
And there they lichtit down.

“ Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,  
“ Get up, and let me in !”  
Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,  
“ For this nicht my fair ladye I've won.

Oh mak my bed, lady mother,” he says,  
“ Oh mak it braid and deip ;  
And lay Lady Margaret at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleip.”

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Margaret lang ere day—  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they hae mair luck than they !

Lord William was buriat in St Marie's kirk,  
Lady Margaret in St Marie's quier :  
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,  
And out o' the knicht's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plett,  
And fain they wad be near ;  
And a' the warld micht ken richt weel,  
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
 And wow but he was rouch !  
 For he pull'd up the bonnie brier,  
 And flang 't in St Marie's Loch !\*

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GIL MORRICE.†

GIL MORRICE was an Earl's son,  
 His name it waxed wide ;  
 It was na for his great riches,  
 Nor yet his mickle pride,  
 But it was for a lady gay,  
 That lived on Carron side.

“ Where shall I get a bonnie boy,  
 That will win hose and shoon,

\* This version of the Douglas Tragedy is entirely that given in the Border Minstrelsy, except in the central part lying betwixt the fifth and twelfth verses, where some alterations are adopted from a fragment of another version, given by Mr Motherwell—*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 180.

† The copy of Gil Morrice here presented, has been chiefly derived from that which Percy preserved in his “ Reliques.” A great number of the modern stanzas which had crept into that copy, are here, however, omitted ; while many important additions are made from a popular version which Mr Motherwell printed from recitation, as also from a version of two hundred years standing, which Mr Jamieson derived from an old MS., once the property of the venerable Bishop of Dromore. The twenty-fourth and twenty-eighth stanzas were added by the editor, for the purpose of making the various pieces join neatly ; and the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh stanzas are the composition of Mr Jamieson. It is needless to remind the reader that this ballad suggested the favourite tragedy of “ Douglas.”

“ If any reliance,” says Mr Motherwell, “ can be placed on the traditions of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history. The ‘ green wood’ of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and Lord Bernard’s castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn which joins the Carron about five miles above these lands, is named the Earl’s-burn, and the hill near the source of that stream, is called the Earl’s-hill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate earl’s son, who is the hero of the ballad. He, also, according to the same respectable authority, was exceedingly beautiful, and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which is said to have shrouded him, as it were, with a golden mist.”—*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 258.

That will gae to Lord Bernard's ha',  
And bid his lady come ?

O, ye maun rin my errand, Willie,  
And ye maun rin wi' speed ;  
When other boys gae on their foot,  
On horseback ye shall ride."

' Oh, master dear, I love you weel,  
' I love you as my life ;  
But I will not to Lord Bernard's go,  
For to tryst furth his wife.

For the baron he's a man o' micht ;  
He ne'er could byde a taunt ;  
And ye shall see, ere it be late,  
How little ye hae to vaunt."

" Yet ye maun rin my errand, Willie,  
And ye maun rin wi' speed ;  
If ye refuse my hie command,  
I'll gar your body bleed.

Gae, show to her this gay manteil,  
It's a' gowd but the hem ;  
Bid her come to the gude green wood,  
And bring nane but her lane.

Gae, show to her this silken sark,  
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve ;  
Bid her come out to Gil Morrice,  
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

" Sin' I maun rin this errand for you,  
Sae sair against my will ;  
I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
It shall be done for ill."

When Willie came to broken brig,  
 He bent his bow and swam ;  
 And when he cam to grass growing,  
 He set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Bernard's ha',  
 He would neither chap nor ca',  
 But bent his bow to his white breast,  
 And lightly lap the wa'.

He would not tell the man his errand,  
 Though he stude at the gate,  
 But straight into the ha' he cam,  
 Where they were set at meat.

“ Good hallow, gentle sir and dame ;  
 My errand canna wait :  
 Dame, ye maun gae speak to Gil Morrice,  
 Before that it be late.

Ye see, ye see, this gay manteil ;  
 It's a' gowd but the hem :  
 Ye maun gae to the gude green wood,  
 Even by yoursell alane.

Ye see, ye see, this silken sark ;  
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve :  
 Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morrice,  
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.”

Oh, ay she stampit wi' her fit,  
 And winkit wi' her ee ;  
 But for a' that she could say or do,  
 Forbidden he wadna be.

“ It's surely to my bouir-woman ;  
 It canna be to me.”

“ I brocht it to Lord Bernard’s lady ;  
I trow that thou be she.”

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,  
(The bairn upon her knee ;)

“ If it be come frae Gil Morrice,  
It’s deir welcome to me.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye wylie nurse,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie :  
I brocht it to Lord Bernard’s lady ;  
I trow thou be na she.”

Then up and rose the bauld baron,  
And an angry man was he ;  
He took the table wi’ his fit,  
And kepp’d it wi’ his knee,  
Till siller cup, and mager dish,  
In flinders he garr’d flee.

“ Bring me a robe o’ your cleiding,  
That hangs upon the pin ;  
And I’ll awa to the gude green wood,  
And speik wi’ your leman.”

“ Oh, byde at hame, now, Lord Bernard,  
I warn you byde at hame ;  
Ne’er wyte a man for violence dune,  
That never thocht ye wrang.”

He called unto his horse-keeper,  
“ Mak ready you my steed ;”  
He called unto his chamberlain,  
“ Mak ready you my weed.”

He’s taen to him his trusty sword,  
That was of metal good ;

And he's rode grimly forth alane,  
All to the gay green wood.

He socht Gil Morrice up and doun,  
He socht him here and there ;  
At length he spied him aneth a tree,  
Kaiming his yellow hair.

In summer green was Morrice clad,  
As hunters wont to gang ;  
And, like the mavis on the bush,  
He whistled and he sang.

His cheek was like the cherry red,  
His een were blythe and blue ;  
And bonnie shone the gowden locks,  
That curled ower his brow.

He sang sae cheerly and sae clear,  
The greenwood echoes rang ;  
And the owerword o' the tune was ay,  
" My mother tarries lang."

" Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,  
My lady loved ye weel ;  
The fairest part o' my bodie  
Is blacker than thy heel.

Yet, ne'er the less, now Gil Morrice,  
For a' thy great beautie,  
Ye'se rue the day ye e'er was born ;  
That head sall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strae ;  
And through Gil Morrice's fair bodie  
He garred cauld iron gae.

And he has taen Gil Morrice' head,  
 And set it on a spear ;  
 The meanest man in all his train  
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has taen Gil Morrice up,  
 Laid him across a steed ;  
 And the meanest man in all his train,  
 Has gotten that horse to lead.

The lady sat on the castle wa',  
 Look'd ower baith dale and down ;  
 And there she spied Gil Morrice' head,  
 Come steering to the town.

And he has taen that bloody head,  
 And gien 't to his ladye :  
 " Now lap it soft and kiss it oft ;  
 Ye lo'ed him mair than me."

And she's taen up the bloody head,  
 And kissed baith cheek and chin :  
 " I wadna gie a kiss o' thae cauld lips  
 For a' thy earldom.

I bore him in my father's bouir,  
 Wi' mickle sin and shame ;  
 I brocht him up in the wild green wood,  
 Under the heavy rain.

Mony a day have I rock'd thy cradle,  
 And fondly seen thee sleep !  
 But now I'll gang about thy grave,  
 And sair, sair will I weep !"

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheek,  
 And syne his bluidy chin ;

“ Oh better I lo’e my Gil Morrice,  
Than a’ my kith and kin !”

“ Away, away, ye ill woman,  
And an ill death may ye dee !  
Gin I had kened him for your son,  
He had ne’er been slain for me.

I’ll curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thocht him ill ;  
I’ll curse the feet that carried me,  
This comely youth to kill.

Oh, I’ve killed ane of the bravest knights,  
That e’er bestrode a steed ;  
Sae have I ane o’ the fairest ladies,  
That e’er ware woman’s weed !”

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### MARIE HAMILTON.\*

MARIE HAMILTON to the kirk is gane,  
Wi’ ribbons on her hair ;  
The king thocht mair o’ Marie Hamilton,  
Than ony that were there.

\* Imperfect and contradictory versions of this affecting ballad occur in “ The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” “ The Ballad Book,” Kinloch’s “ Ancient Ballads,” Motherwell’s “ Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,” and Buchan’s “ Gleanings of Old Ballads.” By associating the best verses of each, and putting the whole into a natural arrangement, and by discarding such stanzas as are calculated, by their rude and unpoetical nature, to disturb the unity and beauty of the whole, I trust I have succeeded in making up a tolerable version.

The ballad has evidently been occasioned by the misfortune of some foreign attendant upon the person of Queen Mary. Sir Walter Scott supposes, with much probability, that the story is the same with one which John Knox, in his “ Historie of the Reformation,” places to the credit of the Queen’s apothecary and one of her French servants. Yet Mr Sharpe, in his “ Ballad Book,” brings forward a circumstance which not a little staggers that otherwise unquestionable theory. “ It is singular,” says he, “ that, during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of the Empress’s attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child—not her first crime in that way, as was suspected; and the Emperor, whose



Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,  
 Wi' ribbons on her breist ;  
 The king thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton,  
 Than he listened to the priest.

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,  
 Wi' gloves upon her hands ;  
 The king thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton,  
 Than the queen and a' her lands.

But word's gane to the kitchen,  
 And word's gane to the ha',  
 That Marie Hamilton gangs wi' bairn  
 To the hichest Stewart o' a'.

And she's gane to the Abbey garden,  
 To pu' the Savin Tree ;  
 But, for a' that she could say or do,  
 The babie wadna dee.

She rowed it in her apron,  
 And set it on the sea :  
 " Now sink, swim ye, bonnie babe,  
 Ye'se get nae mair o' me !"

Queen Marie, she cam down the stair,  
 Wi' the gowd strings in her hair ;  
 Saying : " Marie, where's the little babie,  
 That I heard greet sae sair ?"

" Oh, haud your tongue, my noble queen,  
 Think no such thing to be ;

admiration of her beauty did not preserve her life, stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ear, and kissed on the lips." At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that, so far as one can judge from apparent antiquity of sentiment, from the localities, from the universal diffusion of the ballad over Scotland, and the historical fact mentioned by Knox, there seems great reason to believe that Sir Walter's theory is still valid.

'Twas but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me."

" Oh, haud your tongue, Marie Hamilton !  
Let all those words go free.  
Where, tell me, is the little babie,  
That I heard greet by thee ?"

" I rowed it in my apron,  
And set it on the sea.  
I bade it sink, I bade it swim ;  
It wad get nae mair o' me."

" Oh, wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,  
And an ill deid may you dee !  
If you had saved the babie's life,  
It micht have honoured thee.

But, busk ye, busk ye, Marie Hamilton,  
Oh, busk ye to be a bride ;  
For I am going to Edinburgh toun,  
Your gay wedding to byde.

Ye maun neither put on your robes o' black,  
Nor yet your robes o' broun ;  
But you maun put on your yellow gold stuffs,  
To shine through Edinburgh toun."

Oh, slowly, slowly rase she up,  
And slowly put she on ;  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi' monie a weary groan.

The queen was clad in gay scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green ;  
And Marie sae shone abune them a',  
They took her for the queen.

“ Ride hooly, ride hooly, now, gentlemen ;  
 Ride hooly now wi’ me !  
 For never, I’m sure, a wearier burd  
 Rade in your companie.”

But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
 When she rade on the broun,  
 That she was gaun to Edinburgh,  
 And a’ to be put doun.

“ Why weep ye sae, ye burgess wives,  
 Why weep ye sae on me ?  
 O, I am going to Edinburgh toun,  
 A rich wedding to see.”

When she gaed up the Parliament Stairs,  
 The corks frae her heels did flie ;  
 But, ere that she cam doun again,  
 She was condemned to dee.

When she gaed up through the Netherbow Port,  
 She lauched loud laughters three ;  
 But when that she cam doun again,  
 The tear blinded her ee.

As she gaed doun the Canongate,  
 The Canongate sae free,  
 Monie a lady look’d ower her window,  
 Weeping for sweet Marie.

“ Oh dinna weep for me, ladies,  
 Ye needna weep for me !  
 Had I not kill’d my ain dear bairn,  
 This death I wadna dee.

What need ye *hech* and *howe*, ladies,  
 What need ye *howe* for me ?

Ye never saw grace at a graceless face ;  
Queen Marie has nane to gie !”

“ Gae forward, gae forward,” Queen Marie, she said ;  
“ Gae forward, that ye may see ;  
For the very same words that ye hae said,  
Sall hang ye on the gallows tree !”

O, when she gaed up through the Netherbow Port,  
She laucht loud laughters three ;  
But when she cam to the gallows fit,  
The tear blinded her ee.

“ Cast aff, cast aff, my gown,” she said,  
“ But let my petticoat be ;  
And tye a napkin ower my face,  
That the gallows I mayna see.

Yestreen, the queen she had four Maries ;\*  
The nicht she has but three ;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

O, aften hae I dress'd my queen,  
And put gowd in her hair ;  
But now I've gotten for my reward,  
The gallows tree to share.

O, aften hae I dress'd my queen,  
And aften made her bed ;

\* It is a historical fact that, when Queen Mary was taken to France, four girls, the daughters of Scottish noblemen, who all were of the same age and the same Christian name, accompanied her on the voyage, and afterwards returned to Scotland in her train. Their surnames were Livingston, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun : They were usually styled “ the Four Maries.” A portrait of Marie Beatoun exists at Balfour House, in Fifeshire. It does not seem probable, however, that the heroine of this ballad, though styled Marie Hamilton, and calling herself one of the Queen's Maries, was in reality a member of that elegant corps of damsels.

But now I've gotten for my reward,  
The gallows tree to tread.

Oh, happy, happy is the maid,  
That's born of beauty free:  
It was my dimpling rosie cheeks,  
That's been the dule o' me.

I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother wit,  
But that I'm comin hame!

Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother wit,  
I hung on the gallows tree!

Oh, little did my mother think,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel ower,  
What death I was to dee.

Oh, little did my father think,  
That day he held up me,  
That I, his first and fairest hope,  
Sould hing upon a tree!"\*

\* Burns has seen fit to express high admiration of these very touching verses.—See his *Letters*, Currie's edition.

## THE TWA BROTHERS.\*

“ O WILL ye gae to the schule, billie?  
 Or will ye gae to the ba’?  
 Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,  
 To see whilk o’s maun fa’?”

“ I winna gae to the schule, billie;  
 Nor will I gae to the ba’;  
 But I will gae to the wood a-warslin,  
 And there it’s you maun fa’.”

They warsled up, they warsled down,  
 Till John fell to the ground;  
 And there was a knife in Willie’s pouch,  
 Gied him a deidly wound.

“ Oh, billie, lift me on your back;  
 Tak me to yon walle fair;  
 And wash the blude frae aff my wound,  
 And it will bleed nae mair.”

He’s liftit him up upon his back,  
 Taen him to yon walle fair,

\* This ballad is supposed, with much probability, to refer to a tragical circumstance which took place in the noble family of Somerville, about the end of the sixteenth century, and which is thus detailed in the curious family memoir, entitled “*Memorie of the Somervilles.*”

“ This year, 1589, in the month of July, there fell out a sad accident, as a farther warning that God was displeas’d with the family. The Lord Somervill having come from Cowthelley, early in the morning, in regard the weather was hott, he had ridden hard to be at the Drum be ten o’clock, which having done, he laid him down to rest.” [The Drum is a house about four miles south from Edinburgh, formerly the property of the Somervilles.] “ The servant, with his two sons, William, Master of Somervill, and John, his brother, went with the horses to ane shott of land, called the Pretty Shott, directly opposite the front of the house, where there was some meadow-ground for grassing the horses, and willows to shadow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervill, after some little rest, awakening from his sleep, and finding the pistols that lay hard by him wet with the dew, began to rub and dry them, when unhappily one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzzle turned side-ways, the ball struck his brother John directly in the head, and killed him outright, so his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begg’d it with many tears.”

And washed the blude from aff his wound ;  
But ay it bled the mair.

“ Oh, billie, tak aff my Holland sark,  
And ryve't frae gair to gair ;  
And stap it in my bluidy wound,  
And syne 'twill bleed nae mair.”

He has taen aff his Holland sark,  
And riven't frae gair to gair ;  
He has stappit it in the bluidy wound ;  
But ay it bled mair and mair.

“ Oh, brother deir, tak me on your back ;  
Tak me to yon kirk-yard ;  
And dig a graif baith wide and deip,  
And lay my body there.

Ye'll lay my arrows at my heid,  
My bent bow at my feet,  
My sword and buckler at my side,  
As I was wont to sleep.

When ye gae hame to your father,  
He'll speir for his son John ;  
Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,  
Learning the schule alone.

When ye gae hame to my sister,  
She'll speir for her brother John ;  
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
The green grass growin aboon.

When ye gae hame to my true love,  
She'll speir for her lord John ;  
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirkland fair ;  
But hame, ye fear, he'll never come.”

Sae Willie has buried his brother dear  
 Beneath the sod sae green ;  
 And when the dulefu' task was dune,  
 It's hameward he has gane.

O heavy heavy was his heart,  
 As to the door he cam ;  
 But when he reached his father's chair,  
 He grew baith pale and wan.

" What blude is that upon your brow,  
 My dear son, tell to me ?"  
 " It's but the blude o' my gude grey steed ;  
 He wadna ride wi' me."

" Oh, thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,  
 Nor e'er sae deir to me."  
 " Then, it's the blude o' my ae brother ;  
 Oh, dule and wae is me !"

" Now whaten a death will ye dee, Willie ?  
 Now, Willie, tell to me ?"  
 " Ye'll put me in an oarless boat,  
 And I'll gae sail the sea."

" And when will ye come hame again,  
 Dear Willie, tell to me ?"  
 " When the sun and mune dance on yon green ;  
 And that will never be." \*

\* This ballad first appeared in Mr Jamieson's " Popular Ballads and Songs." Various versions have since been published in " The Ballad Book," and " Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The present copy is composed out of the three; with the exception of the thirteenth, and the greater part of the fourteenth stanzas, which are interpolated by the editor, in order to connect the *dissecta membra poetæ*—the disjointed portions of the story.



## THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.\*

DOWN by your 'bonnie' garden green,  
 Sae merrily as she gaes !  
 She has, ' I wis,' twa weel-made feet,  
 And she trips upon her taes.

\* John Kincaid, Laird of Waristoun, (an estate situated between the city of Edinburgh and the sea, towards Leith,) was murdered, on the 2nd of July 1600, by a man named Robert Weir, who was employed to do so by his wife, Jean Livingstone, daughter of the Laird of Dunipace. The unfortunate woman, who thus became implicated in a crime so revolting to humanity, was only twenty-one years of age at the time. It is probable from some circumstances, that her husband was considerably older than herself, and also that their marriage was any thing but one of love. It is only alleged, however, that she was instigated to seek his death by resentment for some bad treatment on his part, and, in particular, for a bite which he had inflicted on her arm. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder, she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but, for some unexplained reason, was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged, that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, [and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him several dreadful blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures: he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all his force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over.]

Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the Laird of Dunipace, was a favourite of King James VI., and he made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king, was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible.

The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was

She has twa weel-made feet, ' I trow ;  
 Far better is her hand.  
 She is as jimp in the middle ' sae fine,'  
 As ony willow wand.

It was at dinner as they sat,  
 And when they drank the wine,  
 How happy were the laird and lady  
 Of bonnie Waristoun !

But he has spoken a word in jest ;  
 Her answer was not good ;  
 And he has thrown a plate at her,  
 Made her mouth gush out o' blude. \*

She wasna frae her chamber door  
 A step, but barely three,  
 When up and at her richt hand  
 There stood Man's Enemie !

" Gif ye will do my bidding, ' lady,'  
 At my bidding for to be,

only thirty-seven hours; yet, in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the disgust which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyroodhouse; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the castle-hill. It is some gratification to know, that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

\* He threw a plate at her face,  
 Made it a' gush out o' blude.

I'll learn you a 'richt skeely' wile,  
 Avenged for to be.

At evening, when ye sit 'and sup,'  
 And when ye drink the wine,  
 See that ye fill the glass weel up  
 To the Laird o' Waristoun."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Foul Thief he has kuist the knot ;  
 She lift his head on hie ;  
 And the fause nourice drew the knot,  
 That Waristoun garred die.

Then word has gane to Leith, 'to Leith,' \*  
 And up to Edinbro toun,  
 That the lady she has slain the laird,  
 The laird of Waristoun.

And they've taen her and the fause nourice,  
 And in prison hae them boun' ;  
 The nourice she was hard of heart,  
 But the lady fell in a swoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

In it † came her brother dear ;  
 A sorry man was he :  
 " I wad gie a' the lands I hae,  
 Bonnie Jean, to borrow ‡ thee."

" O borrow me, brother ! borrow me !  
 O borrowed sall I never be ;

\* The words within inverted commas are added for the purpose of rendering the versification of the various ingredient fragments uniform.

† An expletive common in old Scottish ballads and songs, particularly at the beginnings of lines.

‡ Ransom.

For I garred kill my ain gude lord,  
And life is nae pleasure to me."

In it came her mother dear ;  
A sorry woman was she :  
" I wad gie my white money and gowd,  
Bonnie Jean, to borrow thee."

" Borrow me, mother ! borrow me !  
O borrowed sall I never be ;  
For I garred kill my ain gude lord,  
And life's nae pleasure to me."

Then in it came her father dear ;  
A sorry man was he :  
" Ochon, alas, my bonnie Jean !  
If I had you at hame wi' me !

Seven daughters I hae left at hame,  
As fair as fair can be ;  
But I would gie them a', ane by ane,  
O Jean, to borrow thee."

" Oh borrow me, father ! borrow me !  
Borrowed sall I never be ;  
I that is worthy o' the death  
It's richt that I suld die.

Oh Warristoun, I was your wife  
These nine years, running ten ;  
And I never lo'ed ye half sae weel  
As now when ye're lying slain !

\* \* \* \* \*

Cause tak me out at nicht, at nicht ;  
Let the sun not on me shine :

And on yon heiding hill strike aff  
This dowie heid of mine.

But first tak aff my gowd brocade ;  
Let only my petticoat be ;  
And tie my mantle ower my head ;  
For my death \* I daurna see."

Sae they've taen her to the heiding hill,  
At morn, afore the sun ;  
And wi' mournfu' sighs they've taen her life,  
For the death o' Waristoun. †

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### LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT. †

BALOW, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weip :

\* "The fire," in Jamieson.

† Composed out of three copies, or rather fragments, which are to be respectively found in the collections of Jamieson, Kinloch, and Buchan. On account of the extremely meagre and inconsistent nature of these copies—inconsistent both in narrative and versification—I have had peculiar difficulty in forming even this imperfect and unsatisfactory edition, to which the addition of a new final stanza seemed indispensable, for the sake of a cadence.

‡ This pathetic lament, the first edition of which appeared in Watson's Collection, (printed at the beginning of the last century,) and of which Dr Percy has since given a various edition from his folio manuscript, has hitherto been supposed to have been uttered by Lady Jean Gordon, wife of the infamous Earl of Bothwell, on the occasion of her divorce from him, when he designed to marry Queen Mary; and, by another conjecture, has been attributed to a young lady in private life of the name of Boëwell. The present editor, by the assistance of a valued antiquarian friend, is enabled now to lay a true and certain history of the heroine before the public.

"Lady Anne Bothwell" was no other than the Honourable Anna Bothwell, daughter of Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney at the Reformation, but who was afterwards raised to a temporal peerage, under the title of Lord Holyroodhouse. [He married Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, after the forms of the Catholic Church.] This young lady, who is said to have possessed great beauty, was betrayed into a disgraceful connexion by the Honourable Sir Alexander Erskine, third son of John, seventh Earl of Mar, [by his lordship's second wife, Lady Marie Stewart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox.] As Miss Bothwell's father died in 1595, and as Sir Alexander had a letter of provision of the abbacy of Cambuskenneth in 1608, there arises a presumption, considering the age of the parties, that the unhappy circumstance which occasioned the Lament took place early

If thou'se be silent, I'se be glad ;  
 Thy maining maks my heart full sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy ;  
 Thy father breids me great annoy.  
 Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

in the seventeenth century. This, indeed, is set almost beyond a question by the occurrence of a poem, apparently the first edition of Miss Bothwell's Lament, in a publication of the year 1606, "The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools."

Peace, wayward bairn ! O cease thy mone ;  
 Thy far more wayward daddy's gone,  
 And never will recalled be,  
 By cries of either thee or me :—  
     For should we cry,  
     Until we die,  
 We could not 'scant his cruelty.  
                             Ballow, ballow, &c.

He needs might in himself foresee,  
 What thou successively might'st be ;  
 And could he then, though me forego,  
 His infant leave, ere he did know  
     How like the dad  
     Would be the lad,  
 In time, to make fond maidens glad.  
                             Ballow, ballow, &c.

Sir Alexander Erskine was considered the handsomest man of his age ; and his good looks are to this day testified by a portrait of him, by Jamieson, now in the possession of James Erskine of Cambus, Esq. He is there represented in military dress, with a cuirass and scarf ; but the splendours of his warlike attire are evidently unnecessary to set off the extreme beauty of his countenance. In addition to a pair of dark blue eyes, moustaches, and a set of fine ringlets—all of which were no doubt most effective auxiliaries to the "sugred words" and "feignings false," which moved Miss Bothwell to love—his visage is characterised by a peculiar vivacity of expression, which, in the living man, it is easy to conceive, must have been to the last degree fascinating.

As to the ultimate fate of Miss Bothwell, it is unfortunately out of the editor's power to say any thing. That of her faithless lover happens to be better known. He entered into the French service, and became a colonel. When the religious troubles broke out in Scotland, Sir Alexander, disloyal in politics as in love, was prevailed upon by the Covenanters to undertake the command of one of their regiments. There is, in Lord Hailes' Collection of Letters, one written, in 1640, by the chief men in that interest to a person unknown in France, desiring him to intercede with the Cardinal Richelieu and the King of France, for leave of absence for Sir Alexander till the end of the campaign then in hand. Ten days after the date of that letter, the colonel was blown up, along with the Earl of Haddington, and about eighty other persons of distinction, in the Castle of Dunglass, Berwickshire ; the powder magazine having been ignited by a menial boy, out of revenge against his master. It was the general sentiment of the time, and long a traditionary notion in his family, that he came to this dreadful end, on account of his treatment of the unhappy lady who indites the Lament ; she having probably died before that time of a broken heart.

When he began to court my luv,  
 And with his sugred words to muve,  
 His feignings false and flattering cheir  
 To me that time did not appear :  
 But now I see, most cruel he  
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.  
 Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Lie still, my darling ; sleip a while,  
 And, when thou wakest, sweetlie smile :  
 But smile not as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !  
 But yet I feir, thou wilt gae neir  
 Thy father's heart and face to beir.  
 Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,  
 That ever kist a woman's mouth !  
 Let nevir any, after me,  
 Submit unto thy courtesie ;  
 For, if they do, Oh, cruel thou  
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.  
 Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

I was too credulous at the first,  
 To yield thee all a maiden durst.  
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
 Thy faith unchanged, unchanged thy love ;  
 But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,  
 Thy love's no more, thy promise noucht.  
 Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy ; weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;

Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart.  
 The too soon trusting, latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.  
 Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!  
 It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Oh, do not, do not, prettie mine,  
 To feignings false thy heart incline.  
 Be loyal to thy lover true,  
 And never change her for a new:  
 If good or fair, of her have care;  
 For women's banning's\* wondrous sair.  
 Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy; thy father's fled,  
 When he the thriftless son has play'd.  
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
 Prefers the wars to thee and me.  
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
 Makes him eat acorns with the swine.  
 Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!  
 It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Yet I can't chuse, but ever will  
 Be loving to thy father still:  
 Where'er he gae, where'er he ride,  
 My love with him doth still abide:  
 In weel or wae, where'er he gae,  
 My heart can ne'er depart him frae.  
 Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!  
 It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Then curse him not: perhaps now he,  
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:

\* Cursing.



Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,  
 Whether the judge of heaven or hell,  
 By some proud foe, has struck the blow,  
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

I wish I were into the bounds  
 Where he lies smothered in his wounds—  
 Repeating, as he pants for air,  
 My name, whom once he called his fair.  
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy ! I'll weip for thee ;  
 Too soon, alas, thou'lt weip for me :  
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum—  
 God grant thee patience when they come ;  
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name !

Balow, my boy ; lie still and sleip !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weip.\*

~~~~~

### ANDREW LAMMIE.†

AT Mill-o'-Tifty lived a man,  
 In the neighbourhood of Fyvie ;

\* This copy of the Lament is composed out of that which appeared in Watson's Collection, with some stanzas, and various readings, from a version altogether different, which was published by Dr Percy. The editor at first thought of excluding the ballad altogether from his collection, as, although the poetry is exquisitely beautiful, the subject is one which it is by no means agreeable to reflect upon. He, however, afterwards saw reason to change his resolution, in the fine moral strain which pervades the unfortunate lady's lamentations.

† Although the persons who figure in this ballad belong to a very humble class of society, it is not easy for the most fastidious reader to withhold

He had a lovely daughter fair,  
Was called bonnie Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That greets the rosy morning ;  
With innocence, and graceful mien,  
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,  
Whose name was Andrew Lammie ;  
He had the art to gain the heart  
O' Mill-o'-Tifty's\* Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay ;  
His like was not in Fyvie ;  
No one was there that could compare  
With bonnie Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,  
Where lived Tifty's Annie ;

his sympathies from it. It is said to be founded on real circumstances : the daughter of the Miller of Tifty, near Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, fell in love with the trumpeter of the Laird of Fyvie, and being prevented from marrying him, by her father, who esteemed the match beneath his dignity, died in consequence of a broken heart. Both parties are said to have been remarkable for good looks. Annie's death, according to her grave-stone in Fyvie churchyard, took place in 1631. Andrew, however, did not die, as related in the ballad. There is a tradition in "the Lawland leas of Fyvie," that, some years afterwards, the melancholy fate of Tifty's Annie being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present, he remained silent and motionless, till at length he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat. This will remind the reader of King Lear calling to his attendants to unbutton him, and also of a circumstance which occurs in the beautiful ballad of "the Marchioness of Douglas." It would appear that, in Allan Ramsay's days, "Bonnie Andrew Lammie" was a person of traditional celebrity. In the beginning of that poet's third canto of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," a good old free-spoken cummer, as the best evidence of the power of her youthful charms, says—

" I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell  
O' bonnie Andrew Lammie ;  
Stiffly in love wi' me he fell,  
As soon as e'er he saw me—  
That was a day !"

\* Annie's father is here called *Mill-o'-Tifty*, in accordance with the old Scottish practice of using local appellations in preference to all others.

His trumpeter rode him before,  
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother called her to the door,  
“Come here to me, my Annie;  
Did you ever see a prettier man  
Than this trumpeter of Fyvie?”

She sighed sore, but said no more;  
Alas! for bonnie Annie;  
She durst not own her heart was won  
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when they went to their beds,  
All slept full sound but Annie;  
Love so opprest her tender breast,  
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

“Love comes in at my bed-side,  
And love lies down beyond me,  
Love has possessed my tender breast,  
And wastes away my body.

At Fyvie yetts there grows a flower,  
It grows baith braid and bonnie;  
There is a daisy in the midst o’ it,  
And it’s ca’d by Andrew Lammie.

O gin that flower were in my breast,  
For the love I bear the laddie,  
I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,  
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.

O had I but ae lock o’ his hair,  
That grows sae lang and yellow,  
I wad waste my een wi’ lookin at it,  
For the love o’ Andrew Lammie.

The first time I and my love met  
 Was in the woods of Fyvie ;  
 His lovely form and speech so sweet  
 Soon gained the heart of Annie.

O, up and down, in Tifty's den,  
 Where the burns run clear and bonnie,  
 I've often gone to meet my love,  
 My bonnie Andrew Lammie.

He kissed my lips five thousand times,  
 And aye he ca'd me bonnie ;  
 And a' the answer he gat frae me,  
 Was, ' My bonnie Andrew Lammie ! '

But now, alas ! her father heard,  
 That the trumpeter of Fyvie  
 Had had the art to gain the heart  
 Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

And he has syne a letter wrote,  
 And sent it on to Fyvie,  
 To tell his daughter was bewitched  
 By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie this letter read,  
 O dear, but he was sorry ;  
 " The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land  
 Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie."

Then up the stair his trumpeter  
 He called soon and shortly ;  
 " Pray tell me soon what's this you've done  
 To Tifty's bonnie Annie ? "

" In wicked art I had no part,  
 Nor therein am I canny ;

True love alone the heart has won  
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

Woe betide Mill-o'-Tifty's pride,  
For it has ruined many;  
He'll no hae't said that she should wed  
The trumpeter of Fyvie."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh,  
Love, I maun gang and leave thee."  
She sighed sore, and said no more,  
But, " O, gin I were wi' ye !"

" I'll buy to thee a bridal gown;  
My love, I'll buy it bonnie !"  
" But I'll be dead, ere ye come back,  
To see your bonnie Annie."

" If you'll be true, and constant too,  
As my name's Andrew Lammie,  
I shall thee wed when I come back,  
Within the kirk of Fyvie."

" I will be true, and constant too,  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;  
But my bridal bed will ere then be made  
In the green kirk-yard of Fyvie."

He hied him hame, and having spieled  
To the house-top of Fyvie,  
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,  
'Twas heard at Mill-o'-Tifty.

Her father locked the door at night,  
Laid by the keys fu' canny;

And when he heard the trumpet sound,  
Said, "Your cow is lowing, Annie."

"My father dear, I pray forbear,  
And reproach no more your Annie;  
For I'd rather hear that cow to low  
Then hae a' the kine in Fyvie.

I would not for your braw new gown,  
And a' your gifts sae many,  
That it were told in Fyvie's land  
How cruel you are to me."

Her father struck her wondrous sore,  
As also did her mother;  
Her sisters always did her scorn,  
As also did her brother.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,  
With cruel strokes and many;  
He brak her back in the hall door,  
For loving Andrew Lammie:

"Alas, my father and mother dear,  
Why are you so cruel to Annie?  
My heart was broken first by love,  
Now you have broken my bodie.

O, mother dear, make ye my bed,  
And lay my face to Fyvie;  
There will I lie, and thus will die,  
For my love, Andrew Lammie."

Her mother she has made her bed,  
And laid her face to Fyvie;  
Her tender heart it soon did break,  
And she ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,  
 With mickle grief and sorrow :  
 “ My love has died for me to-day,  
 I’ll die for her to morrow.”

He has gone on to Tifty’s den,  
 Where the burn runs clear and bonnie ;  
 With tears he viewed the Bridge of Heugh,\*  
 Where he parted last with Annie.

Then he has sped to the church-yard,  
 To the green church-yard of Fyvie ;  
 With tears he watered his true love’s grave,  
 And died for Tifty’s Annie.†

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## JOHNIE FAA, THE GYPSY LADDIE.†

THE gypsies cam to our gude lord’s yett,  
 And O but they sang sweetly ;  
 They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,  
 That doun cam our fair lady.

\* It is a received superstition in Scotland, that when friends, or lovers, part at a bridge, they shall never again meet.—MOTHERWELL’S *Minstrelsy*, p. 251.

† The copy chiefly used in the compilation of this version, is one printed in Mr Motherwell’s collection; but several of the best verses are from a copy procured from tradition by Mr Jamieson. A number of stanzas preserved by these gentlemen are here omitted, from a desire that the strain of pathetic sentiment may be as little disturbed as possible by mean and prosaic allusions: the twelfth is added by the editor. The ballad used in former times to be presented in a dramatic shape at rustic meetings in Aberdeenshire.

‡ This ballad is averred by tradition to bear reference to a circumstance which is affirmed, by the same respectable authority, to have taken place, nearly two hundred years ago, in the noble family of Cassilis. The common version of the story is thus reported in the *Picture of Scotland*, vol. I. *Article Ayrshire* :—

“ John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, and of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet, that he never would permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of singular genius, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage and the best fortune of his time. The match, as is probable from the character of the parties, seems to have been one dictated by policy; for Lord Haddington

And she cam tripping down the stair,  
And all her maids before her ;

was anxious to connect himself with the older peers, and Lord Cassilis might have some such anxiety to be allied to his father-in-law's good estates ; the religion and politics of the parties, moreover, were the same. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, her affections were shamefully violated. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were spent and gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, then the principal residence of the family, and which is still to be seen in its original state. He was disguised as a gypsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. In the words of the ballad ;

The gypsies cam to the Yerl o' Cassilis' yett,  
And, oh, but they sang sweetly ;  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,  
That doun cam our fair ladye.

She came tripping down the stairs,  
Wi' a' her maids before her ;  
And as sune as they saw her weel-faur'd face,  
They cuist the glamourye ower her.

Alas ! love has a glamourye for the eyes much more powerful than that supposed of old to be practised by wandering gypsies, and which must have been the only magic used on this occas on. The Countess right soon condescended to elope with her lover. Most unfortunately, ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact, immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party, at a ford over the Doon, still called the Gypsies' Steps, a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gypsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon " the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes upon a mound in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. As for the Countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her, and who had perilled all that men esteem in her behalf. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called " the Countess's Room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting stair-case, upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band ; and she was removed thither and confined for the rest of her life—the Earl in the meantime marrying another wife. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The family, fortunately, has not been continued by her progeny, but by that of her husband's second wife. While confined in Maybole Castle, she is said to have wrought a prodigious quantity of tapestry, so as to have completely covered the walls of her prison ; but no vestige of it is now to be seen, the house having been repaired, (otherwise ruined,) a few years ago, when size-paint



As sune as they saw her weel-fa'ured face,  
They cuist the glamourye\* ower her.

“ O come with me,” says Johnie Faa ;  
“ O come with me, my dearie :  
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye !”

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,  
And they ga'e her the ginger ;  
But she gied them a far better thing,  
The gowd ring aff her finger.

“ Gae tak frae me this gay mantil,  
And bring to me a plaidie ;  
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gipsy laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
Wi' my gude lord beside me ;  
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.”

“ Come to your bed,” says Johnie Faa ;  
“ Come to your bed, my dearie :  
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.”

“ I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faa ;  
I'll go to bed to my dearie :

had become a more fashionable thing in Maybole than tapestry. The effigies of the gipsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the stair-case, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters, which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassilis Castle are similarly adorned ; but regarding them tradition is silent.”

\* A species of magical illusion, which the gipsies were formerly believed to exercise.

For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,  
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faa ;  
I'll mak a hap to my dearie :  
And he's get a' the sash gaes round ;  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord cam hame at e'en,  
And speired for his fair lady,  
The tane she cried, and the other replied,  
" She's away wi' the gipsy laddie."

" Gae saddle to me the black black steed ;  
Gae saddle and mak him ready :  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,  
Although we were na bonnie ;  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.\*

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### BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.†

O, BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses !

\* First printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany ; afterwards, with two additional verses, in Mr Finlay's Collection. The latter copy, which is consistent with one that the editor has heard sung by the common people, is here reprinted.

† Mr Sharpe had the good fortune to recover this very interesting little ballad, which must be no other than that which Allan Ramsay supplanted by his lively song, to the same air and with the same *over-word*. The story of these unfortunate beauties, as given in Pennant's Tour and the Statistical Account of Scotland, was simply as follows :

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth ; and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessie Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, happening to be on

They biggit a bouir on yon burn-side,  
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,  
They theekit it ower with heather ;  
But the pest cam frae the burrows-toun,  
And slew them baith thegither.

They thocht to lie in Methven kirkyard,  
Amang their noble kin,  
But they maun lie in Stronach Haugh,  
To beek forenent the sun.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses !  
They biggit a bowir on yon burn-side,  
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.



## THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.\*

DOUN Dee-side cam Inverey, whistling and playing ;  
He's lichtit at Brackley yetts, at the day dawing :

a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, when the plague of 1666 broke out, to avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot, called the Burn-braes, about three quarters of a mile westward from Lynedoch House ; where they resided for some time, supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal ; when, according to custom in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary parochial place of sepulture, but in a sequestered spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the banks of the river Anmond. Some tasteful person, in modern times, has fashioned a sort of bower over their double graves, and there "violets blue and daisies pied" will for ever blow over the remains of unfortunate beauty.

\* This ballad records an unfortunate rencontre, which took place on the 16th of September, 1666, between John Gordon of Brackley, commonly called the Baron of Brackley, (in Aberdeenshire,) and Farquharson of Inverey, a noted free-booter, who dwelt on Dee-side. The former gentleman, who is yet remembered by tradition as a person of the most amiable and respectable character, had contrived to offend Farquharson, by pounding some horses belonging to his (Farquharson's) followers, which had either strayed into the Brackley grounds, or become forfeited on account of some

Says, " Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?  
There's sharp swords at your yett, will gar your blood  
spin."

The lady rase up; to the window she went;  
She heard her kye lowing ower hill and ower bent.

" O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;  
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them bye."

" How can I rise, lady, or turn them again?  
Whare'er I hae ae man, I wat they hae ten."

" Then rise up, my lasses; tak rokes in your hand,  
And turn back the kye: I hae you at command.

Gin I had a husband, as it seems I hae nane,  
He wadna lie in his bouir, see his kye taen."

Then up gat the baron, and cried for his graith;\*  
Says, " Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; and gie me my speir;  
I aye was for peace, though I never fear'd weir.†

Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; nor think I'm to blame:  
I weel may gae out; but I'll never win in!"

petty delinquencies committed by their proprietors. Farquharson was a man of violent habits and passions: he is yet remembered by the epithet *Fuddie*, descriptive of his hurried, impatient gait; and it is said that, having been in league with the powers of darkness, he was buried on the north side of a hill, where the sun never shone. On account of the miraculous expedition with which he could sweep the cattle away from an hostile district, "*Deil scoup wi' Fuddie!*" is still a popular proverb, implying that the devil could alone keep his own part with him. This singular marauder, it appears, from authentic information, wished at first to argue the point at issue with the Baron of Brackley; but in the course of the altercation some expression from one of the parties occasioned a mutual discharge of fire-arms, by which Brackley and three of his followers fell. An attempt was made by the baron's friends to bring Fuddie to justice; but the case seems to have been justly considered one of chance medley, and the accused party was soon restored to society.

\* Accoutrements.

† War.

When Brackley was buskit, and rade ower the *close*,\*  
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was muntit, and rade ower the green,  
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Though there cam wi' Inverey thirty and three,  
There was nane wi' bonnie Brackley but his brother  
and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw :  
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround ;  
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,  
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

“ O cam ye by Brackley yetts ? was ye in there ?  
Saw ye his Peggy dear, riving her hair ? ”

“ O I cam by Brackley yetts ; I was in there ;  
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer. ”

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben,  
And laughed wi' the men that her baron had slain.

“ Oh, fye on ye, lady ! how could ye do sae !  
You opened your yetts to the fause Inverey ! ”

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in ;  
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron !

She kept him till morning ; syne bade him be gane ;  
And shawed him the road whare he should na be taen.

\* The court-yard of the castle.

“ Through Birss, and Aboyne,” she says, “ lyin in a  
tour,  
Ower the hills o’ Glentannar ye’ll skip in an hour.”

There’s grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha’;  
But the Baron of Brackley is deid and awa.\*



## THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS.†

### PART FIRST.

“ O WALY, waly, up yon bank,  
And waly, waly, doun yon brae,

\* From Mr Jamieson’s “ Popular Ballads and Songs,” 1806.

† The circumstances in real life, which gave rise to this ballad, are given in a note to the song, “ Waly, waly,” at another part of this collection, but may here be more fully detailed.

James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married, at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September, 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the Tutor, and sometimes the Laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain or factor to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, and in particular, by pretending to have discovered a pair of men’s shoes underneath the Marchioness’s bed, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The earl came with a large retinue, to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The marquis himself was so much overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness.

Regarding the ultimate fate of the marchioness I am altogether ignorant. It is, however, very improbable that any reconciliation ever took place between her and her husband, such as is related in the ballad. Her son was afterwards a personage of some historical note. When only eighteen years of age, he raised the 20th, or Cameronian regiment; a band originally associated in 1689 for the purpose of protecting the Convention of Estates at Edinburgh, while the measure of the Revolution was in agitation, but which he afterwards led abroad to fight in King William’s French wars. He

And waly, waly, by yon burn-side,\*  
Where I and my love went to gae!

Hey, nonnie, nonnie, but love is bonnie,  
A little while, when it is new;  
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew.†

I leant my back unto an aik;  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,  
And sae did my fause love to me.

was killed, when in the act of leading on the regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, when only twenty-one years of age. The Marquis of Douglas married a second wife, who bore to him the noted Archibald Duke of Douglas, Lady Jane Douglas, and other children; and thus, what is a very strange circumstance, the venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1827, was but grandson to the "fause love" who sent the heroine of "Waly, waly," to take up her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670.

Lowrie distinguished himself in the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II. He had been accessory to the insurrection of 1666, and was condemned to death for his concern in the affair of Bothwell-bridge, but was pardoned. Fountainhall describes him as a man disliked by people of every party and every condition.

\* "Waly, waly!" is a Scottish interjection of bewailment. It occurs in a ludicrous rhyme, which, in Peeblesshire, is sung by nurses, as an accompaniment to the common fire-side phenomenon of a kindled stick, vibrated rapidly to and fro, so as to produce a semicircle of fire, for the amusement of children:—

"Dingle, dingle, gowd bow! [*arch*]  
Up the water in a low! [*flame*]  
Far up i' Ettricke,  
There was a waddin:  
Twa and twa pykin a bane;  
But I got ane, my leefu' lane!  
Deuk's dub afore the door,  
There fell I;  
A' the lave cried, *Waly, waly!*  
But I cried, Feigh-fye!"

† The stanza runs thus in the copy which Mr Motherwell has extracted from the Pepysian Library. In the ordinary versions, it begins, "O waly, waly, but love be bonnie;" and Allan Ramsay gives this line as the title of the song, only substituting the word "gin" [*if*] for "but." A third variation is quoted, in Leyden's Introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland," from a manuscript *Cantus*, or Collection of Songs, dated in the latter part of the seventeenth century:—

"Hey trolly, lolly! love is jolly,  
A whyle, whill it is new;  
But when it's old, it grows full cold,  
Woe worth the love untrue!"

My mother tauld me, when I was young,  
 That young man's love was ill to trow ;  
 But untill her I wald give nae ear,  
 And, alace, my ain wand dings me now !

O had I wist, before I kist,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I had locked my heart with a key o' gowd,  
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

O wherefore should I busk my head,  
 O wherefore should I kaim my hair,  
 Since my true-love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair ?

As we came in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sicht to see ;  
 My love was clad in black velvet,  
 And I mysell in cramasie.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,  
 St Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true-love has forsaken me.\*

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both "Nonnie, nonnie," and "Troly, loly!" were common burdens of songs. A song under the title of "Trollee, lolee," is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1548, and also in Laneham's Account of the reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, 1575. Perhaps, the elegant modern burden, beginning, "Tol de rol, lol de rol," may be a genuine descendant of the "Troly, loly" of the two centuries before the last.

\* Arthur's seat is a well-known hill near Edinburgh, and St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, a fountain which springs from its side, near to the ruins of a small chapel and hermitage, the tenant of which it must have supplied with water. The explanation here given of the occasion of the ballad is countenanced by local circumstances. The forlorn Countess, in alluding to the period when she was an honoured wife, speaks of a visit to Glasgow, a city near to her husband's residence and estates: in alluding to her present degraded condition, when residing with her father at Edinburgh, she introduces Arthur's Seat and St Anthony's Well, two objects of note in the immediate vicinity of the capital.



Oh, Martimas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come,  
 And take a life that wearies me?

It's not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor driftin' snaw's inclemencie;  
 It's not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.

And oh, an my young babe was born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysell were deid and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me!

When lords and lairds cam to this toun,  
 And gentlemen o' high degree,  
 I took my auld son in my arms,  
 And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

But when lords and lairds come neist to the toun,  
 And gentlemen o' high degree,  
 O, I maun sit in the dark, alane,  
 Wi' my young son\* on the nurse's knee!  
 O, I maun sit in the dark, alane,  
 And ne'er a ane to comfort me!"

## PART SECOND.

"When I lay sick, and very sick,  
 When I lay sick, and like to die,  
 A gentleman of good account  
 Came from the west to visit me;

\* In old legendary poetry, "young son" and "auld son" are phrases used only to denote the comparative ages of children. The young son is perhaps the child now in the nurse's arms; the auld son he who has just begun to walk without leading-strings.

But Blackwood whispered in my lord's ear,  
He was ower lang in the chamber wi' me.

When I was sick, and very sick,  
When I was sick, and like to die,  
As I drew near to my stair-head,  
I heard my ain lord lichtlie me.

Gae, little page, and tell your lord,  
Gin he'll come down and dine wi' me,  
I'll set him on a chair o' gowd,  
And serve him on my bended knee.

The little page gaed up the stair :  
' Lord Douglas, dine wi' your ladye ;  
She'll set ye on a chair o' gowd,  
And serve ye on her bended knee.'

' When cockle shells turn silver bells,  
When wine dreips red frae ilka tree,  
When frost and snaw will warm us a',  
Then I'll come down and dine wi' thee.'

What ails you at your youngest son,  
That sits upon the nurse's knee ?  
I'm sure that he has done nae harm,  
Unless to his ain nurse and me.

If I had kent what I ken now,  
That love it was so ill to win,  
I should ne'er ha' wet my cherry cheek,  
For ony man or mother's son.

But when my father got word o' this,  
O what an angry man was he !  
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld,  
To bring me safe to his ain countrie.

When I rose up, then, in the morn,  
 My goodly palace for to lea',  
 I knocked at my lord's chamber door,  
 But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

' Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas ;  
 I need care as little as ye care for me :  
 The Earl of Mar is my father dear,  
 And I sune will see my ain countrie.

Ye thocht that I was like yoursell,  
 And loving ilk ane I did see ;  
 But here I swear by the heavens clear,  
 I never loved a man but thee.'

Slowly, slowly, rase he up,  
 And slowly, slowly cam he doun ;  
 And when he saw me set on his horse,  
 He garred his drums and trumpets sound.

When I upon my horse was set,  
 My tenants all were with me taen ;  
 They set them doun upon their knees,  
 And they begged me to come back again

' It's fare ye weel, my bonnie palace,  
 And fare ye weel, my children three !  
 God grant your father may get mair grace,  
 And love thee better than he has loved me.

It's fare ye weel, my servants all,  
 And you, my bonnie children three !  
 God grant your father grace to be kind,  
 Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.'

Now wae be to you, fause Blackwood,  
 Aye, and an ill death may you die !

Ye was the first and foremost man,  
That parted my true love and me."

## PART THIRD.

" As on we cam to Edinburgh toun,  
My gutle father he welcomed me.  
He caused his minstrels meet to sound :  
It was nae music at a' to me.  
For nae mirth nor music sounds in my ear,  
Since my true love's forsaken me.

' Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping let me be.  
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,  
And I'll get as gude a lord to thee.'

' Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear,  
And o' such talking let me be.  
I wadna gie ae look o' my guid lord's face  
For all the lords in the north countrie.

Oh, I'll cast aff my robes o' red,  
And I'll put on my robes o' blue ;  
And I will travel to some other land,  
To see gin my love will on me rue.

There sall nae wash come on my face ;  
There sall nae kame come in my hair ;  
There sall neither coal nor candle-light  
Be seen intill my bouir mair.' "

When she cam to her father's land,  
The tenants a' cam her to see ;  
Never a word she could speak to them,  
But the buttons aff her claes would flie.\*

\* This affecting image of overpowering grief also occurs in a traditionary story, quoted in the notes to " Andrew Lammie."

“ The lintie is a bonnie bird,  
 And aften flies far frae its nest ;  
 Sae a’ the world may plainly see,  
 They’re far awa that I love best.”

## PART FOURTH.

As she was sitting at her bouir window,  
 Looking afar ower hill and glen,  
 Wha did she see but fourscore soldiers,  
 That cam to tak her back again.

Out bespak the foremost man ;  
 And whaten a weel-spoken man was he !  
 “ If the Lady Douglas be within,  
 Ye’ll bid her come doun and speak to me.”

But out bespak her father then ;  
 I wat an angry man was he !  
 “ Ye may gang back the gate ye cam,  
 For her face again ye’ll never see.”

“ Now haud your tongue, my father,” she says,  
 And of your folly let me be ;  
 For I’ll gae back to my gude lord,  
 Since his love has come back to me.”

Sae she has dressed hersell fu’ braw,  
 And mounted on her dapple grey,  
 And, like a queen, wi’ her men behind,  
 She has ridden gayly out the way.

She laughed like ony new-made bride,  
 When she took fareweel o’ her father’s towers ;  
 But the tear, I wat, stude in her ee,  
 When she cam in sicht o’ her lover’s bowers.

As she cam by the Orange gate,  
 Whaten a blythe sicht did she see ;  
 Her gude lord coming her to meet,  
 And in his hand her bairnies three !

“ Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine,  
 That I may drink to my ladie :”  
 She took the cup intill her hand,  
 But her bonnie heart it brak in three.\*

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LIZIE BAILLIE.†

PART FIRST.

It fell about the Lammass time,  
 When flowers were fresh and green,

\* This ballad has been compiled by the editor from various sources. The first eleven verses are, with the exception of the fourth, and a few other lines, those which Allan Ramsay printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* as an old song, and which have since been so popular, under the title of “Waly, waly, gin love be bonny.” The few excepted lines, and the whole of the remainder, to the end of the Third Part, are procured from three sources: 1st, an imperfect version of the ballad which Mr Finlay printed under the title of “Jamie Douglas;” 2d, a complete one which Mr Motherwell has since given as copied from the celebrated Pepys Collection, in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge; 3d, a fragment called “the Laird of Blackwood,” in Kinloch’s “Ancient Scottish Ballads.” The fourth part, with the exception of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth verses, which are supplied by the editor, is chiefly taken from a manuscript and unpublished copy, submitted to my inspection by Mr Kinloch. One line, the last of the eleventh verse, is substituted from a nurse’s copy, instead of one less elegant and pathetic, which has always hitherto been printed.

Among the notes which Mr Kinloch has kindly given me permission to use, there is a fact of a somewhat curious nature mentioned. *Archibald, Duke of Douglas, used to take great pleasure in hearing the ballad sung.* An old woman who had been *dey*, or dairy-woman, at Douglas Castle, and who communicated the ballad sixty years ago to the aged person from whom Mr Kinloch derived it, was frequently sent for by his Grace, to sing it to him. As she doled out the verses to their slow melancholy tune, his Grace wheeled round the room in a gilded chair, muttering imprecations against Lowrie, and sometimes exclaiming aloud, “Oh, that Blackwood must have been a d—d soul!” It says a good deal for the heart of the Duke, whatever his general conduct in life says for his head, that he should have thus bewailed the treachery by which his father had permitted himself to be so grievously imposed upon. The old woman who sung the ballad to his Grace, usually got a bottle of wine home in her lap, as her minstrel guerdon.

† “Bonnie Lizie Baillie had gone on a visit to Gartartan, in Perthshire;

Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,  
To see her sister Jean.

Fair Lizie to Gartartan went,  
To stay a little while ;  
But mark what fortune her befell,  
When she went to the isle.

There, as she lightly tripped about,  
She met wi' Duncan Graham ;  
Who courted her along the way,  
Likewise convoyed her hame.

“ My bonnie Lizie Baillie,  
I'll row thee in my plaidie ;  
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,  
And be a Highland lady.”

“ I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,  
Gin I should gang wi' you, sir ;  
For I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor yet milk cow nor yowe, sir.”

“ My bonnie Lizie Baillie,  
Let nane o' thae things daunt ye ;  
Ye'll ha'e nae need to card or spin,  
Your mother weel can want ye.

But for a time we now maun part ;  
I hae nae time to tarry ;

and, having made a trip to the island of Inchmahome, met with Duncan Graham, a handsome yeoman. They conceived a mutual flame, and were suddenly married. Though ignorant of the filiation of the heroine, we are certain that Castle Cary (in Stirlingshire) belonged to persons of the name of Baillie. James Dundas of Breastmilk married Elizabeth Baillie, heiress of Castle Cary, about the middle of the last century.” See the Rev. Mr Stirling's Edition of Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, note, p. 503. From the peculiar way in which the battle of Killiecrankie is mentioned, I should think that the ballad owes its origin to a period immediately subsequent to that event. Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith, remarkable for the ruins of an old priory, is “ the isle” mentioned in the second verse.

Next time that we twa meet again,  
 'Twill be at Castlecary."

When Lizie tarried out her time,  
 And to her father's came ;  
 The very first night she was there,  
 Wha comes but Duncan Graham !

Says, " Bonnie Lizie Baillie,  
 A gude deid mat ye dee ;  
 Although to me ye brak your tryst,  
 Now I am come for thee."

" Oh, stay at hame," her father said ;  
 " Your mother canna want ye :  
 If ye should gang awa, we'll hae  
 Another Killiecrankie !"

" My bonnie Lizie Baillie,  
 Come wi' me but delay ;  
 Oh, would ye hae sae little wit,  
 As mind what auld folks say ?"

Sae she's cuist aff her bonnie gown,  
 Made o' the silken sattin ;  
 And she's put on a tartan plaid,  
 To row amang the braken.

She wadna hae the Lawlandman,  
 That wears the coat sae blue ;  
 But she wad hae the Hielandman,  
 That wears the plaid and trews.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,  
 Nor be an English lady ;  
 But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,  
 And row her in his plaidie.



Now, wae be to the silly chields,  
 That dwell at Castlecary;  
 To let awa sic a bonnie lass,  
 A Hielandman to marry!

## PART SECOND.

Fair Lizie has put her stockings on,  
 And sae has she her shoon;  
 And kilted up her green claithing,  
 And awa wi' Duncan gane.

The road was lang and wearifu';  
 The braes were ill to climb;  
 And Lizie was sae tired and sair,  
 Nae farther could she win.

She sat her down upon a stane,  
 And said, "Oh, I am weary;"  
 And she looked to see if she could see  
 The towers o' Castlecary.

And sair and heavy did she sigh,  
 As the tear stude in her ee,  
 When she thocht upon her parents dear,  
 That she nae mair should see.

"O, dinna ye repent, Lizie,  
 O, dinna ye repent,  
 That ye have come wi' Duncan Graham,  
 Sae far out ower the bent?"

She lookit kindly in his face,  
 And on her feet did stand:  
 "I wad na gie my Duncan Graham  
 For a' my father's land!"

“ Come, then, my bonnie Lizie ;  
 Ye ne'er shall rue for me ;  
 Gie me but your love for my love,  
 It's a' I want of thee.

And tak ye to your feet again,  
 Although the gate seem lang :  
 Ye'se hae the wale o' gude living,  
 When to Kincawsen we gang.

For my father he is a herd himsell,  
 Wi' mony a cow and quey ;  
 And we'll sleep on a bed o' green rashes,  
 And dine on fresh curds and green whey.”

His mother stude in the sheilin' door,  
 Said, “ Ye're welcome hame to me ;  
 Ye're welcome hame, my son Duncan,  
 And your bonnie young lady wi' ye.”

She made them a bed o' green rashes,  
 Weel covered wi' claith of grey ;  
 And bonnie Lizie was sae weary,  
 She sleepit till lang o' the day.

“ The sun looks in ower the hich hill-head ;  
 The laverock is liling gay :  
 Get up, get up, now, bonnie Lizie ;  
 You've lain till it's lang o' the day !

Ye micht hae been out at the sheilin',  
 Instead o' sae lang to lye ;  
 Ye micht hae been up helping my mother  
 To milk her gaits and kye.”

When Lizie lifted her frae her bed,  
 And lookit where she lay,

I wat the tears burst frae her een,  
To see her beddin sae grey.

When Lizie lookit her about,  
And saw the sheilin' sae sma',  
I wat the tear burst frae her een,  
To think on her father's ha'.

But when her true love ca'd her up,  
To milk his gaits and kye;  
I wat nae langer could she conteen,  
But fairly did burst and cry.

“ Now dinna ye repent, Lizie?  
Now are na ye richt sorry?  
To have followed here a Hieland herd,  
And left lords at Castlecary?”

“ No ! I shall ne'er repent, Duncan,  
And shanna e'er be sorry;  
To be wi' thee in Hieland shiel,  
Is worth lords at Castlecary !”

He's taen her by the hand sae white,  
And led her to his ha',  
And shown her to five hundred men,  
The lady ower them a'.

He's taen her by the hand sae white,  
And gi'en her welcome hame;  
And she is Lady o' Kincawsen,  
And he Sir Duncan Graham ! \*

\* The First Part of this ballad is chiefly taken from a fragment in Herd's Collection, only a few stanzas and stray lines being admitted from a less poetical and refined copy in Mr Buchan's "Ballads and Songs." The Second Part is composed out of a ballad called "Lizie Lindsay," which Mr Jamieson has given in an imperfect, and Mr Buchan in an entire shape, and which has evidently been the same, originally, with "Bonnie Lizie Baillie," though chiefly referring to the post-nuptial part of the story. For the purpose of making the whole tell as a story, I have been under the ne-

## THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.\*

[ORIGINAL BALLAD.]

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,  
 And ere they paid their lawing,  
 They set a combat them between,  
 To fecht it in the dawing.

“ O stay at hame, my noble lord !  
 O stay at hame, my marrow !  
 My cruel brother will you betray,  
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.”

“ O fare ye weel, my ladye gay !  
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah !  
 For I maun gae, though I ne'er return  
 Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.”

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,  
 As oft she had done before, O ;

cessity of altering several lines and verses, and re-writing others. In the Second Part, the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth stanzas, are from a manuscript copy which lately came into my possession.

\* According to the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, in whose publication this ballad first appeared, it is founded upon an event in real life. The parties were John Scott of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlstane. The unhappy event happened in the early part of the seventeenth century, and was fatal to the latter person. Both parties were gentlemen of the vale of Ettrick ; but they appear to have chosen Yarrow for the scene of their rencontre, much upon the same principle as that which sometimes dictates, in modern cases of duelling, a choice of ground beyond seas, in preference to Chalk-farm. The combat took place on a level field to the west of Yarrow-kirk, immediately opposite to the mouth of a pass which connects Ettrick with Yarrow, and through which, in all probability, the combatants approached the scene of conflict. Two tall monumental stones, with inscriptions now illegible, yet remain to commemorate the duel. The place is called *Annan's Treat*, in consequence of a traditional notion, that such was the name of the treacherous individual who slew the combatant by stabbing him behind his back. We are further informed by Sir Walter Scott, that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife, or the betrothed bride, of the murdered, and that the alleged cause of quarrel was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown.

She beltit him with his noble brand,  
And he's awa to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tinnies bank,  
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,  
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

“ O come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie Forest thorough?  
O come ye here to wield your brand,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow ?”

“ I came not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow ;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow.”

“ If I see all, ye're nine to ane ;  
And that's an unequal marrow ;  
Yet I will fight, while lasts my brand,  
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow !”

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight cam him behind,  
And run his body thorough.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I dreimed a dreirie dreim last nicht ;  
God keep us a' frae sorrow !  
I dreimed I pu'd the birk sae green,\*  
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.”

“ I'll read your dreim, my sister deir,  
I'll read it into sorrow ;

\* To dream of any thing green, is held in Scotland decidedly unlucky.

You pu'd the birk wi' your true love ;  
He's killed, he's killed on Yarrow !"

" Oh gentle wind that bloweth south,  
From where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss frae his deir mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth !"

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,  
That were baith thick and narrow ;  
She's kiltit up her green claithing,  
And she's awa to Yarrow.

Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,  
As she had done before, O ;  
And aye between she fell in a sweine,\*  
Lang'or she cam to Yarrow.

As she sped down yon high high hill,  
She gaed wi' dule and sorrow ;  
And in the glen spied ten slain men,  
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

She's taen him in her armis twa,  
And gien him kisses thorough ;  
And wi' her tears she has washed his wounds,  
On the dowie howms o' Yarrow.

Out and spak her father dear,  
Says, " What needs a' this sorrow ?  
I can get you a far better lord,  
Than him that's deid on Yarrow."

" Oh, haud your tongue, my father  
Ye mind me but of sorrow :  
A better lord there couldna be  
Than him that dee'd on Yarrow."

She kissed his lips and kamed his hair,  
 As she had done before, O ;  
 Syne, wi' a sigh,\* her heart did break,  
 Upon the braes o' Yarrow.†

~~~~~

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

[MODERN BALLAD.]

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

A. "BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride !  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
 And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride ?  
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?"

A. "I gat her where I daurna weil be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
 Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow !  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

B. "Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride ?  
 Why does she weip, thy winsome marrow ?  
 And why daur ye nae mair weil be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow ?"

\* Crack, in Mr Buchan's copy.

† Composed out of three copies, one of which is in the Border Minstrelsy; another in "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;" and the third in "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" besides a fragment in Herd's Collection, (vol. I. page 145,) which is stated to be sung to the tune of "Leader haughs and Yarrow."

A. " Lang maun she weip, lang maun she, maun she  
 weip,  
 Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow,  
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver deir,  
 Her luver deir, the cause of sorrow;  
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
 That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy streim, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
 And why yon melancholious weids,  
 Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
 What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!  
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
 Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,  
 His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;  
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
 And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,  
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;  
 And weip around, in waeful wise,  
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,  
 The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal speir that pierced his breist,  
 His comely breist, on the Braes of Yarrow!

Did I not warn thee not to, not to, love,  
 And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,



Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,  
 Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweit smells the birk ; green grows, green grows,  
 the grass ;  
 Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;  
 Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowen !

Flows Yarrow sweit? as sweit, as sweit, flows  
 Tweed ;  
 As green its grass ; its gowan as yellow ;  
 As sweit smells on its braes the birk ;  
 The apple from its rocks as mellow !

Fair was thy love ! fair, fair, indeed, thy love !  
 In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;  
 Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,  
 Than I he never loved thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride !  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !  
 Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

C. " How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride ?  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow ?  
 How can I lo'e him on the banks o' Tweed  
 That slew my love on the Braes o' Yarrow ?

Oh, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,  
 Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover !  
 For there was basely slain my love,  
 My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
 His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing ;

Ah wretched me ! I little, little kenned,  
 He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
 Unmindful of my dule and sorrow :  
 But, ere the too-fa' of the nicht,  
 He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow !

Much I rejoiced, that waefu', waefu' day ;  
 I sang, my voice the woods returning ;  
 But, lang ere nicht, the speir was flown,  
 That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?  
 My luvèr's blude is on thy speir—  
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,  
 With cruel and ungentle scoffing—  
 May bid me seek, on Yarrow-Braes,  
 My luvèr nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
 And strive, with threat'ning words, to muve me ;  
 My luvèr's blude is on thy speir—  
 How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè !  
 With bridal-sheets my body cover !  
 Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !  
 Let in th' expected husband-lover !

But who the expected husband, husband is ?  
 His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter  
 Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow !  
 Take off, take off these bridal weids,  
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,  
 Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !  
 Yet lie all night between my breists,—  
 No youth lay ever there before thee !

Pale, pale, indeed, Oh lovely, lovely youth,  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lie all night betwain my breists,  
 No youth shall ever lie there after !”

- A. “ Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !  
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !  
 Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;  
 He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.” \*

## WILLIE'S DROWNED IN YARROW.

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay,  
 Where bonnie grows the lilie,  
 I heard a fair maid, sighing, say,  
 “ My wish be wi' sweet Willie !

O Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,  
 And Willie's wondrous bonnie ;  
 And Willie hecht to marry me,  
 Gin e'er he married ony.

\* This ballad, which its author professed to be written “ in imitation of the ancient manner,” and which he inscribed to a lady who possessed a great taste for old Scottish ballad poetry, Lady Jean Home, was first published in the Tea-Table Miscellany. The version given above is derived, through Ritson's “ Scottish Songs,” from the last Edinburgh edition of Hamilton's Works, with the advantage of a collation with the copy printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany.

But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,  
 And does not hear me weeping:  
 Draws many a tear frae true love's ee,  
 When other maids are sleeping.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
 The nicht I'll mak it narrow;  
 For, a' the live-lang winter nicht,  
 I lie twined o' my marrow.

Oh gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
 From where my love repaireth,  
 Convey a kiss frae his deir mouth,  
 And tell me how he fareth!

O tell sweet Willie to come doun,  
 And bid him no be cruel;  
 And tell him no to break the heart  
 Of his love and only jewel.

O tell sweet Willie to come doun,  
 And hear the mavis singing;  
 And see the birds on ilka bush,  
 And leaves around them hinging.

The lavrock there, wi' her white breist,  
 And gentle throat sae narrow;  
 There's sport eneuch for gentlemen,  
 On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

O Leader haughs are wide and braid,  
 And Yarrow haughs are bonnie;  
 There Willie hecht to marry me,  
 If e'er he married ony.

O came ye by yon water side ?  
 Pou'd you the rose or lilie ?  
 Or cam ye by yon meadow green ?  
 Or saw ye my sweet Willie ?”

\* \* \* \* \*

She sought him up, she sought him down,  
 She sought the braid and narrow ;  
 Syne, in the cleaving o' a craig,  
 She found him drowned in Yarrow ! \*

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

[MODERN BALLAD.]

THE REV. JOHN LOGAN.

“ THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,  
 When first on them I met my lover ;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
 When now thy waves his body cover !  
 For ever, now, Oh, Yarrow stream,  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow !  
 For ever, on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

\* Of this exquisitely beautiful little ballad, which seems to refer to a different circumstance from that which forms the ground-work of “ The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,” the fourth, tenth, and eleventh stanzas are printed together, as a complete song, in Ramcay's Tea-Table Miscellany, under the title of “ Rare Willy drown'd in Yarrow.” The remaining stanzas of the present edition are selected from a ballad entitled “ The Haughs o' Yarrow,” published in “ Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland,” 2 vols. 1828. It has been the fortune of this ballad, as well as of “ The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,” to be imitated by a modern poet of some note. “ The Braes of Yarrow,” by the Rev. Mr Logan, author of the beautiful Ode to the Cuckoo, has evidently been suggested by it. It is given in continuation.

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
 He promised me a little page,  
 To squire me to his father's towers ;  
 He promised me a wedding ring—  
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
 My passion I as freely told him !  
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should never more behold him !  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;  
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;  
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,  
 With all the longing of a mother ;  
 His little sister weeping walked  
 The greenwood path, to meet her brother :  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough,—  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look ;  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;  
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother !  
 No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough !  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corpse, in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek ;  
 No other youth shall be my marrow :

I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
 The tear did never leave her cheek ;  
 No other youth became her marrow ;  
 She found his body in the stream,  
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.\*

~~~~~

### ROB ROY.†

ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam,  
 Unto the Lawland Border,  
 To steal awa a gay ladye,  
 To haud his house in order.

He cam ower the loch o' Lynn ;  
 Twenty men his arms did carry ;  
 Himsell gaed in and fand her out,  
 Protesting he would marry.

\* Derived, through Ritson's Collection of " Scottish Songs," from the author's works, London, 1781.

† The hero of this ballad was Robert Macgregor, son of the famous Rob Roy Macgregor, and generally called *Rob Og*, that is, Rob the Little. He was outlawed, by sentence of the Court of Justiciary, in 1736, for not appearing to stand trial for the murder of a man of the name of Maclaren. In this state of outlawry, he formed the mad and desperate project of carrying off, and forcibly accomplishing a marriage with, Jane Kay, heiress of Edinbely: an estate in the western and mountainous part of Stirlingshire, near the haunts of the proscribed clan Macgregor. Rob and his brother James, at the head of an armed band, entered the young lady's house, dragged her out, and tying her, hand and foot, with ropes, laid her across a horse, and brought her in this situation to the house of one of their clan, in a wild and sequestered part of Argyleshire, where, after some show of a marriage ceremony, she was put to bed, and forcibly compelled to submit to his embraces.

On a discovery of the place of her concealment, she was rescued by her relations; and Rob Roy and his brother James were seized and brought to Edinburgh for trial. A lady still alive, who was a very little girl in the year 1752, has often described to the editor the sensation which was created in the town of Stirling when this famous outlaw, attired in a soldier's great-coat, and riding on a horse, below whose belly his feet were tied, was brought by a military guard through that town, on his way from some Highland fastness, where he had been taken, to Edinburgh. James made his escape from prison, before sentence; but Rob, the prime agent in the crime, was condemned and executed, February, 1753.

When he cam, he surrounded the house ;  
 No tidings there cam before him ;  
 Or else the lady would have been gone ;  
 For still she did abhor him.

“ O will ye gae wi’ me ?” he says ;  
 “ O will ye be my honey ?  
 O will ye be my wedded wife ?  
 For I loe ye best of ony.”

“ I winna gae wi’ you,” she says ;  
 “ I winna be your honey ;  
 I winna be your wedded wife ;  
 Ye loe me for my money.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Wi’ mournful cries and watery eyes,  
 Fast hauding by her mother ;  
 Wi’ mournful cries and watery eyes,  
 They were parted frae each other.

He gied her nae time to be dress’d,  
 As ladies do when they’re brides ;  
 But he hastened and hurried her awa,  
 And rowed her in his plaids.

He mounted her upon a horse,  
 Himsell lap on behind her ;  
 And they’re awa to the Hieland hills,  
 Where her friends may never find her.

As they gaed ower the Hieland hills,  
 The lady aften fainted ;  
 Saying, “ Wae be to my cursed gowd,  
 This road to me invented !”



They rade till they cam to Ballyshine ;  
 At Ballyshine they tarried.  
 He brought to her a cotton gown ;  
 Yet ne'er wad she be married.

Two held her up before the priest ;  
 Four carried her to bed, O !  
 Maist mournfully she wept and cried,  
 When she by him was laid, O.

[The tune, which has hitherto been a rude set of " the Mill, Mill, O," here changes to something like " Jenny dang the Weaver." By another account, it has hitherto been " The Bonnie House o' Airly," and now changes to " Haud awa frae me, Donald !"]

" O be content, O be content,  
 O be content to stay, lady ;  
 For now you are my wedded wife,  
 Until my dying day, lady !

Rob Roy was my father call'd ;  
 Macgregor was his name, lady.  
 He led a band o' heroes bauld,  
 And I am here the same, lady.

He was a hedge unto his friends,  
 A heckle to his foes, lady ;  
 And every one that did him wrang,  
 He took him by the nose, lady.

I am as bold, I am as bold,  
 As my father was afore, lady ;  
 He that daurs dispute my word,  
 Shall feel my gude claymore, lady.

My father left me cows and yowes,  
 And sheep, and goats, and a', lady ;

And you and twenty thousand merks  
Will mak me a man fu' braw, lady.\*

\* Compiled from three various versions; one of which is in Cromek's "Select Scottish Songs," another in "The North-countrie Garland," and the third in Mr Kinloch's MSS.

**SCOTTISH BALLADS.**

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PART THIRD.

**Romantic Ballads.**

SCOTTISH BIBLE

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PART THIRD

Stomachic & Saliva

# SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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## PART THIRD.

### Romantic Ballads.

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#### JOHNIE OF BRAIDISLEE.\*

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Called for water to wash his hands :  
“ Gar loose to me the gude grey dogs,  
That are bound wi’ iron bands.”

When Johnie’s mother gat word o’ that,  
Her hands for dule she wrang :  
“ O Johnie, for my benison,  
To the greenwood dinna gang !

Eneuch ye hae o’ the gude wheat breid,  
And eneuch o’ the blude-red wine ;

\* Johnie of Braidislee is supposed to have been an outlaw and a deer-stealer, who possessed the old castle of Morton, near Durisdeer, in Dumfries-shire. At what period he lived, cannot now be ascertained : it is only supposable that it must have been a remote one, as the country around his castle has been reduced from the condition of a deer forest to that of a cultivated domain from a time beyond the memory of tradition. The version of the ballad here given is partly copied from those printed in the Border Minstrelsy, and in the publications of Messrs Kinloch and Motherwell, and is partly taken from the recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a manuscript copy submitted to me by Mr Kinloch. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh stanzas, are here printed for the first time.

And therefore for nae venison, Johnie,  
I pray ye stir frae hame."

But Johnie buskt up his gude bend bow,  
His arrows ane by ane ;  
And he has gane to Durisdeer,  
To hunt the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
And he lookit aneath the sun ;\*  
And there he espied the dun deer sleeping,  
Aneath a bush o' whin.†

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he skaithed her on the side ;  
And atween the water and the brae,  
His hounds they laid her pride.

O Johnie's taen out the dun deer's liver,  
And sae has he her lungs ;  
And he has fed his three bluidy hounds,  
As they had been earls' sons.

They eat sae muckle o' the venison,  
And drank sae muckle o' the blude,  
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds  
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there cam a silly auld man,  
And an ill death may he dee ;

\* Apparently an allusion to the practice among huntsmen, and others who have occasion to traverse wild parts of the country, of stooping to the ground and looking along its surface, so as to have every little incumbent object relieved against the sky. This mode of discovering objects, which is technically called *looking below the sky*, is particularly necessary in the twilight, or in the dark. We are informed by Mr Kinloch, that, in the Highlands of Scotland, where the mountain roads are dangerous, and almost impassable in winter, long black poles, with white tops, are placed at intervals along the path, to guide the traveller ; and these are only discernible in the dark, by "looking below the sky" at every short distance.

† Furze

And he's away to the seven foresters,  
As fast as he can drie.

“What news, what news, you silly auld man?  
What news hae ye to me?”

“Nae news, nae news,” quo' the silly auld man;  
“Nae news hae I to thee.

But as I cam by yon wan water,  
And doun amang the scroggs,\*

O there I saw a gentleman  
Sleepin amang his dogs.

His cheeks were like the roses red,

His neck was like the snaw:

He was the bonniest gentleman

My eyes they ever saw.

His coat was o' the scarlet red;

His vest was o' the same;

His stockings were o' the worset lace,

And buckles tied to the same.

The shirt that was upon his back,

Was o' the Holland fine;

The doublet that was over that,

Was o' the Lincoln twine.

The buttons that were upon his sleeve,

Were o' the gowd sae gude;

And the gude grey hounds he lay amang,

Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.”

Out then spoke one, out then spoke two,

Out then spoke two or three;

Out spoke the Master Forester,

“It's Johnie o' Braidislee.

\* Stunted trees.

If this be true, thou silly auld man,  
 Which you tell unto me,  
 Five hundred pounds of yearly rent,  
 It shall not pay your fee.

But if this be a lie, thou silly auld man,  
 Which you tell unto me,  
 The highest tree in a' yon wood,  
 On it you'll hangit be."

It's doun, doun, and it's doun, doun,  
 It's doun amang the scroggs,  
 There they espied brave Johnie lie,  
 Sleepin amang his dogs.

Out then shot one, out then shot two,  
 Out then shot two or three;  
 Out shot the Master Forester,  
 Wounded Johnie abune the knee.

" O wae be to you seven foresters !  
 I wonder ye dinna think shame,  
 You being seven sturdy men,  
 And I but a man my lane.

Now fail me not, my ten fingers,  
 That are both long and small ;  
 Now fail me not, my noble heart,  
 For in thee I trust for all.

Now fail me not, my gude bend bow,  
 That was in London coft ;  
 Now fail me not, my golden string,  
 Which my true lover wrocht.

Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
 Stand stout, and dinna flee !



Stand fast, stand fast, my gude grey hounds,  
And we will gar them dee !”

Johnie set his back unto an aik,  
His foot against a stane ;  
And he has slain the seven foresters,  
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has tossed him up, he has tossed him down,  
He has broken his collar bone ;  
He has tied him to his bridle reins,  
Bade him carry the tidings home.

“ Now, wae befa' thee, thou silly auld man !  
An ill death may ye dee !  
Upon thy head be a' this blude !  
For mine, I ween, is free.

O is there a bird in a' this bush,  
Wad sing as I wad say ;  
Go home and tell my auld mother,  
That I have won the day.

Is there ever a bird in a' this bush,  
Wad sing as I wad say ;  
Go home and tell my own true love  
To come and fetch Johnie away.

Is there a bird in this hale forest,  
Will do as muckle for me,  
As dip its wing in the wan water,  
And straik it ower my ee-bree ?”

The starling flew to his mother's window-stane ;  
It whistled and it sang ;  
And ay the owerword o' its tune  
Was, “ Johnie tarries lang !”

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,  
 Another o' the slae-thorn tree;  
 And mony mony were the men  
 At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mither,  
 And fast her tears did fa':  
 "Ye wadna be warned, my son Johnie,  
 Frae the hunting to bide awa.

Aft hae I brought to Braidislee  
 The less gear\* and the mair;  
 But I ne'er brought to Braidislee  
 What grieved my heart sae sair."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,  
 And his grey dogs are slain;  
 And his body lies in Durisdeer,  
 And his hunting it is done.

~~~~~

### FAIR ANNIE.

"LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,  
 And learn to lie your lane;  
 For I am gaun ower the saut sea,  
 A bright bride to bring hame.

Wi' her I will get gowd and gear,  
 Where wi' thee I gat nane:  
 Ye cam to me as a waif † woman;  
 I'll leave thee as the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Gear, which generally signifies money, seems here to denote spoil.  
 † Stray, unclaimed.

O wha will bake my bridal breid,  
 Or brew my bridal ale?  
 Or wha will welcome my bright bride,  
 That I bring ower the dale?"

" O I will bake your bridal breid,  
 And brew your bridal ale ;  
 And I will welcome your bright bride,  
 That ye bring ower the dale."

" But she that welcomes my bright bride,  
 Maun gang like maiden fair ;  
 She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
 And braid her yellow hair."

" O, how can I gang maiden-like,  
 When maiden I am nane ?  
 Have I not borne you sevin sons,  
 And am with child again ?

The firsten o' your sevin sons,  
 He wears a warrior's weed ;  
 The second o' your sevin sons,  
 He backs a warrior's steed.

The thirdden o' your sevin sons,  
 He can baith read and write ;  
 The fourthen o' your sevin sons,  
 He does it maist perfeyte.\*

The fifthen o' your sevin sons,  
 He draws baith ale and wine ;  
 The sixthen o' your sevin sons,  
 He serves you when you dine.†

\* Perfectly, or neatly.

† We are assured by Mr Jamieson, that the gradations of employment in this numerous family, from the warrior to the waiter, are by no means inconsistent, as they might at first sight appear, with the manners of the age of chivalry.

The youngest o' your sevin sons,  
 In cradle lies his lane ;\*  
 Fu' saftly does he sleep and smile,  
 Nor heeds his mother's maen.†

Yet I will bake your bridal breid,  
 And brew your bridal ale ;  
 And I will welcome your bright bride,  
 That ye bring ower the dale."

" Then, since ye've taen the turn in hand,  
 See that ye do it richt ;  
 See bouir, and ha', in a' the house,  
 That they be deirly dicht."

\* \* \* \* \*

O a' the day she wuish‡ and wrang,§  
 And a' the nicht she buik ;||  
 And ay, atween hands,¶ gaed to her chamber,  
 On her young son to look.

She dressed her sons in the red scarlet,  
 Hersell in the dainty green ;\*\*  
 And, though her cheek was pale and wan,  
 She nicht hae been a queen.

\* A liberty is taken with this stanza, and with this line in particular, for the purpose of making the various ingredients of the present version of the ballad consistent.

‡ Washed clothes.

|| Baked.

† Moan.

§ Wrung, i. e. the clothes washed.

¶ At intervals.

\*\* Perhaps this should rather be "the dowie [*doleful*] green;" for such an epithet is not only attached to the colour green in one of the pieces in Mr Kinloch's MSS., but is more consistent with popular superstition. There is a rhyme in Aberdeenshire, which is held as quite proverbial on the subject :

" Green  
 Is luve deen."

That is, green signifies love *done*, or finished. From the same notion arises the well-known phrase applied to an elder sister when a younger is married before her—"She has given her sister green stockings."

And she's gane up to the touir head,  
 Looked over sea and land,  
 To see and spy her ain deir lord,  
 As he cam to the strand.

She lookit east, she lookit west,  
 And south below the sun,  
 And there she spied her gude lord's ship  
 Come sailing gaily on.\*

“ Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
 And look ower yon sea strand,  
 And see your father's bright young bride  
 Come sailing to the land.”

“ Come doun, come doun, my mother dear ;  
 Come aff the castle-wa' !  
 I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
 Ye'll let yoursell doun fa'.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Some ran east, and some ran west,  
 And some ran to the sea,  
 And nane but Annie was left at hame,  
 To welcome the bright ladye.

Sae she has to her coffer gane,  
 Taen out her silver kame ;  
 And she has kamed doun her yellow hair,  
 As she a maid had been.

She has taen a cake o' the best breid,  
 A stoup o' the best wine ;  
 And a' the keys upon her arm ;  
 And to the yett she's gane.

\* *In orig.* “ Come sailing to the lan'.”

“ O ye’re welcome hame, my master deir,  
 To your ha’ but and your bouirs ;  
 Ye’re welcome hame, my master deir,  
 To your castle and your touirs.

And sae are ye welcome, ladye fair,  
 To your ha’ but and your bouirs ;  
 And sae are ye welcome, ladye fair,  
 For a’ that’s here is yours.”

“ I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie ;  
 Sae deirly as I thank thee ;  
 Ye’re the likest to my sister Annie,  
 That ever I did see.

There cam a knicht out ower the sea,  
 And stealed my sister away ;  
 The shame be in his company,  
 And the land where’er he gae !”

O ay she served the lang tables  
 Wi’ the white breid and the wine ;  
 And ay she drank the wan water,  
 To haud her colour fine.\*

As she gaed by the first table,  
 She smiled upon them a’ ;  
 But, ere she reached the second table,  
 She loot the tears down fa’.

She’s taen a napkin lang and white,  
 And hung’t upon a pin ;  
 It was to dry her watery eyes,  
 As she gaed out and in.

\* That is, to prevent her complexion from betraying the agonised state of her feelings.

She served them up, she served them down,  
 She served them frank and free;  
 But when she gaed behind their backs,  
 The saut tears filled her ee.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' men boune to bed,  
 The bride but and the bonnie bridegroom  
 In ae chamber were laid.

Fair Annie took out her virginals,  
 To harp thir twa asleep;  
 And ay, as sadly she did play,  
 Fu' sairly did she weep.

Lang wae and sad fair Annie sat,  
 And dreirie was her sang;  
 And ever, as she sobbed and grat,  
 "Wae to him that did me wrang!

Oh, gin my sons were yon grey rats,  
 That climb the castle wa',  
 And I mysell a bluidy grey cat,  
 I'd rise and worry them a'!"

Then out and spak the bonnie bride,  
 In bride's bed, where she lay:  
 "O this is like my sister Anne,  
 That does sae sadly play."

"Lie still, lie still, my gay ladye,  
 Lie still and sleep a wee;  
 It's naething but an auld servant  
 That wailth sae for me."

"Oh, gin my sevin sons were yon sevin young hares,  
 That rin round the castle wa',

And I mysell a bluidy grew-hound,  
I wad rise and worry them a'."

" My gown is on," quoth the new-made bride ;  
" My shoes are on my feet ;  
And I sall to fair Annie's chamber,  
To see what gars her greet.

What ails you, what ails you, fair Annie,  
That ye mak sic a maen ?  
Has your wine-barrels cuist the girds,  
Or is your white breid gane ?"

" It's nae for breid nor wine-barrels,  
That the tears come in my ee ;  
But because in a' this warld sae wide  
There's nane to care for me.

It's nae because my wine is spilt,  
Or that my white breid's gane ;  
But because I've lost my true love's love,  
And he's wed to another dame."

" O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
Or wha was't was your mother ?  
Or had ye ony sister, Annie,  
Or had ye ony brother ?"

" The Earl o' Richmond was my father,  
The lady was my mother ; \*  
And a' the bairns, besides mysell,  
Was a sister and a brother."

" If the Earl o' Richmond was your father,  
I wat sae was he mine ;

\* King Henrie and Queen Ellinore in Mr Kinloch's MSS. In other copies, the Earl of Wemyss and Countess.



And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,  
That ye your love shall tyne.\*

For I hae sevin ships o' my ain,  
A' loaded to the brim ;  
And I will gie them a' to thee,  
Wi' four to your auldest son."

" Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,  
Awa, awa frae me !  
I wadna hear my Annie greet,  
For a' the gowd ye hae.

If sevin ships did bring you here,  
It's ane shall tak you hame :  
The lave I'll keep to your sister Annie ;  
For tocher she gat nane." †

~~~~~

### BURD HELEN. ‡

LORD JOHN stood in his stable door,  
Said he was boune to ride :  
Burd Helen stood in her bouir door,  
Said she'd run by his side.

\* Lose.

† This very pleasing and singularly well-versified ballad is believed, by the people who recite it, to have been occasioned by a real event ; and it is affirmed in the prose notes by which it is generally accompanied, that the bridegroom was aware of his mistress's relation to the new-come bride, but courted the latter for the purpose of securing a tocher, or portion, for her sister, Lady Anne. In compiling the present reading, use has been made of the various copies presented in the publications of Herd, Scott, Jamieson, and Motherwell, besides a very good copy in manuscript which has been supplied by the kindness of Mr Kinloch. It was found necessary, in arranging and associating so many various ingredients, to insert two new stanzas, the thirty-ninth and fortieth ; which appeared to the editor better than to leave a hiatus. Mr Jamieson has shown, in a learned and elaborate treatise, that the story of " Fair Annie" is common to the northern nations of Europe, and, in particular, that the Danes have a ballad almost similar, called " Skioen Anna."

‡ Burd, is commonly prefixed to the names of young ladies in old ballads. It seems to have been the *Mademoiselle*, or *Miss*, of former times.

“ The corn is turning ripe, Lord John ;  
 The nuts are growing fu' :  
 And ye are boune for your ain countrie ;  
 Fain wad I go with you.”

“ Wi' me, Helen ! wi' me, Helen !  
 What wad ye do wi' me ?  
 I've mair need o' a little foot-page,  
 Than of the like o' thee.”

“ O I will be your little foot-boy,  
 To wait upon your steed :  
 And I will be your little foot-page,  
 Your leish of hounds to lead.”

“ But my hounds will eat the breid o' wheat,  
 And ye the dust and bran ;  
 Then will ye sit and sigh, Helen,  
 That e'er ye lo'ed a man.”

“ O your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid,  
 And I the dust and bran ;  
 Yet will I sing and say, Weel's me,  
 That e'er I lo'ed a man !”

“ O better ye'd stay at hame, Helen,  
 And sew your silver seam ;  
 For my house is in the far Hielands,  
 And ye'll hae puir welcome hame.”

“ I winna stay, Lord John,” she said,  
 “ To sew my silver seam ;  
 Though your house is in the far Hielands,  
 And I'll hae puir welcome hame.”

“ Then if you'll be my foot-page, Helen,  
 As you tell unto me,

Then you must cut your gown of green  
An inch abune your knee.

So you must cut your yellow locks  
An inch abune your ee ;  
You must tell no man what is my name :  
My foot-page then you'll be."

Then he has luppen on his white steed,  
And straight awa did ride ;  
Burd Helen, dressed in men's array,  
She ran fast by his side.

And he was ne'er sae lack \* a knicht,  
As ance wad bid her ride ;  
And she was ne'er sae mean a May,  
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,  
A live-lang simmer day ;  
Until they cam to Clyde-water,  
Was filled frae bank to brae.

" Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,  
" That flows from bank to brim ?"  
" I trust to God, Lord John," she said,  
" You ne'er will see † me swim !"

But he was ne'er sae lack a knicht,  
As ance wad bid her ride ;  
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand,  
To help her ower the tide.

The firsten step that she waide ‡ in,  
She wadit to the knee ;

\* In another version, " courteous."

† Suffer, permit.

‡ A preterite of wade, peculiar to Scotland.

“ Ochone, alas,” quo’ that ladye fair,  
 “ This water’s no for me !”

The second step that she waide in,  
 She steppit to the middle :  
 Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,  
 “ I’ve wet my gowden girdle.”

The thirde step that she waide in,  
 She steppit to the neck ;  
 When that the bairn that she was wi’,  
 For cauld began to quake.

“ Lie still, my babe ; lie still, my babe ;  
 Lie still as lang’s ye may :  
 Your father, that rides on horseback high,  
 Care’s little for us twae.”

And when she cam to the other side,  
 She sat down on a stane ;  
 Says, “ Them that made me, help me now ;  
 For I am far frae hame !

Oh, tell me this, now, good Lord John ;  
 In pity tell to me ;  
 How far is it to your lodging,  
 Where we this nicht maun be ?”

“ O dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,  
 Stands on yon sunny lea ?  
 There ye’s e get ane o’ my mother’s men ;  
 Ye’s e get nae mair o’ me.”

“ O weel see I your bonnie castell,  
 Stands on yon sunny lea ;  
 But I’s e hae nane o’ your mother’s men,  
 Though I never get mair o’ thee.”

“ But there is in yon castle, Helen,  
That stands on yonder lea ;  
There is a lady in yon castell,  
Will sinder you and me.”

“ I wish nae ill to that ladye ;  
She comes na in my thocht :  
But I wish the maid maist o’ your love,  
That dearest has you bocht.”

When he cam to the porter’s yett,  
He tirl’d at the pin ;  
And wha sae ready as the bauld porter,  
To open and let him in ?

Mony a lord and lady bright  
Met Lord John in the closs ;  
But the bonniest lady amang them a’  
Was hauding Lord John’s horse.

Four and twenty gay ladyes  
Led him through bouir and ha’ ;  
But the fairest lady that was there,  
Led his horse to the sta’.

Then up bespak Lord John’s sister ;  
These were the words spak she :  
“ You have the prettiest foot-page, brother,  
My eyes did ever see—

But that his middle is sae thick,  
His girdle sae wondrous hie :  
Let him, I pray thee, good Lord John,  
To chamber go with me.”

“ It is not fit for a little foot-page,  
That has run through moss and mire,

To go into chamber with any ladye  
That wears so rich attire.

It were more meet for a little foot-page,  
That has run through moss and mire,  
To take his supper upon his knee,  
And sit down by the kitchen fire."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men boune to meat,  
Burd Helen was, at the bye-table,  
Amang the pages set.

"O eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white breid and the beer."

"The never a bit can I eat or drink;  
My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

"O eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white breid and the wine."

"O the never a bit can I eat or drink;  
My heart's sae fu' o' pyne."

But out and spak Lord John his mother,  
And a skeely\* woman was she:

"Where met ye, my son, wi' that bonnie boy,  
That looks sae sad on thee?"

Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,  
And sometimes deidly wan:  
He's liker a woman grit wi' child,  
Than a young lord's serving man."

"O it maks me laugh, my mother dear,  
Sic words to hear frae thee.

\* Skilful—or rather expressing that property in old women which makes them far-seen in matters connected with the physics of human nature.

He is a squire's ae dearest son,  
That for love has followed me.

Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy;  
Gie my horse corn and hay."  
"O that I will, my master deir,  
As quickly as I may."

She took the hay aneath her arm,  
The corn intill her hand;  
But atween the stable-door and the sta'  
Burd Helen made a stand.

"O room ye round, my bonnie broun steids;  
O room ye near the wa';  
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,  
I fear, will gar me fa'."

She leaned her back again' the wa';  
Strong travail came her on;  
And, e'en among the great horse' feet,  
She has brought forth her son.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' man boune for bed,  
Lord John's mother and sister gay  
In ae bouir they were laid.

Lord John hadna weel got aff his claes,  
Nor was he weel laid down,  
Till his mother heard a bairn greet,  
And a woman's heavy moan.

"Win up, win up, Lord John," she said;  
"Seek neither stockings nor shoen:  
For I hae heard a bairn loud greet,  
And a woman's heavy moan!"

Richt hastilie he rase him up,  
 Socht neither hose nor shoen ;  
 And he's doen him to the stable door,  
 By the lee licht o' the mune.

" O open the door, Burd Helen," he said,  
 " O open and let me in ;  
 I want to see if my steed be fed,  
 Or my greyhounds fit to rin."

" O lullaby, my own deir child !  
 Lullaby, deir child, deir !  
 I wold thy father were a king,  
 Thy mother laid on a beir !"

" O open the door, Burd Helen," he says,  
 " O open the door to me ;  
 Or, as my sword hangs by my gair,  
 I'll gar it gang in three !"

" That never was my mother's custome,  
 And I hope it's ne'er be mine ;  
 A knight into her companie,  
 When she dries a' her pyne."

He hit the door then wi' his foot,  
 Sae did he wi' his knee ;  
 Till doors o' deal, and locks o' steel,  
 In splinters he gart flee.

" An askin, an askin, Lord John," she says,  
 " An askin ye'll grant me ;  
 The meanest maid about your house,  
 To bring a drink to me."

An askin, an askin, my dear Lord John,  
 An askin ye'll grant me ;



The warsten bouir in a' your touirs,  
For thy young son and me !”

“ I grant, I grant your askins, Helen,  
A' that and mair frae me ;  
The very best bouir in a' my touirs,  
For my young son and thee.

O have thou comfort, fair Helen ;  
Be of good cheer, I pray ;  
And your bridal and your kirking baith  
Shall stand upon ae day.”

And he has taen her Burd Helen,  
And rowed her in the silk ;  
And he has taen his ain young son,  
And washed him in the milk.

And there was ne'er a gayer bridegroom,  
Nor yet a blyther bride,  
As they, Lord John, and Lady Helen,  
Neist day to kirk did ride.\*

\* This beautiful tale of woman's love—beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching narrative, and equally beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching language—was first published, by Percy, as an English ballad, under the title of “ Childe Waters.” Mr Jamieson long afterwards published a Scottish version, under the title of “ Burd Ellen,” from the recitation of a lady of the name of Brown ; adding some fragments of another copy, which he had taken down from the singing of Mrs Arrot of Aberbrothwick. Mr Kinloch has more lately given, under the title of “ Lady Margaret,” an imperfect copy, superior in some points to that of Mr Jamieson ; and, more recently still, Mr Buchan, in his “ Ancient Ballads and Songs,” has presented a very complete one, which he entitles “ Burd Helen.” The present editor, in compiling this copy, has used not only all the above, more or less, but has been indebted for some valuable verses and lines to one which has been obligingly submitted to him in manuscript by Mr Kinloch. He has found in few cases so much difficulty in selecting and associating the various ingredients of his ballads as in this ; there being, in no other instance, so great a discrepancy in the various sets, while in few he has had to deal with so many imperfect and meagre versions. On this account, he has been obliged to take some slight verbal liberties with verses third, seventh, eighth, thirteenth, fifteenth, and fifty-fourth. As an extreme instance of the extent of these liberties, the reader is requested to compare verses seventh and eighth with the following, which are from Mrs Arrot's fragment :

## THE GAY GOSS HAWK.

“ O waly, waly, my gay goss hawk,  
Gin your feathering be sheen !”

“ O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,  
And sew your silver seam ?  
Or will ye to the rank Highlands ?  
For my lands lie far frae hame.”

“ I winna stay at hame, Lord Thomas,  
And sew my silver seam ;  
But I'll gae to the rank Highlands,  
Though your lands lie far frae hame.”

A much greater liberty has been taken in the final stanza. It is altered, for the sake of an agreeable cadence at the conclusion, from the following verse of Mr Buchan's copy :

“ There is not here a woman living  
But her, shall be my bride ;  
And all is for the fair speeches  
I got frae her at Clyde.”

This violation of the original may appear somewhat daring. Yet it is sanctioned by the respectable example of Mr Jamieson, who has added three new stanzas to the conclusion of his copy, for the purpose of giving a tragical turn to the loves of Lord John and Burd Ellen ; she dying in his arms, immediately after he has broke into the stable. Since a former editor had ventured upon adding three stanzas to alter the catastrophe, I judged that I might, without much fear, alter one, to smooth away the abruptness of the genuine conclusion. Mr Jamieson's addition is subjoined :

She heaved up her droopin head ;  
O but her face was wan !  
And the smile upon her wallowed lip  
Wad melted heart o' stane.

“ O blessings on thy couth, Lord John !  
Weels me to see this day !  
For muckle hae I done and dree'd ;  
But weel does this repay !

And Oh, be to my bairnie kind,  
As I hae loved thee”—  
Back in his trembling arms she sank,  
And cauld death closed her ee.

I believe woman's love—that “ lovely and fearful thing,” as a great poet finely terms it—has seldom found in man an appreciation or a reward worthy of its unspeakable tenderness and infinite fidelity ; and I am disposed to think, with Mr Jamieson, that woe and death are, upon the whole, its more probable issue than almost any other fate. Yet, in the present case, as all the complete known editions of the ballad concurred in representing it as at length finding its merit recognised in Burd Helen, I have thought it a preferable course to retain the usual conclusion ; only taking the small liberty above specified.

“ And waly, waly, my master dear,  
Gin ye look pale and lean !

O have ye tint, at tournament,  
Your sword, or yet your spear ?  
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,  
Whom ye may not win near ?”

“ I have not tint, at tournament,  
My sword, nor yet my spear ;  
But sair I mourn for my true love,  
Wi’ mony a bitter tear.

But weels me on ye, my gay goss hawk,  
Ye can baith speak and flee :  
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,  
Bring an answer back to me.”

“ But how sall I your true love find,  
Or how sall I her know ?  
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spake,  
An eye that ne’er her saw.”

“ O weel sall ye my true love ken,  
As sune as ye her see ;  
For, of a’ the flouirs o’ fair England,  
The fairest flour is she.

The thing o’ my love’s face that’s white,  
Is like the dove or maw ;\*  
The thing o’ my love’s face that’s red,  
Is like blude shed on snaw.

And even at my true love’s bouir door,  
There grows a flouiring birk ;†  
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,  
As she comes frae the kirk.

\* The sea-mew.

† Birch.

And four and twenty fair ladyes  
 Will to the mass repair ;  
 But weel may ye my ladye ken,  
 The fairest ladye there.

And when she gaes into the house,  
 Sit ye upon the whin ;\*  
 And sit ye there, and sing our loves,  
 As she gaes out and in."

Lord William has written a love letter,  
 Put it under the pinions grey ;  
 And he's awa to Southern land,  
 As fast as his wings can gae.

And even at that ladye's bouir,  
 There grew a flouiring birk ;  
 And he sat down and sung thereon,  
 As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair,  
 Amang her maidens free ;  
 For the flour that springs in May morning  
 Was not so sweet as she.

He lichtit at the ladye's yett,†  
 And sat him on the whin ;  
 And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,  
 Till a' was cosh‡ within.

And first he sang a low low note,  
 And syne he sang a clear ;  
 And ay the owerword o' the sang  
 Was—" Your love can no win here."

" Feast on, feast on, my maidens a' ;  
 The wine flows you amang ;

\* Furze bush.

† Gate.

‡ Lulled, quiet.

Till I gang to my shot-window,\*  
To hear yon birdie's sang."

She's gane unto her shot-window,  
And fain the birdie grew;  
And sune into her white silk lap,  
The bird the letter threw.

"Have there a letter from Lord William;  
He says he sent you three;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he'll die."

"I sent him the rings from my white fingers,  
The garlands off my hair;  
I sent him the heart that's in my breast;  
What wad my love hae mair?"

Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,  
And brew his bridal ale;  
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,  
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,  
And a moanfu' woman was she;  
As gin she had taen a sudden brash,†  
And were about to die.

"An askin,‡ an askin, my father deir,  
An askin I beg of thee."

"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord;  
For him ye ne'er shall see.

But, for your honest askin else,  
Weel granted it shall be."

\* Explained in the notes to "Clerk Saunders."

† Sickness.

‡ A favour or boon.

“ Then, gin I die in Southern land,  
In Scotland gar bury me.\*

At the first kirk in fair Scotland,  
Ye'll cause the bells be rung ;  
At the second kirk o' fair Scotland,  
Ye'll cause the mass be sung.

At the third kirk o' fair Scotland,  
You'll deal gold for my sake ;  
And at the fourth kirk o' fair Scotland,  
It's there ye'll bury me at.

And now, my tender father deir,  
This askin grant you me.”  
“ Your askin is but small,” he said,  
“ Weel granted it shall be.”

[The lady asks the same boon, and receives a similar answer, first from her mother, then from her sisters, and lastly from her seven brothers.]

Then down as deid that lady dropt,  
Beside her mother's knee ;  
When out and spak an auld witch wife,  
By the fire-side sat she.

Says, “ Drap the het lead on her cheek,  
And drap it on her chin ;  
And drap it on her rosy lips ;  
And she will speak again.  
For much a young lady will do,  
To her true love to win.”

They drapt the het lead on her cheek,  
Sae did they on her chin ;

\* Cause me to be buried in Scotland.

They drapt it on her red rose lips ;  
But they breathed none again.

She neither chattered with her teeth,  
Nor shivered with her chin.  
“ Alas, alas !” her father cried ;  
“ There is nae breath within.”

Then up arose her sevin brethren,  
And hewed to her a bier ;  
They hewed it frae the solid aik,  
Laid it ower wi’ silver clear.

Then up and gat her sevin sisters,  
And sewed to her a kell ;  
And every steek that they put in,  
Sewed to a siller bell.

“ O weel is me, my jolly goss hawk,  
That ye can speak and flee !  
Come show me any love tokens,  
That you have brought to me.”

“ She sends you the rings from her white fingers,  
The garlands from her hair ;  
She sends you the heart within her breist ;  
And what would you have mair ?  
And at the fourth kirk o’ fair Scotland,  
She bids you meet her there.”

“ Come hithēr, all my merry young men,  
And drink the good red wine ;  
For we maun on to fair England,  
To free my love from pyne.”

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,  
They gart the bells be rung ;

At the second kirk of fair Scotland,  
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk o' fair Scotland,  
They dealt gold for her sake ;  
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,  
Her true love met them at.

“ Set down, set down the corpse,” he said,  
“ Till I look on the dead.  
The last time that I saw her face,  
She ruddy was and red ;  
But now alas, and woe is me,  
She's wallowed\* like a weed.”

He rent the sheet upon her face,  
A little abune her chin ;  
And as soon as Lord William looked thereon,  
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flour,  
Till her pale colour was gone ;  
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,  
She smiled her love upon.

“ A morsel of your breid, my lord,  
And one glass of your wine ;  
For I hae fasted these three lang days,  
All for your sake and mine.

Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers !  
Gae hame and blaw the horn !  
I trow ye wad ha' gien me the skaith ;  
But I've gien you the scorn.

I cam not here to fair Scotland,  
To lie amang the mool ;



But I cam here to fair Scotland,  
To wear the silks sae weel.

I cam not here to fair Scotland,  
To lie amang the dead ;  
But I cam here to fair Scotland  
To wear the gold sae red." \*

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### THE YOUNG TAMLANE.†

“ O I FORBID ye, maidens a’,  
That weir gowd in your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh ;‡  
For the young Tamlane is there.”

But up and spak her, fair Janet,  
The fairest o’ a’ her kin ;

\* This very beautiful ballad is composed of two copies, one of which is found, under the same title, in the “ Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” while the other is published, by the title of “ The Jolly Goshawk,” in Motherwell’s “ Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern.” Of these two versions, the former is by many degrees the more poetical and refined ; but the present may be pronounced considerably better than either, comprehending the best passages of both, and being at the same time more copious in its details of the story.

† This fine old fairy ballad is derived from the Border Minstrelsy, where it will be found prefaced by an elaborate essay “ On the Fairies of Popular Superstition,” which a competent judge has declared to be not the least delightful of all its author’s many delightful works. A fragment of the ballad, under the title of “ Kerton Ha’,” appeared in Herd’s Collection, 1776 ; but there are many circumstances which show, that, in some shape or other, it existed as a popular poem several centuries ago. In the present version some verses are omitted near the beginning, from a wish to remove the only obstacle which should hitherto have stood in the way of its preferment to the memories of the young and the pure.

‡ The ballad is completely localised in Selkirkshire. “ Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle, which is said to have been the habitation of the heroine’s father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants yet point out upon the plain of Carterhaugh, those electrical rings which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the Fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in which Tamlane was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment ; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow.”—*Border Minstrelsy.*

“ I’ll come and gae by Carterhaugh,  
And spier nae leave of him.”

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune her knee ;  
And she has braided her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree.\*

She has prinked hersell and preened hersell  
By the ae licht o’ the mune ;  
And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,  
To speik wi’ young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed beside the well ;  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But awaye was himsell.

She hadna pu’d a red red rose,  
A rose but barely three ;  
When up and started Young Tamlane,  
At Lady Janet’s knee.

Says, “ Why pu’ ye the rose, Janet ?  
What gars ye break the tree ?  
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,  
Withoutten leave o’ me ?”

Says, “ Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;  
My father gave it me ;  
I’ll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave o’ thee.”

He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
Among the leaves sae green ;

\* The ladies are always represented, in Dunbar’s Poems, with green mantles and yellow hair.

And sair and muckle was the love,  
That fell thir twa between.

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
Amang the roses red ;  
And they have vow'd a solemn vow,  
Ilk other for to wed.

“ But ye maun tell me first, Tamlane ;  
A word ye maunna lie ;  
Was ye e'er in a haly chapell,  
Or sained\* in Christendie.”

“ The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet ;  
A word I winna lie ;  
A knicht was my father, a lady my mother ;  
I'm as weel born as thee.

Randolph, Earl of Murray, was my sire,  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine ;  
We loved when we were children small,  
Which yet you well may mind.

When I was a boy just turn'd of nine,  
My uncle sent for me,  
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,  
And keep him companie.

There cam a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell ;  
And a dead sleep came over me,  
And frae my horse I fell.

The Queen of Fairies keppit me,  
In yon green hill to dwell ;

\* Hallowed.

And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb ;  
Fair lady, view me well.

But we that live in Fairy-land,  
No sickness know, nor pain ;  
I quit my body when I will,  
And take to it again.

I quit my body when I please,  
Or unto it repair ;  
We can inhabit, at our ease,  
In either earth or air.

Our shapes and size we can convert,  
To either large or small ;  
An old nutshell's the same to us,  
As is the lofty hall.

We sleep in rose-buds, soft and sweet,  
We revel in the stream ;  
We wanton lightly on the wind,  
Or glide on the sun-beam.

And all our wants are well supplied,  
From every rich man's store,  
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,  
And vainly grasps for more.

Then I would never tire, Janet,  
In elfish land to dwell ;  
But ay at every seven years,  
They pay the teind to hell ;  
And I'm sae fat and fair of flesh,  
I fear 'twill be mysell.

This night is Halloween, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday ;

And, gin ye daur your true love win,  
Ye hae nae time to stay.

The nicht it is gude Halloween,  
When fairy folk will ride ;  
And they that wad their true love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

" But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane ?  
Or how shall I thee know,  
Amang so many unearthly knights,  
The like I never saw ?"

" The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae ;  
The next company that passes by,  
Say na, and do richt sae ;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

First let past the black, Janet,  
And syne let pass the broun ;  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed  
And pu' the rider down.

For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the toun ;  
Because I was a christened knight,  
They gave me that renoun.

My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare ;  
And these the tokens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake ;

But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
Gin ye wald be my maikè.

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and an aske ;\*  
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A bale † that burns fast.

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gaud o' airn ;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
For I'll do you no harm.

First dip me in a stand o' milk,  
And then in a stand o' water ;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass—  
I'll be your ain true lover.

And, next, they'll shape me in your arms,  
A toad, bat, and an eel ;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
As you do love me weel.

They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove but and a swan ;  
And last, they'll shape me in your arms,  
A mother-naked man :  
Cast your green mantle over me—  
I'll be mysell again !”

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie ‡ was the way,  
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
To Miles Cross § she did gae.

\* Newt.

† Faggot.

‡ Producing superstitious dread.

§ Miles Cross is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat at Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh.

The heavens were black, the night was dark,  
 And drearie was the place ;  
 But Janet stood, with eager wish  
 Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,  
 A north wind tore the bent ;  
 And straight she heard strange elritch sounds  
 Upon that wind which went.

About the deid hour o' the night,  
 She heard the bridles ring ;  
 And Janet was as glad o' that,  
 As any earthly thing !

Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,  
 The hemlock small blew clear ;  
 And louder notes from hemlock large,  
 And bog-reed, struck the ear ;  
 For solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,  
 The Fairies cannot bear.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,  
 Like sky-larks in the air ;  
 Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,  
 You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,  
 The dreary heath upon ;  
 And louder louder waxed the sound,  
 As they came riding on.

Will o' Wisp before them went,  
 Sent forth a twinkling light ;  
 And soon she saw the Fairy bands  
 All riding in her sight.

And first she gaed by the black black steed,  
 And then she gaed by the broun ;  
 But fast she grippit the milk-white steed,  
 And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
 And loot the bridal fa' ;  
 And up there rase an erlitch cry—  
 “ He's won amang us a' !”

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,  
 An aske, but and an adder ;  
 She held him fast in every shape,  
 To be her ain true lover.

They shaped him in her arms at last,  
 A mother-naked man ;  
 She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
 And sae her true love wan.

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,  
 Out o' a bush o' broom :  
 “ She that has borrowed Young Tamlane,  
 Has gotten a stately groom.”

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,  
 Out o' a bush o' rye :  
 “ She's taen awa the bonniest knight  
 In a' my company.

But had I kenned, Tamlane,” she says,  
 “ A lady wad borrowed thee,  
 I wad taen out thy twa gray een,  
 Put in twa een o' tree.

Had I but kenned, Tamlane,” she says,  
 “ Before ye cam frae hame,



I wad taen out your heart o' flesh,  
Put in a heart o' stane.

Had I but had the wit yestreen,  
That I hae coft\* the day,  
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,  
Ere you'd been won away!"

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### HYNDE ETIN.†

MAY Margaret stood in her bouir door,  
Kaming her yellow hair:  
She heard a note ‡ in Elmond's wood, §  
And wished that she was there.

Sae she has kiltit her petticoats  
A little abune her knee;  
And she's awa to Elmond's wood,  
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna poued a nut, a nut,  
Nor broke a branch but ane,  
When by and came a young hind chiel,  
Says, "Lady! let alane.

O why pou ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why break ye the tree?  
I'm forester ower a' this wood;  
Ye sould speir leave at me."

\* Bought.

† Etin, in old Scottish popular poetry and tradition, signifies *Giant*, or perhaps more properly what is now understood in the nursery by the term *Ogre*.

‡ Queritur—should not this rather be, "saw a nut?"

§ In Mr Kinloch's fragment, "Mulberry wood;" but in Mr Buchan's fragment, called "Young Hastings," the reading is "Amonshaw wood;" which, taken in connexion with the reading in the text, may allow a conjecture that the ballad is localised on the banks of the river Almond, in Perthshire.

But aye she poued the other berry,  
 Nae thinking o' the skaith ; \*  
 And says, " To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
 I wad be unco laith." †

But he has taen her by the yellow locks,  
 And tied her till a tree ;  
 And said, " For slichting my commands,  
 An ill death ye sall drie !"

He poued a tree out o' the wood,  
 The biggest that was there ;  
 And he howkit a cave many fathoms deep,  
 And put May Margaret there.

" Now rest ye there, ye saucy May ;  
 My woods are free for thee ;  
 And, gif I tak ye to mysell,  
 The better ye'll like me."

Nae rest, nae rest May Margaret took ;  
 Sleep she gat never nane :  
 Her back lay on the cauld cauld floor,  
 Her head upon a stane.

" O tak me out," May Margaret cried ;  
 " O tak me hame to thee ;  
 And I sall be your bounden page,  
 Until the day I dee."

He took her out the dungeon deep ;  
 And awa wi' him she's gane :  
 But sad was the day a king's dauchter  
 Gaed hame wi' Hynde Etin.

O they have lived in Elmond's wood,  
 For six lang years and one ;

\* Harm.

† Very loath.

Till six pretty sons to him she bore,  
And the seventh she's brought home.

These seven bairns, sae fair and fine,  
That she did to him bring,  
They never were in good church door,  
Nor ever gat good kirking.

And aye at nicht, wi' harp in hand,  
(As they lay still asleep,)  
She sat hersell by their bedside,  
And bitterly did weep.

Singing, " Ten lang years now have I lived  
Within this cave of stane ;  
And never was at good kirk-door,  
Nor heard the kirk-bell ring."

But it fell ance upon a day,  
Hynde Etein went from home ;  
And, for to carry his game to him,  
Has taen his eldest son.

And as they through the good greenwood  
Wi' slawsome pace did gae,  
The bonnie boy's heart grew grit and sair,\*  
And thus he 'goud to say :

" A question I would ask, father,  
An ye wadna angry be."

" Say on, say on, my bonnie boy ;  
Ask ony thing at me."

" My mother's cheeks are aften wet ;  
I seldom see them dry ;

\* In Scotland, when a boy's feelings are so much excited as to cause him to begin to cry, his heart is said to grow great; alluding to the expansion of the breast, which always takes place before weeping.

And I wonder aye what aileth my mother,  
To mourn continually ?”

“ Nae wonder that your mother’s cheeks  
Ye seldom see them dry :  
Nae wonder, nae wonder, my bonnie boy,  
Though she should brast \* and die.

For she was born a king’s daughter,  
Of noble birth and fame ;  
And now she is Hynde Etein’s wife,  
Wha ne’er gat Christendame.

But we’ll shoot the laverock † in the lift, ‡  
The buntlin § on the tree ;  
And ye’ll tak them hame to your mother,  
And see if blythe she’ll be.”

It fell upon another day,  
Hynde Etein he thocht lang ;  
And he is to the gude greenwood,  
As fast as he could gang.

Wi’ bow and arrow by his side,  
He’s aff, single, alane ;  
And left his seven bairns to stay,  
Wi’ their mother, at hame.

“ I’ll tell you, mother,” quoth the auldest son,  
An ye wadna angry be” —  
“ Speak on, speak on, my bonnie boy,  
Ye’se nae be quarrelled by me.”

“ As we cam frae the hynd-hunting,  
We heard fine music ring !”

\* Burst.  
§ Buntling.

† Lark.

‡ Sky.

“ My blessings on ye, my bonnie boy !  
I wish I'd been there my lane.”

He's taen his mother by the hand,  
His six brothers also ;  
And they are on through Elmond's wood,  
As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaun,  
Wi' the stratlings o' their feet ;  
They wistna weel where they were gaun,  
Till at her father's yett.

“ I hae nae money in my pocket,  
But royal rings hae three ;  
I'll gie them you, my eldest son,  
And ye'll walk there for me.

Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter ;  
And he will let you in :  
You'll gie the next to the butler-boy ;  
And he will show you ben :

You'll gie the next to the ministrell,  
That plays before the king ;  
He'll play success to the bonnie boy,  
Cam through the wood his lane.”

He gae the first to the proud porter ;  
And he opened and loot him in.  
He gae the neist to the butler-boy ;  
And he has shown him ben.

He gae the third to the ministrell,  
That played before the king ;  
And he played success to the bonnie boy,  
Came through the wood his lane.

Now when he came before the king,  
 He fell low on his knee.  
 The king he turned him round about,  
 And the saut tear blint \* his ee.

“ Win up, win up, my bonnie boy !  
 Gang frae my companie !  
 Ye look sae like my dear dauchter,  
 My heart will burst in three.”

“ If I look like your dear dauchter,  
 A wonder it is none :  
 If I look like your dear dauchter,  
 I am her eldest son.”

“ Will ye tell me, my little wee boy,  
 Where may my Margaret be ?”  
 “ She’s just now standing at your yetts,  
 And my six brothers her wi’.”

“ O where are a’ my porter boys,  
 That I pay meat and fee,  
 To open my yetts baith wide and braid,  
 Let her come in to me ?”

When she came in before the king,  
 She fell low on her knee :  
 “ Win up, win up, my dauchter dear ;  
 This day ye’ll dine wi’ me.”

“ Ae bit I canna eat, father,  
 Nor ae drap can I drink,  
 Till I see my mother and sister dear,  
 For lang o’ them I think.”

When she came in before the queen,  
 She fell low on her knee :

“ Win up, win up, my dauchter dear ;  
This day ye’se dine wi’ me.”

“ Ae bit I canna eat, mother,  
Nor ae drap can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang o’ her I think.”

And when her sister dear cam in,  
She hailed her courteouslie :

“ Come ben, come ben, my sister dear ;  
This day ye’se dine wi’ me.”

“ Ae bit I canna eat, sister,  
Nor ae drap can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang o’ him I think.”

“ O where are all my rangers bold,  
That I pay meat and fee ;  
To search the forest far and wide,  
And bring Etin to me ?”

But out then spak the little wee boy,  
“ Na, na ; this maunna be :  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye’ll nae him see.”

“ O here I grant a free pardon,  
Weel sealed by my own hand :  
And sae make search for Hynde Etin  
As sune as e’er ye can.”

They searched the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near ;  
Till they fund him into Elmond’s wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.

“ Win up, win up, now, Hynde Etin ;  
 Win up and boune wi' me ;  
 We're messengers come from the court ;  
 The king wants you to see.”

“ O let him tak frae me the head,  
 Or hang me on a tree ;  
 For, since I've lost my dear Margaret,  
 Life's nae pleasure to me.”

“ Your head will nae be touched, Etin,  
 Nor hanged upon a tree :  
 Your lady's in her father's court ;  
 And all he wants is thee.”

When he came in before the king,  
 He fell low on his knee ;

“ Win up, win up, now, Hynde Etin ;  
 This day ye'se dine wi' me.”

But as they were at dinner set,  
 The boy asked a boon :

“ I wish we were in the good church,  
 For to get Christendoun.

We hae lived in gude greenwood  
 This seven years and ane ;

But, a' this time, since e'er I mind,  
 Were never a church within.”

“ Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,  
 But granted it shall be :  
 This day to gude church ye sall gang,  
 And your mother sall gang you wi'.”

When unto the gude church she cam,  
 She at the door did stan' ;



She was sae sair sunk doun wi' shame,  
She waldna come far'er ben.

Then out it speaks the parish-priest,  
And a sweet smile gae he :  
" Come ben, come ben, my lily flour ;  
Present your babes to me."

And they stayed lang in royal court,  
Wi' mirth and high renown.  
And when her father was deceased,  
She was heir o' his crown.\*

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### THE LASS OF LOCHRYAN.†

" OH, wha will shoe my bonnie foot ?  
And wha will glove my hand ?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp,  
Wi' a new-made London band ?

\* A fragment of this ballad first appeared in Mr Kinloch's publication. Another fragment, considerably different, and called " Young Hastings," was afterwards published by Mr Buchan, in his " Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland." The latter editor printed, in the same collection, a complete copy of the same ballad, under the various title of " Young Akin." It has been the task of the present editor to associate and reconcile these different copies in one harmonious narrative; all the verses after the twenty-second being from " Young Akin." There is something extremely touching in the ballad, especially in the grief expressed by the sequestered mother for her lonely condition. It must be confessed, that there would have been more pathos in her lamentations, if she had only expressed a natural longing to enjoy once more the sweets of society, from which the condition of her outlaw-husband excluded her. It is a grievous damper to the romance of the case, that she should have chiefly regretted her solitary life, in so far as it prevented her from getting her children baptized. Yet this *granum salis* may perhaps be pardoned in the midst of such a beautiful tale of the domestic affections, especially if it can be looked upon, as the editor regards it, as a proof of the antiquity of the ballad. It is a proof, in his eyes, that the ballad was either written by a Catholic priest before the Reformation, or by some layman who was friendly to their superstitious practices.

† Lochryan is a beautiful, though somewhat wild and secluded bay, which projects from the Irish Channel into Wigtonshire, having the little seaport of Stranraer situated at its bottom. Along its coast, which is in some places high and rocky, there are many ruins of such castles as that described in the ballad; but tradition, so far as I am aware, points out no

O wha will kame my yellow hair,  
 Wi' a new-made silver kame ?  
 Or wha will father my young son,  
 Till love Gregory come hame ?”

“ Your father will shoe your bonnie foot,  
 Your mother will glove your hand ;  
 Your sister will lace your middle jimp,  
 Wi' a new-made London band ;

Your brother will kame your yellow hair,  
 Wi' a new-made silver kame ;  
 And the King o' Heaven will be your bairn's father,  
 Till love Gregory come hame.”

She hadna borne her bonnie bairn,  
 A day but barely three,  
 When word came to Fair Annie's bouir,  
 Love Gregory she wad never see.

“ Oh, gin I had a bonnie boat,  
 And men to sail her wi',  
 It's I wad gang to my true love,  
 Sin' he winna come to me.”

Her father's gi'en her a bonnie boat,  
 And sent her to the strand ;  
 She's taen her young son in her arms,  
 And turned her back to land.

Her boat it was a bonnie boat ;  
 'Twas a' kivered ower wi' pearl ;

one as the proper residence of “ Love Gregory.” The version of the ballad here given, is compiled in the usual manner, from the copies successively published in the works of Herd, Scott, Jamieson, and Buchan. In Sir Walter Scott's copy, the heavy sleep of Lord Gregory is ascribed to the witchcraft of his mother ; but I have not adopted that idea, from a conviction that it lessens the force and pathos of the narrative. It is needless to remind the reader, that Dr Wolcot and Robert Burns honoured this ballad, almost simultaneously, by writing each a song upon its story.

At every needle-tack was in't,  
There hung a silver bell.

The sails were o' the licht green silk,  
The tows o' taffetie.  
And she's awa to seek her lover,  
In lands where'er he be.

She hadna sailed a league but twa,  
Or scantly had she three,  
Till she met wi' a rude rover,  
Was sailin on the sea.

“ Now whether are ye the queen hersell,  
Or ane o' her Maries three ?  
Or are ye the Lass of Lochryan,  
Seeking love Gregorie ? ”

“ O, I am neither the queen hersell,  
Nor ane o' her Maries three ;  
But I am the Lass o' Lochryan,  
Seeking love Gregorie. ”

“ O, see na thou yon castle hie,  
A' covered ower wi' tin ?  
When you shall sail it round about,  
Love Gregory is within. ”

And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shining sae clear and bricht,  
Which stood abune the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock of heicht ;

Says, “ Row the boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land !  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the salt sea strand. ”

And she's gane to that castle hie,  
 And tirl'd at the pin ;  
 " Oh, open, open, love Gregory ;  
 Open, and let me in !

For I am the Lass o' Lochryan,  
 Banist frae a' my kin ;  
 And the wind blaws through my yellow hair,  
 And the rain draps ower my chin."

Lang, lang she knockit, and sair she ca'd,  
 And lang she dreed the rain ;  
 Lang, lang she knockit, and sair she ca'd,  
 But answer got she nane.

When she had dreed the storm an hour,  
 A' shivering, cheek and chin,  
 At last up gat his fause mother,  
 Says, " Wha's that wad be in ?"

" Oh, it is Annie o' Lochryan,  
 Your love, come ower the sea,  
 But and her young son in her arms ;  
 So open the door to me !"

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
 Ye're no come here for gude !  
 Ye're but some witch, or a wil warlock,  
 Or a mermaid o' the flude."

" I am neither witch nor wil warlock,  
 Nor mermaid o' the sea ;  
 But I am Annie o' Lochryan ;  
 Oh, open the door to me !"

" Gin thou be Annie o' Lochroyan,  
 (As I trow thou binna she,)

Now tell me some o' the love tokens,  
That passed 'tween thee and me."

" O, dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat at the wine,  
We changed the rings frae our fingers,  
And I can show thee thine ?

O, yours was gude and gude eneuch,  
But aye the best was mine ;  
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,  
But mine o' the diamond fine.

Now, open the door, love Gregory !  
Open, and let me in !  
For the rain rains on my gude cleadin,  
And the dew stands on my chin."

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman !  
Gae frae my door for shame !  
For I hae gotten another fair love ;  
Sae ye may hie you hame."

Fair Annie turned her round about :  
" Weel, since that it be sae,  
May never a woman, that has borne a son,  
Hae a heart sae fou o' wae !"

O, hooly, hooly gaed she back,  
As the day began to peep ;  
She set her fit on gude ship-board,  
And sair, sair did she weep.

" Tak doun, tak doun, that mast o' gowd,  
Set up a mast o' tree !  
Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
To sail sae gallantlie.

Tak doun, tak doun, thae sails o' silk,  
 Set up the sails o' skin!  
 Ill sets the outside to be gay,  
 When there's sic grief within."

Love Gregor startit frae his sleep,  
 An hour before the day:  
 " I dreamed a dream this nicht, mother,  
 That maks my heart richt wae.

I dreamed that Annie o' Lochryan,  
 The flour o' a' her kin,  
 Was standing mournin at my door;  
 But nane wad let her in."

But I dreamed on, and farther dreamed—  
 The thocht o't gars me greet—  
 That fair Annie o' Lochryan,  
 Lay cauld deid at my feet."

" Gin it be for Annie o' Lochryan,  
 That ye make a' this din,  
 She stude a' last nicht at your door;  
 But I trow she wan na in."

" Oh, wae betide ye, ill woman!  
 An ill deid may ye dee!  
 That wadna open the door to her,  
 Nor yet wad waken me."

O, quickly quickly rase he up,  
 And fast ran to the strand;  
 And there he saw her, fair Annie,  
 Was sailing frae the land.

" Oh hey, Annie! oh howe, Annie!  
 Oh, Annie, winna ye bide!"

But, aye the mair he cried "Annie!"  
The braider grew the tide.

"Oh hey, Annie! oh howe, Annie!  
Oh, Annie, speak to me!"  
But, aye the louder he cried "Annie!"  
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
And dashed the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie floated through the faem,  
But the babie rase no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,  
And made a heavy moan;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet—  
Her bonnie young son was gone.

Oh, cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair;  
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—  
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kissed her chin;  
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—  
There was nae breath within.

"O, wae betide my cruel mother!  
An ill death may she dee!  
She turned my true love frae my door,  
Wha cam sae far to me.

O, wae betide my cruel mother!  
An ill deid may she dee!  
She turned fair Annie frae my door,  
Wha died for love o' me!"

## MAY COLLEAN.\*

OH, heard ye of a bludie knicht,  
 Lived in the south countrie ?  
 He has betrayed eight ladies fair,  
 And drowned them in the sea.

Then next he went to May Collean,  
 A maid of beauty rare ;  
 May Collean was this lady's name,  
 Her father's only heir.

" I am a knicht of wealth and micht,  
 Of tounlands twenty-three ;  
 And you'll be lady of them a',  
 If you will go with me."

" Excuse me, now, Sir John," she said ;  
 " To wed I am too young ;  
 Without I have my parents' leave,  
 Wi' you I daurna gang."

" Your parents' leave you soon shall have ;  
 In that they will agree ;

\* " May Collean" first appeared, under the title of May Colvin, in Herd's Collection. A more extended version afterwards appeared in Mr Sharpe's Ballad Book. And Mr Motherwell has latterly printed Herd's copy, with some alterations, from a recited version. The present set is composed, according to the principle of this work, of the best verses of all these copies.

The ballad finds locality in that wild portion of the coast of Carrick, (Ayrshire,) which intervenes betwixt Girvan and Ballantrae. Carlton Castle, about two miles to the south of Girvan, (a tall old ruin situated on the brink of a bank which overhangs the sea, and which gives title to Sir John Cathcart, Bart. of Carlton,) is affirmed by the country people, who still remember the story with great freshness, to have been the residence of " the fause Sir John ;" while a tall rocky eminence, called Gamesloup, overhanging the sea about two miles still farther south, and over which the road passes in a style terrible to all travellers, is pointed out as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives, and where he was finally drowned himself. The people, who look upon the ballad as a regular and proper record of an unquestionable fact, farther affirm that May Collean was a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Colzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis, and that she became heir to all the immense wealth which her husband had acquired by his former mal-practices, and accordingly lived happy all the rest of her days.



For I have made a solemn vow,  
This nicht you'll go with me."

From below his arm he pulled a charm,  
And stuck it in her sleeve ;  
And he has made her go with him,  
Without her parents' leave.

Of gold and silver she has got  
With her twelve hundred pound ;  
And the swiftest steed her father had,  
She has taen to ride upon.

Sae privily they went along,  
They made nae stop nor stay,  
Till they cam to a lonesome place,  
That they call Bunion Bay.

It was a lonesome gruesome place ;  
Nae house to it was nigh ;  
The fatal rocks were high and steep ;  
And nane could hear her cry.

" Loup off your steed," says fause Sir John,  
" Your bridal bed you see :  
Here have I drowned eight ladies fair ;  
The ninth one you shall be."

" Is this your bowers and lofty towers,  
So beautiful and gay ?  
Or is it for my gold," she said,  
" You take my life away ?"

" Cast aff," says he, " thy jewels fine,  
Sae costly and sae brave ;  
They are ower gude and ower costly,  
To throw in the sea-wave.

Cast aff, cast aff, your Holland smock,  
 And lay it on this stone ;  
 It is ower fine and ower costly,  
 To rot in the saut sea foam."

" Take all I have, my life to save,  
 Oh, good Sir John, I pray !  
 Let it never be said you killed a maid,  
 Upon her wedding day."

" Strip, strip," he cried, " now, every thing,  
 Even to your 'broidered shoon.  
 I have nae time to parley here ;  
 This instant 't maun be dune."

" Oh, turn ye, then, about, Sir John,  
 And look to the leaf o' the tree ;  
 It is not comely for a man,  
 A naked woman to see."

He turned himself straight round about,  
 To look to the leaf o' the tree ;  
 She has twined her arms about his waist,  
 And thrown him into the sea.

" Now lie thou there, thou fause Sir John,  
 Where ye thocht to lay me :  
 Although you stript me to the skin,  
 Your claes you've gotten wi' thee."

" Oh help, oh help ! my May Collean !  
 Oh help, or else I droun !  
 I'll take you home to your father's gates,  
 And safely set you down."

" No help, no help, thou fause Sir John,  
 No help nor pity to thee !

Ye lie not in a caulder bed,  
Than the ane ye intended for me."

Her jewels fine she did put on,  
Sae costly, rich, and brave.  
And then wi' speed she mounted his steed ;  
So well she did behave.\*

That lady fair was void of fear ;  
Her steed was swift and free ;  
And she has reached her father's gates,  
Before the clock struck three.

Then first she called the stable groom ;  
He was her waiting man.  
Sune as he heard his lady's voice,  
He stood wi' cap in hand.

" Where have you been, fair May Collean ?  
Who owns this dapple grey ?"  
" It is a found one," she replied,  
" That I got on the way."

Then out bespoke the wylie parrot  
Unto fair May Collean :  
" What hae ye dune wi' fause Sir John,  
That went wi' you yestreen ?"

" Oh, haud your tongue, my pretty parrot ;  
Lay not the blame on me ;  
And where you have a meal a-day,  
Oh, now you shall have three."

\* " May Collean's appropriation of her lover's steed, though unromantic, may be justified by the example of the Princess of Cathay herself. Ariosto informs us that Angelica was never at a loss for a palfrey ; when Orlando had seized one, from which she fell, she would steal another.

' Cerchi pur, ch'altro furto le dia aita,  
D'un altra bestia, come prima ha fatto.'"

*Ballad Book*, p. 46.

Up then bespake her father dear,  
 Frae his chamber where he lay :  
 " What aileth thee, my pretty Poll,  
 That you chat sae lang or day ?"

" It was a cat cam to my cage-door,  
 I thocht 'twould have worried me ;  
 And I was calling on May Collean  
 To take the cat from me."

Then first she told her father dear  
 Concerning fause Sir John ;  
 And neist she told her mother dear  
 The deed that she had done.

" If this be true, fair May Collean,  
 That you have told to me,  
 Before I either eat or drink,  
 This fause Sir John I'll see."

Away they went, with one consent,  
 At dawning of the day,  
 Until they came to Carline Sands ;  
 And there his body lay.

His body tall, by that great fall,  
 By the waves tossed to and fro,  
 The diamond ring that he had on,  
 Was broke in pieces two.

And they hae taken up his corpse,  
 To yonder pleasant green ;  
 And there they hae buried the fause Sir John,  
 For fear he should be seen.

## CLERK SAUNDERS.\*

CLERK Saunders was an Earl's son ;  
 He lived upon sea-sand.  
 May Margaret was a king's daughter ;  
 She lived in upper land.

Clerk Saunders was an Earl's son,  
 Weel learned at the schule ;  
 May Margaret was a King's daughter ;  
 They baith lo'ed other weel.

Clerk Saunders and May Margaret  
 Walked ower yon garden green ;  
 And sad and heavy was the love,  
 That fell thir twa atween.

“ A bed ! a bed ! ” Clerk Saunders said ;  
 “ A bed for you and me.”  
 “ Fy, na ! fy, na ! ” said May Margaret,  
 “ Till anes we married be.

For in may come my seven bauld brothers,  
 Wi' torches burning bright :  
 They'll say, ‘ We hae but ae sister,  
 And behold she's wi' a knight.’ ”

“ Then tak the sword frae my scabbard,  
 And slowly lift the pin ;

\* This very touching old ballad was first published by Sir Walter Scott in hi. Border Minstrelsy, being copied from Mr Herd's MSS. Another version afterwards appeared among Mr Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, and a third and a fourth have successively appeared in the publications of Messrs Kinloch and Buchan. The copy given above is, as usual, a selection of the best verses and lines of all the copies already in print; and it is, therefore, much more lengthy and complete than any other individual copy. The editor, however, has to acknowledge that he ventured upon supplying the first half of the thirty-third stanza, and the whole of the two last, beside one or two other occasional phrases, “ to make the gruel thick and slab.”

And ye may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

And tak a napkin in your hand,  
And tie up baith your een ;  
And ye may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye sawna me since yestreen.

Ye'll lift me in your armis twa,  
And carry me into your bed ;  
Then ye may swear, and save your aith,  
In your bower I never tread."

It was about the midnight hour,  
When they asleep were laid,  
That in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning red ;

When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning bright :  
They said, " We hae but ae sister,  
And behold she's wi' a knight !"

Then out and speaks the first o' them,  
" We'll awa, and let them be."  
Then out and speaks the second o' them,  
" His father has nae mair but he."

Out and speaks the third o' them,  
" I wot they are lovers dear !"  
And out and speaks the fourth o' them,  
" They've been lovers this mony a year !"

Then out and spak the fifth o' them,  
" It were sin to do them ill !"  
" It were hard," then quo' the sixth o' them,  
" A sleeping man to kill."

But out and spak the seventh o' them ;  
 A cruel man was he ;  
 " I wear the sharp sword by my side,  
 Shall gar Clerk Saunders die !"

And he's taen out his trusty brand,  
 And strakit it ower the strae ;\*  
 And through and through Clerk Sandy's side,  
 He has gart it come and gae.

Clerk Saunders he started ; and Margaret she turned,  
 In his arms as asleep she lay ;  
 And sad and silent was the night  
 That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleepit sound,  
 Till the day began to daw ;  
 When kindly to him she did say,  
 " It's time, love, ye were awa. "

But he lay still and sleepit sound,  
 Though the sun began to sheen ;  
 She lookit atween her and the wa',  
 And dull, dull were his een.

O then she called her chamber-maid,  
 To bring her candle in ;  
 And there she found her lover dead,  
 That living was yestreen.

They hae lifted his body up ;  
 They hae searched it round and round ;  
 And even aneath his bonny heart,  
 She fand a deadly wound.

\* This phrase frequently occurs in old ballads, but would appear to be perfectly inexplicable.

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,  
 She wrung her hands most bitterlie;  
 "This is my fause brothers, I fear,  
 This night hae used this crueltye."

But I will do for my love's sake,  
 Wad be done by ladies rare;  
 For seven years shall hae an end,  
 E'er a kame gang in my hair.

O I will do for my love's sake,  
 What other ladies wad think lack;  
 For seven years shall hae an end,  
 Or e'er I wear but dowie black."

Then in and came her father dear,  
 Said, "Let your mourning be;  
 I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,  
 And come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons, sir;  
 For comforted will I never be:  
 I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon,  
 Was in the bower last night wi' me."

His corpse was laid in the cauld clay;  
 The bells gaed tinkling through the toun.  
 "Alas, alas!" said May Margaret,  
 That e'er I heard that waefu' sound!"

When seven years were come and gane,  
 Lady Margaret she thocht lang;  
 And she is up to the highest tower,  
 By the lee licht o' the moon.

She was lookin ower her castle high,  
 To see what her might fa';



When she espied a grieved ghost  
Come gliding ower the wa'.\*

“ O are ye a thief or robber,” she said,  
“ Come in, my bower to break ?  
Or are ye but a loving youth,  
Come seeking of a make ?”

“ O I'm Clerk Saunders, your true love,  
Behold, Margaret, and see !  
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,  
Sae will become of thee.”

“ Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true love,  
This mickle marvels me :  
O where now are your bonnie arms,  
That wont to embrace me ?”

“ By worms they're eaten ; in mools they're rotten ;  
Behold, Margaret, and see !  
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,  
Sae will become of thee !

I'm come frae 'neath the darksome grund,  
Thy face ance mair to see,  
And to get back my faith and troth,  
That ance I gied to thee.”

“ Your faith and troth ye sall never get.  
For our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye come within my bower,  
And kiss me, cheek and chin.”

“ My mouth it is full cold, Margaret ;  
It has the smell, now, of the grund ;

\* Probably the exterior wall of the castle, surrounding the court-yard.

And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy days of life will not be long.

O cocks are crowin a merry midnight,  
I wot the wild-fowls are boding day ;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare me on my way."

" Thy faith and troth thou sall na get ;  
And our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye tell what comes o' women,  
I wot, that die in strong travelling."\*

" Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good lord's knee,  
Weel set about wi' gillieflouris :  
I wot sweet company for to see.

O cocks are crowin a merry midnight,  
I wot the wild-fowls are boding day ;  
The psalms o' heaven will sune be sung,  
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has taen a crystal wand,  
And she has stroken her troth thereon ;  
She has given it him out at the shot-window,†  
Wi' mony a sigh and heavy groan.

\* Difficult child-birth.

† By shot-window is meant a certain species of aperture, generally circular, which used to be common in the stair-cases of old wooden houses in Scotland, and some specimens of which are yet to be seen in the Old Town of Edinburgh. It was calculated to save glass in those parts of the house where light was required, but where there was no necessity for the exclusion of the air.

" It was early on a May morning,  
Before the sun uprase,  
I first put on my stockings,  
And then put on my claes.

I did me to a *shot-window*,  
To see what I could see,  
And she's doun among the heather,  
That wi' her I'd live or die."

“ I thank ye, Margaret ; I thank ye, Margaret ;  
 And aye I thank ye heartilie :  
 Gin ever the deid come for the quick,  
 Be sure, Margaret, I'll come for thee.”

Sae painfully she clam the wa',  
 She clam the wa' up after him ;  
 Hose nor shoon upon her feet :  
 She had nae time to put them on.

O bonnie, bonnie sang the bird,  
 Sat on a coil o' hay !  
 But dowie, dowie was the maid,  
 That followed the corpse o' clay.

“ Is there ony room at your head, Saunders ?  
 Is there ony room at your feet ?  
 Is there ony room at your side, Saunders ?  
 For fain there I wad sleep !”

“ There's nae room at my head, Margaret ;  
 There's nae room at my feet ;  
 My bed it is full lowly now ;  
 Amang hungry worms I sleep.

The cauld mould is my covering now,  
 But and my winding sheet ;  
 The dew it fa's nae sooner down,  
 Than my resting-place is weet.

But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,  
 And lay it on my breist ;  
 And shed a tear upon my grave,  
 And wish my soul good rest !”

She's sat her down upon his grave,  
 And mourned sae sad and sair,

That the clocks and wanton flies at length  
Cam and biggit in her yellow hair.

“ O if there is nae room below,  
My dear true love, with thee,  
I'll lay me down on the sod abune,  
The neist thing that may be.

There let me weep and fade away,  
Like a flower that dies in the dew :  
You died for me lang seven year syne ;  
It's time I were dead for you.”



### SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
Wi' mony a grievous groan ;  
And aye he tirl'd at the pin :  
But answer made she none.

“ Oh, is't my father the king ?” she says ;  
“ Or is't my brother John ?  
Or is't my true-love, Sweet William,  
From England new come home ?”

“ It's not your father the king,” he says ;  
“ Nor yet your brother John ;  
But 'tis your true love, Sweet William,  
From England new come home.”

“ Have ye brought me any of the scarlets red,  
Or any of the silks sae fine ?  
Or have ye brought me any precious things,  
Upon my claiths to shine ?”

“ I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,  
 Nor yet any silks sae gay ;  
 But I have brought you my winding-sheet,  
 Ower mony a bank and brae.

Oh, sweet Margaret ! oh, dear Margaret !  
 For faith and charitie,  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,  
 That I gave once to thee.”

“ Thy faith and troth I’ll not gie to thee,  
 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 Till that you come within my bouir,  
 And kiss me, cheek and chin.”

“ My lips they are so deidly bitter,  
 My breath sae deidly strang,  
 If I should kiss thy cheek or chin,  
 Thy days wald not be lang.

The cocks are crawling, sweet Margaret,  
 The cocks are crawling again ;  
 It’s time the deid sould part frae the quick—  
 Oh, Margaret, I must be gane.

Oh, sweet Margaret ! oh, dear Margaret !  
 For faith and charitie,  
 Give me my faith and troth again,  
 That I gave once to thee !”

“ Thy faith and troth I will never gie ye,  
 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 Till you take me to your ain ha’-house,  
 And wed me wi’ a ring.”

“ My house is but yon lonesome grave,  
 Afar out ower yon lee ;

And it's but my spirit, Margaret,  
That's speiking now to thee."

But she has kiltit her robes o' green,  
A piece below her knee,  
And a' the live-long winter nicht,  
The deid corpse followed she.

She followed him high, she followed him low,  
Till she cam to yon kirkyard green ;  
And there the deep grave opened up,  
And Sweet William he lay doun.

"What thre e things are these, Sweet William," she said,  
"That stand here at your heid ?"  
"Oh, it's three maidens, Sweet Margaret," he said,  
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, Sweet William," she said,  
"That stand close at your side ?"  
"Oh, it's three babes, Sweet Margaret," he said,  
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, Sweet William," she said,  
"That lie close at your feit ?"  
"Oh! it's three hell-hounds, Sweet Margaret," he said,  
"That's waitin, my soul to keep !"

Then she's taen up her white, white hand,  
And struck him on the breist ;  
Saying—"Have there again your faith and troth,  
And I wish your soul good rest." \*

\* This singularly wild and romantic old ballad was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, but with many lines and even whole stanzas, which so much resemble the artificial poetry of his time, as to give a strong suspicion of the unfaithfulness of the copy. The version here given is partly formed out of his copy, partly out of one which has since been published, under the name of "William and Marjorie," in Mr Motherwell's Collection ; while some lines and words are a little varied,

## FAIR JANET.\*

“ YE maun gang to your father, Janet ;  
 Ye maun gang to him sune ;  
 Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,  
 In case that his days are dune.’

Janet’s awa to her father,  
 As fast as she could hie ;  
 “ O what’s your will wi’ me, father,  
 O what’s your will wi’ me ?”

“ My will wi’ you, sweet Janet,” he said,  
 “ It is both bed and board ;  
 Some say that ye lo’e sweet Willie,  
 But ye maun wed a French lord.”

“ A French lord maun I wed, father ?  
 A French lord maun I wed ?  
 Then, by my sooth,” quo’ fair Janet,  
 “ He’s ne’er enter my bed.”

Janet’s awa to her chamber,  
 As fast as she could go ;  
 And wha’s the first that tapped there,  
 But sweet Willie, her jo !

“ O we maun part this love, Willie,  
 That has been us between ;  
 There’s a French lord coming ower the sea,  
 To wed me wi’ a ring.”

at the discretion of the editor, for the purpose of making the two various ingredients tally and correspond. The ballad is founded upon a Scottish superstition as to the interchange of love-tokens, formerly very prevalent.

\* Chiefly from a copy published by Mr Sharpe in his Ballad Book ; (and which that gentleman acknowledges, in a note, to have taken from the recitation of an old woman in Perthshire ;) only a few stanzas being added from a various, though imperfect version, which Mr Finlay published, under the title of “ Sweet Willie.”

“ If we maun part this love, Janet,  
 It will cause mickle wo ;  
 If we maun part this love, Janet,  
 I’ll into mourning go.”

“ But ye maun gang to your three sisters,  
 Meg, Marion, and Jean ;  
 Tell them to come to fair Janet,  
 In case that her days are dune !”

Willie’s awa to his three sisters,  
 Meg, Marion, and Jean ;  
 “ O haste, and gang to fair Janet,  
 In case that her days are dune !”

Some drew to them their silken hose,  
 Some drew to them their shoon ;  
 Some drew to them their silk manteils,  
 Their coverings to put on.  
 And they’re awa to Fair Janet,  
 By the hie licht o’ the mune.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ O I have borne this babe, Willie,  
 Wi’ mickle toil and pain ;  
 Tak hame, tak hame your babe, Willie,  
 For nurse I daur be nane.”

He’s taen his young son in his arms,  
 And kissed him cheek and chin ;  
 And he’s awa to his mother’s bower,  
 By the hie licht o’ the mune.

“ O open, open, mother,” he says,  
 “ O open and let me in ;  
 The rain rains on my yellow hair,  
 And the dew draps on my chin.



O open, open, dear mother,  
 O open, and let me in ;  
 For I hae my young son in my arms,  
 And I fear his days are dune."

With her fingers sae lang and sma',  
 She lifted up the pin ;  
 And, with her arms sae lang and sma',  
 She took the babie in.

" Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,  
 And comfort your fair ladye ;  
 For, where ye had but ae nourice,  
 Your young son sall hae three."

Out now spak Janet's mother dear ;  
 I wat she spak wi' pride ;  
 " O where are a' our bride's maidens,  
 They're no busking the bride ?"

" There's a sair pain in my head, mother,  
 There's a sair pain in my side ;  
 And ill, oh ill, am I, mother,  
 This day to be a bride."

" O ye maun busk this bonnie bride,  
 And put a gay mantle on :  
 For she maun wed this auld French lord,  
 Though she should die the morn."

Out and spak the bride's maidens ;  
 They spak a word o' pride ;  
 Says, " Where is a' this fine cleiding ?  
 It's we maun busk the bride."

" Deal hooly wi' my head, maidens,  
 Deal hooly wi' my hair ;

For it was washen late yestreen,  
And it is wonder sair.

My maidens, easy wi' my back,  
And easy wi' my side ;  
O set my saddle soft, Willie ;  
I am a tender bride."

Some put on the gay green robes,  
And some put on the broun ;  
But Janet had on the scarlet robes,  
To shine foremost through the toun.

And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some mounted the broun ;  
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,  
To ride foremost through the toun.

" O wha will guide your horse, Janet ?  
O wha will guide him best ?"  
" O wha but Willie, my true love ?  
He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam to Marie's kirk,  
To tie the haly ban',  
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,  
Her colour gaed and cam.

When dinner it was past and done,  
And dancing to begin ;  
" O we'll go tak the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go fill the ring."

O ben then cam the auld French lord,  
Saying, " Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"  
" Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,  
Your face I downa see."

O ben then cam now sweet Willie,  
 He cam wi' ane advance ;  
 " O, I'll gae tak the bride's maidens,  
 And we'll gae tak a dance."

" I've seen other days wi' you, Willie,  
 And sae has mony mae ;  
 Ye would hae danced wi' me yoursell,  
 Let a' my maidens gae."

O up then spak now sweet Willie,  
 Saying, " Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"  
 " Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,  
 Though my back should break in three !"

And she's taen Willie by the hand,  
 The tear blinding her ee ;  
 " O I wad dance wi' my true love,  
 Though my heart should burst in three !"\*

She hadna turned her through the dance,  
 Through the dance but thrice,  
 When she fell down at Willie's feet,  
 And up did never rise.

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,  
 Her garter frae her knee ;  
 " Gie that, gie that, to my young son ;  
 He'll ne'er his mother see."

Willie's taen the key o' his coffer,  
 And gi'en it till his man ;  
 " Gae hame and tell my mother dear,  
 My horse he has me slain.

\* It seems extremely probable that this affecting piece of ballad narrative gave the first hint of the humorous song, " Willie was a wanton wag."

Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For father he has nane.

Gar deal; gar deal, the bread," he cried,  
" Gar deal, gar deal, the wine ;  
This day has seen my true love's death,  
This nicht sall witness mine !"

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
The tither in Marie's quier.  
Out of the tane there grew a birk,  
And the tither a bonnie brier.

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### YOUNG HUNTIN.

YOUNG Huntin was the bravest knight,  
That dwelt in fair Scotland ;  
But, though renowned in France and Spain,  
He fell by a ladye's hand.

And he is to the huntin gane,  
As fast as he could drie ; \*  
And he is to his true love gane,  
As fast as he could hie.

His true love forth from her bower came,  
And on her watch-tower stude ;  
She thought she heard a bridle ring ;  
The sound did her heart gude.

When he came to his ladye's bower,  
He tirl'd at the pin ;  
And wha sae ready as the ladye hersell,  
To open and let him in ?

\* Drive, go fast.

“ Ye’re welcome here, my young Huntin,  
 For coal and candle licht;  
 And sae are ye, my young Huntin,  
 To stay with me the nicht.”

• “ I thank you for your licht, ladye;  
 Sae do I for your coal;  
 But a fairer ladye than ten o’ thee  
 Waits me at Brannan’s Walle.” \*

“ A fairer maid than me, Huntin!  
 A fairer maid than me!  
 A maiden half sae fair as me  
 Your eyes did never see!

But, if your love be changed, my deir,  
 Since better canna be,  
 At least ye will, for auld lang syne,  
 Stay this ae nicht wi’ me!”

When they were at the supper set,  
 And birlin at the wine,  
 The ladye’s taen a sair sickness,  
 And to her bed has gane.

Young Huntin he has followed her,  
 And a dowie † man was he;  
 He fand his true love in her bouir,  
 And the tear was in her ee.

He’s taen her in his armis twa,  
 Wi’ mony a kiss and phraise: ‡  
 A living man he laid him down,  
 But sae he nevir rase.

\* Brandie’s Well in Mr Kinloch’s copy. Brannan, which is the real name of a saint, is here substituted, as at once preferable in point of taste, and as being, in all probability, the proper original word.

† Dejected.

‡ Expression of compliment.

“ Oh, long long is the winter nicht,  
 And slowly daws the day :  
 There is a deid man in my bouir ;  
 I wish he were away.”

Then up bespak her bouir-woman,  
 And she spak up wi' spite ;  
 “ If there's a deid man in your bouir,  
 It's yoursell that has the wyte.”\*

“ Oh heal † this deed on me, Catherine,  
 Oh heal this deed on me,  
 And the silks that were shapen for me 'gain' Pasche,  
 They sall be sewed for thee.”

Then up and spak the popinjay,  
 That sat abune her heid :  
 “ Ladye, keep weel your grein cleidin  
 Frae gude young Huntin's blude.”

“ O better I will keep my grein cleidin  
 Frae gude young Huntin's blude,  
 Than thou canst keep thy clattering tongue,  
 That trattles in thy heid.”

She has called upon her bouir maidens ;  
 She has called them ane by ane :  
 “ There is a gay knicht in my bouir ;  
 It's time that he were gane.”

They've booted him and spurred him,  
 As he was wont to ride ;  
 A hunting-horn about his neck,  
 A sharp sword by his side.

And they hae ridden along, along,  
 All the long summer's tide ;

\* Blame.

† Conceal.

Until they cam to the wan water,  
The deepest place in Clyde.

In the deepest pot \* o' Clyde water,  
They've placed him safe and soun';  
Wi' a stane upon his bonnie breist,  
To haud young Huntin doun.

Syne up bespak the popinjay,  
As he sat on a tree;  
"And sae ye've killed him, young Huntin,  
Wha never lo'ed but thee!"

"Come doun, come doun, my popinjay;  
Come doun into my hand:  
And your cage shall be o' the beaten gowd,  
Where now it's but the wand."

"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause ladye,  
And pay your maids their fee:  
As ye have done to young Huntin,  
Sae wad ye do to me."

"Oh, had I an arrow in my hand,  
And a bent bow on the string,  
I'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart,  
Amang the leaves sae green."

She hadna crossed a rigg † o' land,  
A rigg but barely ane,  
When she met wi' his auld father,  
Cam riding all alane.

"Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,  
Where hae ye been sae late?"

\* A deep eddy-pool in a river is always so called in Scotland, probably from its resemblance to a boiling caldron.

† Ridge, the space betwixt two furrows in ploughed land.

“ We hae been seeking young Huntin ;  
But him we canna get.”

“ Young Huntin kens the fords o’ Clyde,  
He’ll ride them ane by ane ;  
And though the nicht was ne’er sae mirk,\*  
Young Huntin will be hame.”

Neist day cam seeking young Huntin  
Mony a lord and knicht ;  
Neist day cam seeking young Huntin  
Mony a ladye bricht.

“ I hae na seen him, young Huntin,  
Syne yesterday at noon ;  
He turned his stately steid about,  
And hied him through the toun.”

It fell upon the very neist day,  
The king was boune to ride ;  
And he has missed him, young Huntin,  
Sould hae ridden by his side.

The ladye turned her round about,  
Wi’ meikle mournfu’ din :  
“ It feirs me sair o’ Clyde’s water,  
That he is drowned therein.”

Then up bespak young Huntin’s mother,  
And a dowie woman was scho : †  
“ There’s no a place in Clyde water,  
But my son wad gae through.”

“ Gar douk, ‡ gar douk,” the king he cried ;  
“ Gar douk for gold and fee ;  
O wha will douk for Huntin’s sake,  
Or wha will douk for me ?”

\* Dark.

† She.

‡ Dive.



They douked in at ae weil-heid,\*  
 And out ay at the other ;  
 “ We can douk nae mair for young Huntin,  
 Although he were our brother.”

It fell that in that ladye’s castle,  
 The king was boune for bed ;  
 And up and spak the popinjay,  
 That flew abune his heid.

“ Leive aff your douking on the day,  
 And douk upon the nicht ;  
 And where that saikless † knicht lies slain,  
 The candles will burn bricht.”

They left the douking on the day,  
 And doukit on the nicht ;  
 And where that saikless knicht lay slain,  
 The candles burnit bricht.

The deepest pot in a’ the linn,  
 They fand Young Huntin in ;  
 A stane laid on his bonnie breist,  
 To haud young Huntin down.

Then up and spak the king himsell,  
 When he saw the deidly wound,  
 “ O wha has slain my richt-hand man,  
 That held my hawk and hound ?”

Then up and spak the popinjay,  
 Says, “ What neids a’ this din ?  
 It was his licht leman took his life,  
 And hid him in the linn.”

She swore her by the grass sae green,  
 Sae did she by the corn,

\* Eddy.

† Guiltless.

She hadna seen him, young Huntin,  
Syn Mononday at morn.

“ It has been Kate, my bouir-woman ;  
Oh, ill may her betide !  
Wad I hae slain my ain deir love,  
And thrown him in the Clyde ?”

The king he called his hewers all,  
To hew baith wudde\* and thorn,  
And for to mak a strong bayl-fire,  
That fair may for to burn.

It wadna tak upon her cheek,  
Nor yet upon her chin,  
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,  
To cleanse the deidly sin.

The maiden touched the clay-cold corpse,  
A drap it never bled ;  
The ladye laid her hand on him,  
And sune the ground was red.

Out they hae taen her, May Catherine,  
And put her mistress in ;  
The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,  
Tuik fast upon her chin,  
Tuik fast upon her fair bodye ;  
She burned like hollins † green. †

\* Wood.

† Green holly.

‡ The portion of this ballad which describes the lady conducting her dead lover on horseback to the Clyde, was published as a fragment in Herd's Collection, 1776. Sir Walter Scott afterwards gave, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, an extended fragment, from the recitation of Mr James Hogg, entitled “ Lord William ;” as also, a more complete copy of what appeared to be the same ballad, from two various manuscripts which he found amidst the remains of Mr Herd: the latter was called “ Erl Richard.” In the more recent publications of Messrs Kinloch, Motherwell, and Buchan, there have appeared various versions of the same gloomy and mysterious story, under the various titles of *Young Redin*, *Earl Richard*, and *Young Hunting*. The editor has here compiled, out of the five or six editions already in print, a copy which is at once more intelligible in narrative, and

## SIR ROLAND.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN he came to his ain luvè's bouir,  
 He tirl'd at the pin ;  
 And sae ready was his fair fause luvè  
 To rise and let him in.

“ O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland,” she says,  
 “ Thrice welcome thou art to me ;  
 For this nicht ye shall feist in my secret bouir,  
 And to-morrow we'll wedded be.”

“ This nicht is Halloween,” he said,  
 “ And to-morrow is Hallow-day ;  
 And I dreimed a dreirie dream yestreen,  
 That has made my heart fu' wae.

I dreimed a dreirie dreim yestreen,  
 And I wish it may come to gude ;  
 I dreimed that ye slew my best grew-hound,  
 And gied me his lappered blude.”

possessed of more beauties of expression, than any other single one. The terrific and most sublime verses, which rank eleventh and twelfth in the present copy, are improved from the editor's recollection of a portion of the ballad which he heard some years ago recited in the country ;—the following being the verses, as already printed :

When he was in her arms laid,  
 And gieing her kisses sweet,  
 Then she's taen out a little pen-knife,  
 And wounded him sae deip.

“ O lang, lang is the winter nicht,  
 And slowly daws the day ;  
 There is a slain knicht in my bouir,  
 And I wish he war away.”

The verbal alterations which the editor has made upon these lines, especially the two last, are extremely trifling ; yet how much do they heighten the effect !

\* \* \* \* \*

“Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland,” she said,  
“And set you safely down.”

“O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,  
And the nicht is wondrous lown.”\*

“Yes, dark dark is my secret bouir,  
And lown the midnicht may be ;  
For there is none waking in a’ this towir,  
But thou, my true love, and me.”

\* \* \* \* \*

She is mounted on her true love’s steed,  
By the ae licht o’ the mune ;  
She has whipped him and spurred him,  
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o’ gate,  
Never a mile but ane,  
When she was aware of a tall young man,  
Slow riding ower the plain.

She turned her to the richt about,  
Then to the left turned she ;  
But aye between her and the wan munelicht,  
That tall knicht did she see.

And he was riding burd-alane,  
On a horse as black as jet ;  
But though she followed him fast and fell,  
Nae nearer could she get.

“O stop ! O stop ! young man,” she said ;  
“For I in dule am dicht ;

\* Quiet, calm.

O stop, and win a fair lady's luv,  
If ye be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,  
And nothing did he blin ;  
Still slowly rade he on before,  
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,  
Till his breist was a' in a foam ;  
But nearer unto that tall young knight  
The ladye could not come.

" O if ye be a gay young knight,  
As well I trow you be,  
Pull tight your bridle-reins, and stay  
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,  
And no whit did he blin,  
Until he reached a broad river's side,  
And there he drew his rein.

" O is this water deep ?" he said,  
" As it is wondrous dun ?  
Or is it sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim ?"

" The water it is deep," she said,  
" As it is wondrous dun ;  
But it is sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed ;  
The lady spurred on her brown ;  
And fast they rade into the flood,  
And fast they baith swam down.

“ The water weets my tae,” she said ;  
 “ The water weets my knee ;  
 Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,  
 For the sake of Our Ladye.”

“ If I would help thee now,” he said,  
 “ It were a deidly sin ;  
 For I’ve sworn ne’er to trust to a fair may’s word,  
 Till the water weets her chin.”

“ Oh, the water weets my waist,” she said ;  
 “ Sae does it weet my skin ;  
 And my aching heart rins round about,  
 The burn maks sic a din.

The water is waxing deeper still,  
 Sae does it wax mair wide ;  
 And ay the farther that we ride on,  
 Farther off is the other side.

Oh, help me now, thou fause fause knicht !  
 Have pity on my youth ;  
 For now the water jaws ower my heid,  
 And it gurgles in my mouth.”

The knicht turned slowly round about,  
 All in the middle streim ;  
 And he stretched out his heid to that ladye,  
 And loudly she did screim !

“ O this is Hallow-morn,” he said,  
 “ And it is your bridal day ;  
 But sad would be that gay wedding,  
 If bridegroom and bride were away.

And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,  
 Till the water comes ower your bree ;

For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,  
Wha rides this foord wi' me !

Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,  
Turn round, and look on me !

Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,  
And his ghost now links on wi' thee.\*



### LAMMIKIN.

LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason  
As ever hewed a stane.

He biggit Lord Weirie's castel ;  
But payment gat he nane.

“ O pay me, Lord Weirie,  
Come, pay me my fee.”

“ I canna pay you, Lammikin,  
For I maun gang ower the sea.”

“ O pay me now, Lord Weirie,  
Come, pay me out of hand.”

“ I canna pay you, Lammikin,  
Unless I sell my land.”

“ Sin' ye winna gie me my guerdon, lord,  
Sin' ye winna gie me my hyre,  
Yon stout castel, that I hae built,  
I sall gar't rock wi' fyre.”

\* This grandly wild and most poetical old romance is from Mr Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," where it is stated to have been communicated to the editor by an ingenious friend, who had heard it sung in his youth. Mr Motherwell remarks that it may be the original romance whence Shakspeare derived the fine line in Lear :

“ Childe Rowland to the dark tower came.”

Lord Weirie got a bonnie ship,  
 To sail the saut sea faem ;  
 Bade his ladye weel the castel keep,  
 Aye till he should come hame.

He said unto his ladye fair,  
 Before he gaed abuird,  
 " Beware, beware o' Lammikin,  
 For he lies in the wudde."

Syne he's gane to the green saut sea,  
 And she's gane to her bouir ;  
 But first she gard steik the doors and windows  
 Of castle, ha', and tour.

They steikit windows, they steikit yetts,  
 Close to the cheek and chin ;  
 A' but a little shot-window,  
 Where Lammikin crap in.

" Good morrow, good morrow, and save you, nurse,"  
 Spak out the Lammikin.  
 " Good morrow to yoursell, fair sir,"  
 The fause nurse said to him.

" Where is the lord o' this castel ?"  
 Spak out the Lammikin.  
 " He's ower the sea," the fause nurse said,  
 " To counsel wi' the king."

" Where are the lads o' this castel ?"  
 Spak out the Lammikin.  
 " They're a' wi' Lord Weirie, ower the sea,"  
 The fause nurse said to him.

" Where are the lasses o' this castel ?"  
 Spak out the Lammikin.



“ They’re a’ out at the washing, sir,”  
The fause nurse said to him.

“ Where is the lady o’ this castel ?”  
Spak out the Lammikin.

“ She’s sewing in her paintit bouir,”  
The fause nurse said to him.

“ O where, O where, is her auld son ?”  
Spak out the Lammikin.

“ He’s gane awa to buy pearlins,  
‘Gain’ our lady ly in.”\*

“ Thae pearlins she shall never weir,”  
Spak out the Lammikin ;

“ And that, I trow, is nae pitie,”  
Said the fause nurse to him.

“ But how can we get at this dame ?”  
Spak out the Lammikin.

“ O stab the babe, and mak it cry,  
And that will bring her doun.”

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
While loud the nourice sings ;  
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
While heich the red blude springs.

“ O gentle nourice, still my bairn ;  
O still him wi’ the keys.”

“ He will not still, fair lady,  
Let me do what I please.”

“ O gentle nourice, still my bairn ;  
O still him wi’ the ring.”

\* Against the time when our lady shall lie in.

“ He winna still, fair lady,  
Let me do any thing.”

“ O gentle nourice, still my bairn ;  
Wi’ the spune, but or the knife.”

“ I’ll try what I can do, madam,  
Though I should lose my life.”

“ Sweet nourice, loud still cries my bairn ;  
O still him wi’ the bell.”

“ He will not still, fair lady,  
Till ye come down yoursell.”

“ O how can I come down, nourice,  
This cauld dark frosty nicht,  
Without a coal into my bouir,  
But or a candle licht ?”

“ There are twa smocks into your kist,  
As white as ony swan :  
Put ane o’ them about you, madam ;  
Its sheen will licht you down.”

She’s taen the white smock about her,  
And she’s come tripping down ;  
And wha did meet her at the fit,  
But the bluidy Lammikin.

“ Oh mercy, mercy, Lammikin !  
Hae mercy upon me !  
Though you hae taen my young son’s life,  
You may let mysell abee.”

“ Now sall I kill her, nourice, say,  
Or sall I let her be ?”

“ O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,  
For she ne’er was gude to me.”

“ Scour, then, the basin, nourice fair,  
 And scour it very clean ;  
 It's a' to haud this ladye's blude,  
 For she's come o' noble kin.”

She's lifted up her babe sae fair,  
 And kissed his caller brow ;  
 “ I needna say fareweel, my babe,  
 For I sune sall follow you.”

Syne they have taen this winsome dame,  
 And tied her down wi' bands ;  
 And in her heart's blude, as it ran,  
 They've blythely washed their hands.

Lord Weirie sat, far ower the sea,  
 With mony a lord and dame ;  
 And aye he thocht on his ladye,  
 That lanesome sat at hame.

“ I wish, I wish, a' may be weel,  
 With my ladye at hame ;  
 For the rings o' gowd on my fingers,  
 They're bursting a' in twain !”

He's gard his ship be riggit fast,  
 And he's sailed ower the faem,  
 And sune, full sune, was Lord Weirie  
 Ance mair at his door-stane.

When Weirie and his train licht down,  
 It was cauld winter e'en ;  
 Nae voice was there to welcome them,  
 Nor nae licht to be seen.

“ Oh, open, open, lady mine,  
 The doors come ope to me !”

Nae kindly voice cam frae within,  
An answer for to gie.

Oh, dowie was Lord Weirie's heart,  
When he cam to the door ;  
But better dowie was his heart,  
When he saw his chamber floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

O sweetly sang the blackbird,  
That sat upon the tree ;  
But sairer grat the Lammikin,  
When he was condemned to die.

O bonnie sang the mavis,  
Out o' the thorny brake ;  
But sairer grat the nourice,  
When she was tied to the stake.\*

\* Lammikin is one of the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, and it is recited in many different ways, and in many different shapes of verse. The first printed version is in Herd's Collection, 1776, since which time, various editions have been published in the successive collections of Messrs Jamieson, Finlay, and Motherwell; Mr Finlay printing two different copies. The present edition is composed out of these five various versions; a few words and lines being supplied here and there by the editor, to make the ingredients anneal; as, for instance, the greater part of the thirtieth, thirty-second, and thirty-fifth stanzas. Mr Finlay conjectures that Balwearie Castle, in Fife, was the scene of the dreadful tragedy described in the ballad; a conjecture which derives force from the circumstance of Lammikin being stated in one of Mr Finlay's versions to have taken refuge in the woods round Doune Castle, in the neighbouring district of Menteith. It is constantly affirmed by the old people who recite the ballad, that all the circumstances were of real occurrence; but at what period they may have taken place it is not in their power to say.

## SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.

SWEET Willie and fair Annie  
 Sat a' day on a hill ;  
 And, though they had sitten seven yeir,  
 They ne'er had talked their fill.

Sweet Willie said a word in haste ;  
 Fair Annie took it ill :  
 " O, I will never wed a wife,\*  
 Against my parents' will."

" Gif ye will never wed a wife,  
 A wife will ne'er wed ye !"  
 Sae he is hame to tell his mother,  
 As fast as he could hie.

" O sleep ye, wake ye, mother ?" he says,  
 " Or are the bouir within ?"  
 " I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft ; †  
 What want ye wi' me, my son ?"

Where hae ye been a' nicht, Willie ?  
 O wow ! ye've tarried lang !"  
 " I have been courtin fair Annie,  
 And she is frae me' gane.

There are twa maidens in a bouir ;  
 Which o' them shall I bring ?

\* " I winna wed a tocherless may."  
*Var. in Mr Burton's MS.*

† That is, my slumbers are short, broken, and interrupted ; a characteristic of age :

Μάλα το γῆραι τῆμόν αὔπνον,  
 Καὶ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ὄξυ παρεσπιν.  
*Eurip. Sph. in Aul. l. 4.*

The nut-brown maid has sheep and kye,  
And fair Annie has nane."

" O an ye wed the nut-brown maid,  
I'll heap gold wi' my hand ;  
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,  
I'll straik it wi' a wand.

The nut-brown maid has sheip and kye,  
Fair Annie she has nane ;  
Sae, Willie, for my benison,\*  
The nut-brown maid bring hame."

" O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,  
And I sall bring her hame ;  
Though peace suld ne'er be us between,  
Till death sinder's again.

But alas ! alas !" says sweet Willie ;  
" O fair is Annie's face !"

" But what's the matter, my son Willie ?  
She has nae other grace."

" Alas ! alas !" says sweet Willie ;  
" But white is Annie's hand !"

" But what's the matter, my son Willie ?  
She has na a fur o' land."

Syne he is till his brother gane :  
" Now, brother, rede † ye me !  
O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And let fair Annie be ?"

" The nut-brown bride has owsen, brother ;  
The nut-brown bride has kye :

\* Blessing.

† Observe, attend.

I wad hae ye to marry the nut-brown bride,  
And set fair Annie bye."

" Her owsen nicht die in the fields, billie,\*  
Her kye into the byre ;  
And I hae naething left me, syne,  
But a fat fadge † by the fire !

Her owsen nicht na die in the fields, billie,  
Nor her kye into the byre ;  
But what's this warld's wealth to me,  
An I get na my heart's desyre !"

Syne he has to his sister gane ;  
" Now, sister, rede ye me !  
O sall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And set fair Annie free ?"

" I rede ye tak fair Annie, billie,  
And let the brown bride alane ;  
Lest ye should sigh and say, Alas !  
What is this we brought hame ?"

" No, I will tak my mother's advice,  
And my brother's, out o' hand ; ‡  
And I will tak the nut-brown bride ;  
Fair Annie may leive the land."

Up then rose fair Annie's father,  
Twa hours orr it was day,  
And he is gane into the bouir  
Wherin fair Annie lay.

" Rise up, rise up, fair Annie," he says ;  
" Put on your silken sheene ;

\* Brother.

† A large clumsy woman.

‡ Immediately.

For we maun gang to Marie's kirk,  
To see this gay weddin.

Ye maunna put on the black, the black,  
Nor yet maun ye the broun ;  
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,  
And your bonnie locks hanging down."

" O I will gae to Willie's weddin,  
And in that gear sae fine ;  
O I will gae to Willie's weddin ;  
But I had rather the mass was mine.

Maidens, to my bouir come,  
And lay gold on my hair ;  
And where ye laid a plait before,  
See ye lay ten times mair.

Tailors, to my bouir come,  
And mak to me a weed ;  
And, smiths, unto my stable come,  
And shoe to me a steed."

At every tait o' Annie's horse mane,  
There hang a silver bell ;  
And there came a wind out frae the south,  
That made them a' to knell.\*

\* Annie's steed was silver shod,  
And gowden graithed behin' ;  
At every tait o' her horse mane,  
A silver bell did ring.

When Annie was in her saddle set,  
She glancit like the mune ;  
There was as much gold abune her brow  
Wad buy an earldom.

When Annie was in her saddle set,  
She glancit like the fire ;  
There was as much gold above her brow  
Was worth a yerl's hire.



Four and twenty gay gude knichts  
 Rade by fair Annie's side,  
 And four and twenty fair ladies,  
 As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,  
 And sat down in the deas,\*  
 The licht that cam frae fair Annie,  
 Enlichtent a' the place.

The cleiding that fair Annie had on,  
 Was sae wi' pearls ower-dune,†  
 That, whan she cam into the kirk,  
 She shimmered like the sun.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
 And her een they were sae clear,  
 Sweit Willie he clean forgot the bride,  
 When fair Annie drew near.

Then up and stands the nut-brown bride,  
 Just at her father's knee :

“ O wha is this, my father deir,  
 That blinks in Willie's ee ? ”

“ O this is Willie's first true love,  
 Before he loved thee. ”

“ If that be Willie's first true love,  
 He micht ha latten me be ;  
 She has as muckle gowd on ae finger,  
 As I'll wear till I die.

Annie gaed on the high high hill,  
 And Willie the dowie glen ;  
 Annie alane shone brichter  
 Than Willie and a' his men.

*Var. in Mr Burton's MS.*

\* A stone seat at the door is so termed in Scotland.

† Overlaid.

O where gat ye that water, Annie,  
 That washes you sae white?"  
 " I gat it aneath yon marble stane,\*  
 Where ye'll ne'er get the like.

For ye've been washed in Dinnie's well,†  
 And dried on Dinnie's dyke ;  
 And a' the water in the sea  
 Will nevir wash ye white."‡

Willie had a rose into his hand ;  
 He gave it kisses three ;  
 And, reaching by the nut-brown bride,  
 Laid it on Annie's knee.

" Tak bak, and weir your rose, Willie,  
 As lang as it will last ;  
 For, like your love, its sweetness a'  
 Will sune be gane and past.

Weir ye the rose o' love, Willie,  
 And I the thorn o' care ;  
 For the woman sall nevir beir a son,  
 That will mak my heart sae sair."

When nicht was come, and day was gane,  
 And a' men boune to bed,  
 Sweit Willie and the nut-brown bride  
 In their chamber were laid.

They hadna weel lain doun, lain doun,  
 Nor yet had faun asleep,

\* Alluding, I suppose, to the tomb-stone of her mother, which might then be within her sight.

† A metaphorical insinuation regarding the dun complexion of the bride.

‡ See the final note for a various reading from this point.

When up and stands she, fair Annie,  
Just up at Willie's feet.

“ Weel bruik ye o’\* your broun, broun bride,  
Between ye and the wa’ !  
And sae will I o’ my winding-sheet,  
That suits me best of a’ !

Weel bruik ye o’ your broun, broun bride,  
Between ye and the stock !  
And sae will I o’ my black, black kist,  
That has neither key nor lock.

Weel bruik ye o’ your broun, broun bride,  
And o’ your bridal bed ;  
And sae will I o’ the cauld, cauld mools,  
That sune will hap my heid !”

Sad Willie rase, put on his claes,  
Drew till him hose and shoon,  
And he is on to Annie's bouir,  
By the lee licht o’ the mune.

The firsten bouir that he cam till,  
There was right dowie wark ;  
Her mother and her three sisters  
Were making to Annie a sark.

The nexten bouir that he cam till,  
There was richt dowie cheir ;  
Her father and her seven brethren  
Were makin to Annie a bier.

The lasten bouir that he cam till,  
O heavy was his care !

\* May you possess with happiness.

The waxen lights were burnin bricht,  
And fair Annie streekit there.

He's lifted up the coverlet,  
Where she fair Annie lay;  
Sweit was her smile, but wan her cheik;  
Oh, wan, and cauld as clay!

"Oh, I will kiss your cheik, Annie,  
And I will kiss your chin;  
And I will kiss your clay-cauld lip;  
But I will never kiss woman again!"

This day ye birl at my love's wake  
The white breid and the wine;  
Before the morn at twal o'clock,  
Ye'll birl the same at mine!"

They birl'd, they birl'd at Annie's wake  
The white breid and the wine;  
And ere the morn, at that same time,  
At his they birl'd the same.

The tane was buriet in Marie's kirk,  
The tother in Marie's quier;  
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,  
And out o' the tother a brier.

And aye they grew, and aye they drew,  
As they wald faine be neire,  
And every ane that passed them by,  
Said, "Thae's been lovers deire!"\*

\* This very affecting ballad was first published, under the title of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," in Percy's Reliques. A version less corrupted and more at large was afterwards given, under the name of "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," by Mr Jamieson, from the recitation of an old lady at Arbroath. The above edition is composed out of the two, with some amended readings and additional verses from a manuscript copy which has

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEIT WILLIAM.

As it fell out on a long summer day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;  
They sat together that long summer day,  
And could not take their fill.

“ I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
And you see none by me ;

been very kindly submitted to the editor by Mr J. H. Burton, of Aberdeen, and which is in itself not the least meritorious of the three.

There is a remarkable resemblance between the concluding part of Mr Jamieson's copy, which is here followed, and the conclusion of a ballad published by Dr Percy, under the title of “ Fair Margaret and Sweit William.” The editor, therefore, thinks it necessary, as he gives “ Fair Margaret and Sweet William” in continuation, to give Dr Percy's version of the conclusion of this ballad in the shape of a note ; leaving it to the reader to adopt which he pleases :

“ The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
Frae out her gay head geir,  
And strak fair Annet into the heart,  
That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,  
And marvelit what mote be ;  
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,  
A wood-wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave 't into the nut-brown bride,  
That fell deid at his feet.

‘ Now stay for me, dear Annet,’ he sed,  
‘ Now stay, my dear,’ he cry'd ;  
Then strak the dagger intill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',  
Fair Annet within the quiere ;  
And o' the tane there grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew and ay they threw,  
As they wad fain be neare ;  
And by this ye may ken richt weil,  
They were twa lovers dear.”

Before to-morrow at eight o'clock,  
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bouir window,  
Combing her yellow hair ;  
There she spied sweet William and his bride  
As they were a-riding near.

Then doun she layed her ivorie combe,  
And braided her hair in twain :  
She went alive out of her bouir,  
But never cam alive in't again.

When day was gone, and nicht was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Margaret,  
And stood at William's feet.

" Are you awake, sweet William ?" she said ;  
" Or, sweet William, are you asleip ?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding-sheet !"

When day was come, and nicht was gone,  
And all men waked from sleip,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
" My deir, I have cause to weep.

I dreimt a dreim, my dear ladye ;  
Such dreims are never good :  
I dreimt my bouir was full of red swine,  
And my bride-bed full of blood."

" Such dreims, such dreims, my honoured sir,  
They never do prove good ;  
To dreim thy bouir was full of red swine,  
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry-men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three ;  
 Saying, " I'll away to fair Margaret's bouir,  
 By the leave of my ladye."

And when he came to fair Margaret's bouir,  
 He knockit at the ring ;  
 And who so ready as her seven brethren  
 To let sweit William in.

Then he turned up the covering sheet :  
 " Pray let me see the deid ;  
 Methinks, she looks all pale and wan,  
 She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
 Than any of thy kin,  
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
 Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethren,  
 Making most piteous moan :  
 " You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
 And let our sister alone."

" If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
 I do but what is right ;  
 I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,  
 By day nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry-men all,  
 Deal on your cake and your wine :  
 For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
 Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,  
 Sweit William died to-morrow :

Fair Margaret died for pure true love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
And William in the higher:  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a brier.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,  
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.\*



## MARGARET'S GHOST.

DAVID MALLET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet,

\* This seems to be the old ballad quoted in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Acts 2d and 3d; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy, picked up at a stall. "Its full title is, 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes, or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of these noble lovers.' The lines preserved in the play are this distich:

You are no love for me, Margaret,  
I am no love for you.

And the following stanza:

When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.



In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud ;  
And clay-cold was her lillie hand,  
That held the sable shroud.\*

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown ;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew ;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime :  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;  
She died before her time.

“ Awake !” she cried ; “ thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave ;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain ;  
Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

These lines have acquired an importance, by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language, ‘ Margaret's Ghost.’”  
—*Percy's Reliques*, vol. iv.

Margaret's Ghost is given in continuation, from the same work.

\* This is, perhaps, the only instance in popular poetry, of a ghost being described as appearing in black attire.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledge, and broken oath :  
 And give me back my maiden vow,  
 And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,  
 And not that promise keep ?  
 Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,  
 Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my face was fair,  
 And yet that face forsake ?  
 How could you win my virgin heart,  
 Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
 And made the scarlet pale ?  
 And why did I, young witless maid,  
 Believe the flattering tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair,  
 Those lips no longer red :  
 Dark are my eyes, now closed in death ;  
 And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;  
 This winding-sheet I wear :  
 And cold and weary lasts our night,  
 Till that last morn appear.

But, hark ! the cock has warned me hence !  
 A long, a last adieu !  
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
 Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled,  
 With beams of rosy red :

Pale William shook in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretched him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore:  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more.\*

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### THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by yon house-en',  
Twa corbies there were sittand their lane;  
The tane unto the tother did say,  
"O where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"O doun beside yon new-faun birk,  
There there lies a new-slain knight;  
Nae livin kens that he lies there,  
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

His horse is to the huntin gane,  
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;  
His lady's taen another mate;  
Sae we may mak our dinner sweet.

\* "This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq., who, in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us, that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted [from 'the Knight of the Burning Pestle,'] which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost. 'These lines,' says he, 'naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.'"—*Percy's Reliques*, vol. iv.

O we'll sit on his bonnie breist-bane,  
 And we'll pyke out his bonnie grey een ;  
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,  
 We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

Mony a ane for him maks mane,  
 But nane sall ken where he is gane ;  
 Ower his banes, when they are bare,  
 The wind sall blaw for evermair !” \*

~~~~~

### BROWN ADAM.

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,  
 Or the green leaves fa' therewith ?  
 Or wha wad wish a lealer love  
 Than Brown Adam the Smith ?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,  
 Frae father and frae mother ;  
 And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,  
 Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,  
 The flour o' a' his kin :  
 And he's biggit a bouir in gude greenwood,  
 Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,  
 Brown Adam he thocht lang ;  
 And, for to hunt some venison,  
 To greenwood he wald gang.

\* Many various editions of this wild old ditty have already appeared. The present is partly from recitation, and partly from the copy given in the Border Minstrelsy.

He has taen his bow his arm ower,  
 His bolts and arrows lang;  
 And he is to the gude greenwood,  
 As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,  
 The bird upon the brier;  
 And he's sent it hame to his ladye,  
 Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,  
 The bird upon the thorn;  
 And sent it hame to his ladye,  
 Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his ladye's bouir door,  
 He stude a little forbye;  
 And there he heard a fou fause knicht,  
 Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's taen out a gay gold ring,  
 Had cost him many a poun';  
 "O grant me love for love, ladye,  
 And this shall be thy own."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;  
 "I trow sae does he me;  
 I wadna gie Brown Adam's love,  
 For nae fause knicht I see."

Out he has taen a purse o' gowd,  
 Was a' fou to the string;  
 "O grant me love for love, ladye,  
 And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;  
 "I wot sae does he me;

I wadna be your licht leman,  
For mair than ye could gie."

Then he drew out his lang bricht brand,  
And flashed it in her een ;  
" Now grant me love for love, ladye,  
Or through ye this shall gang !"  
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,  
" Brown Adam tarries lang !"

Then in and starts him, Brown Adam,  
Says, " I'm just at your hand."  
He's garred him leave his bonny bow,  
And garred him leave his brand ;  
He's garred him leave a dearer pledge,  
Four fingers o' his richt hand !\*

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### CHILDE ETHER.

CHILDE Ether and Lady Maisry  
Were born baith at ae birth ;  
They luvit each other tenderlie,  
'Bune every thing on earth.

" The lee likes na the simmer shouir,  
Nor gerse the mornin dew,  
Better, deir Lady Maisry,  
Than Childe Ether luves you."

" The bonnie doo likes na its mate,  
Nor the babe at breist its mother,  
Better, my deirest Childe Ether,  
Than Maisry luves her brother."

\* From the Border Minstrelsy. There was, however, a copy previously in print, on a single sheet.

But he needs gae to gain renown,  
 Into some far countrie;  
 And Childe Ether has gane abroad,  
 To fechte in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie,  
 A twalmonth and a day;  
 But never did ony tydings come,  
 Of his welfare to say.

Then she's taen ship, awa to sail,  
 Out ower the roaring faem;  
 A' for to find him, Childe Ether,  
 And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sailed the sea a month,  
 A month but barely three;  
 Until she landit on Cypress' shore,  
 By the munelicht sae lee.

Lady Maisry did on her green mantle,  
 Took her purse in her hand;  
 And called to her her mariners,  
 Syne walked up through the land.

She walkit up, she walkit down,  
 Till she cam to a castle hie;  
 There she sat down on the door-stane,  
 And weepit bitterlie.

Then out and spak a sweit sweit voice,  
 Out ower the castle-wa';  
 "Now is na that Lady Maisry,  
 That maks sic a dulefu' fa'?"

But gin that be Lady Maisry,  
 Let her mak mirth and glee;

For I'm her brother, Childe Ether,  
That loves her tenderlie.

But gin that be Lady Maisry,  
Let her tak purse in hand,  
And gang to yonder castle-wa',  
They ca' it Gorinand;

Spier for the lord of that castle,  
Gie him dollars thirty-three;  
Tell him to ransom Childe Ether,  
That loves you tenderlie.

She's done her up to that castle,  
Paid doun her gude monie;  
And sae she's ransomed Childe Ether,  
And brocht him hame her wi'.\*

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### PROUD LADY MARGARET.

'Twas on a nicht, an evening bricht,  
When the dew began to fa',  
Lady Margaret was walking up and doun,  
Looking ower the castle wa'.

She lookit east, she lookit west,  
To see what she could spy,  
When a gallant knight cam in her sicht,  
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,  
You wear your boots so wide;

\* From Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," 1828.



But you seem to be some cunning hunter,  
You wear the horn so syde.\*

“ I am no cunning hunter,” he said,  
“ Nor e’er intend to be ;  
But I am come to this castle,  
To seek the love of thee ;  
And if you do not grant me love,  
This nicht for thee I’ll die.”

“ If you should die for me, sir knight,  
There’s few for you will maene ;  
For mony a better has died for me,  
Whose graves are growing green.

But ye maun read my riddle,” she said,  
“ And answer me questions three ;  
And but ye read them richt,” she said,  
“ Gae stretch ye out and die.

What is the flour, the ae first flour,  
That springs on muir or dale ?  
And what is the bird, the bonnie bird,  
Sings on the evening gale ?”

“ The primrose is the ae first flour,  
That springs on muir or dale ;  
And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird,  
Sings on the evening gale.”

“ But what is the little coin,” she said,  
“ Wad buy my castle bound ?  
And what’s the little boat,” she said,  
“ Can sail the world all round ?”

\* Long, or low.

“ O hey, how mony small pennies  
 Make thrice three thousand pound ?  
 O hey, how mony small fishes  
 Swim a’ the salt sea round ?”

“ I think ye maun be my match,” she said,  
 “ My match, and something mair ;  
 You are the first e’er got the grant  
 Of love frae my father’s heir.

My father was lord o’ nine castles,  
 My mother lady o’ three ;  
 My father was lord o’ nine castles,  
 And there’s nane to heir but me.

And round about a’ thae castles,  
 You may baith plow and saw,  
 And on the fifteenth day o’ May  
 The meadows they will maw.”

“ O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
 “ For loud I hear you lie !  
 Your father was lord o’ nine castles,  
 But ye fa’ heir to but three.

And round about a’ thae castles,  
 You may baith plow and saw ;  
 But on the fifteenth day o’ May,  
 The meadows will not maw.

I am your brother Willie,” he said,  
 “ I trow ye ken na me ;  
 I came to humble your proud heart,  
 Has garred sae mony die.”

“ If ye be my brother Willie,” she said,  
 “ As I trow weel ye be,

This nicht I'll neither eat nor drink,  
But gae alang wi' thee."

"O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,  
"Again I hear you lie!  
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen feet,\*  
To gae to the clay wi' me.

For the wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And the cauld clay is my sheets;  
And when the stormy winds do blow,  
My body lies and sleeps.

My body's buriel in Dunfermline,  
Sae far ayont the sea;  
But day nor nicht nae rest can I get,  
A' for the pride of thee.

Leave aff your pride, Lady Margaret," he said;  
"Use it not ony mair,  
Or, when ye come where I hae been,  
You will repent it sair.

"Cast off, cast off, sister," he says,  
"The gowd band frae your croun;  
For if you gang where I hae been,  
You'll wear it laigher down.

When you are in the gude kirk set,  
The gowd pins in your hair,  
Ye tak mair delyte in your feckless dress,  
Than in your morning prayer.

And when ye walk in the kirk-yard,  
And in your dress are seen,

\* An allusion to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies, which was formerly supposed to be indispensable.

There is nae lady that sees your face,  
But wishes your grave were green.

You're straight and tall, handsome withal,  
But your pride owergangs your wit;  
If you do not your ways refrain,  
In Pirie's chair you'll sit.

In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,  
The lowest seat in hell;  
If you do not mend your ways,  
It's there that you must dwell!"

Wi' that he vanished frae her sight,  
In the twinkling of an eye;  
And naething mair the lady saw,  
But the gloomy cluds and sky.\*

~~~~~  
THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking all alane,  
Atween the water and the wa',  
There I spied a wee wee man,  
The weest man that e'er I saw.

His leg was scarce a shathmont lang;  
Full thick and nimble was his thie;  
Between his een there was a span,  
Between his shoulders ells three.

He took up a mickle stane,  
And flang't as far as I could see;

\* The first nineteen verses of this strange ballad are from the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the editor of which states that he procured them from Mr Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, whose mother had been in the habit of singing them. The remaining verses have been supplied by Mr Motherwell, [*Introduction to "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,"* p. lxxx.] In Mr Motherwell's additional stanzas, the lady is designated "Jolly Janet;" but her name is here altered to "Lady Margaret," for the sake of uniformity. A somewhat different version of the same ballad appears in Buchan's Collection, under the title of "the Courteous Knight."

Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
I couldna listen't to my knee.

I said, "Wee man, O but you're strang;  
Tell me where may thy dwelling be?"  
"My dwelling's by yon green," he said;  
"O will ye go with me and see?"

On we lap, and away we rade,  
Until we cam to yonder green;  
We lichtit doun to rest our horse,  
And out there cam a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a' clad out in green;  
Though he had been the king o' Scots,  
The warst o' them micht hae been his queen.

On we lap, and away we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonnie ha';  
The roof was o' the beaten gowd,  
The floor was o' the crystal a'.

There were pipers playing in ilka neuk,  
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma';  
But, in the twinkling o' an ee,  
The wee wee man was clean awa.\*

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## YOUNG JOHNSTON.

YOUNG Johnston and the young Colonel  
Sat drinking at the wine;

\* This curious old relic of Faerie was first printed in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present version is composed of that given by Mr Herd, and another given by Mr Motherwell. In Finlay's Ballads may be found an old English poem, from a manuscript in the British Museum, beginning, "As Y yod on on ay Mounday," which greatly resembles "the Wee Wee Man," and which therefore seems to prove the great antiquity of that ditty.

“ O gin ye wad marry my sister,  
It's I wad marry thine.”

“ I wadna marry your sister,  
For houses nor for land ;  
But I'll keep her for to be my leman,  
When I come ower the strand.

I wadna marry your sister,  
For a' your gowd and fee ;  
But I'll keep her for my leman,  
When I come ower the sea.”

Young Johnston had a nut-brown sword,  
Hung low down by his gair ;  
And he ritted it through the young Colonel,  
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa to his sister's bouir,  
And he's tirlid at the pin.  
“ Where hae you been, my dear brother ?  
Sae late o' coming in.

Where hae you been, my dear brother ?  
Sae late o' comin in.”

“ I've been at the schule, sister,” he said,  
“ Learning young clerks to sing.”

“ I dreamed a dreary dream this nicht ;  
I wish it may be for gude !  
They were seeking you with the sleuth-hound,\*  
And the young Colonel was dead !”

“ They are seeking me with the sleuth-hound,  
As I trow weel they be ;

\* So altered, by the editor, from “ hawks and hounds,” the ordinary reading ; it appearing to him probable that the former was the true original reading, and that the latter was only substituted by reciters when the dea of a sleuth-hound became obsolete.

For I have killed the young Colonel,  
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Colonel,  
O dule and woe is me!  
I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,  
And hae nae power to flee."

And he's awa to his true love's bouir;  
He's tirded at the pin:  
"Where hae ye been, my dear Johnston?  
Sae late o' coming in!"

Where hae ye been, my dear Johnston?  
Sae late o' coming in!"  
"O I hae been at the schule," he says,  
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I dreamed a dream this nicht," she says;  
"I wish it may be for gude!  
They were seeking you with the sleuth-hound,  
And the young Colonel was dead."

"They are seeking me with the sleuth-hound,  
As I trow weel they be;  
For I have killed the young Colonel,  
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Colonel,  
O dule and woe is me!  
But I care the less for the young Colonel,  
If thy ain body be free."

Come in, come in, my dear Johnston,  
Come in, and take a sleep;  
And I will go to my casement,  
And carefully I will thee keep."

She hadna weel gane up the stair,  
 And entered in her tour,  
 When four-and-twenty beltit knights  
 Came riding to the bouir.

“ Weel may you sit and see, ladye !  
 Weel may you sit and see !  
 Did you not see a bluidy squire  
 Come riding ower the lea ? ”

“ What colour were his hawks ? ” she said,  
 “ What colour were his hounds ?  
 What colour was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him frae the bounds ? ”

“ O bluidy, bluidy were his hawks,  
 And bluidy were his hounds ;  
 But milk-white was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him frae the bounds. ”

“ Yes, bluidy, bluidy were his hawks,  
 And bluidy were his hounds ;  
 And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
 That bore him frae the bounds. ”

Licht down, licht down, now, gentlemen,  
 And tak some breid and wine :  
 The better you shall him pursue,  
 When you shall lightly dine. ”

“ We thank you for your bread, ladye,  
 We thank you for your wine ;  
 I wad gae thrice three thousand pounds,  
 That I could ca' thée mine. ”

“ Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnston,  
 Lie still and tak a sleep ;



Your enemies are past and gone,  
And carefully I will thee keep."

But Johnston had a little sword,  
Hung low down by his gair;  
And he ritted it through his dear ladye,  
And wounded her sae sair.

"What ails ye now, my dear Johnston?  
What ails ye now at me?  
Have you not got my mother's gold,  
But and my mother's fee?"

"Ochone! alas! my ladye gay,  
To come sae hastilie!  
I thocht it was my deidly fae,  
Ye had trysted unto me.

Oh live, oh live, my dear ladye!  
Oh live but ae half hour!  
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland,  
But shall be at thy bouir!"

"How can I live, my dear Johnston?  
How can I live for thee?  
See ye not how my red heart's blude  
Rins trickling by my knee?"

But go thy way, my dear Johnston,  
And ride out ower yon plain;  
And think nae mair of your ain true love,  
Than if she had never been."\*

\* First published as a fragment in Herd's Collection, under the title of "The Cruel Knight." The above version is compiled out of two complete ones which have since been published by Messrs Finlay and Motherwell. No attempt has been made, by any of these editors, to ascertain if it was founded upon a real event. That it was, however, may be safely conjectured. The present editor is, moreover, induced to suppose, from the name of the hero, (a name formerly predominant over all others in Annan-

## THE TWA SISTERS.

THERE were twa sisters lived in a bouir ;  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;  
 The youngest o' them, O, she was a flour !  
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

There came a squire frae the west ;  
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;  
 He lo'ed them baith, but the youngest best ;  
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He gied the eldest a gay gold ring ; \*  
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife ;  
 But he lo'ed the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexed sair,  
 And sore envied her sister fair.

And it fell ance upon a day,  
 The eldest to the youngest did say :

“ O, sister, come to the sea strand,  
 And see our father's ships come to land.”

She's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And led her doun to the sea strand.

The youngest sat upon a stane ;  
 The eldest came and threw her in.

dale,) and from the phrase, “ Scotland's strands,” being used in Mr Herd's copy instead of the word “ bounds,” that the event must have occurred upon the Border.

\* In singing, the burden is repeated throughout all the subsequent stanzas.

“ Oh, sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
And you shall be heir of half my land.”

“ O, sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
And I'll be heir of all your land.

Shame fa' the hand that I should take !  
It twined me and my world's maik.

Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair  
Had gar'd me gang maiden evermair.”

“ Oh, sister, reach me but your glove,  
And you shall be sweet William's love.”

“ Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove ;  
And sweet William shall better be my love.”

First she sank, and syne she swam,  
Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.

The miller's dauchter was baking breid,  
And gaed for water as she had need.

“ Oh, father, father, in our mill-dam,  
There's either a ladye or a milk-white swan.”

The miller quickly drew his dam,  
And there he fand a drowned woman.

You couldna see her yellow hair,  
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

You couldna see her middle sma',  
Her gowden girdle was sae brow.

You couldna see her lilie feet,  
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

You couldna see her fingers sma';  
 Wi' diamond rings they were covered a'.

“ Sair will they be, whae'er they be,  
 The hearts that live to weep for thee !”

Then by there cam a harper fine,  
 That harped to the king at dine.

And, when he looked that lady on,  
 He sighed and made a heavy moan.

He has taen three locks o' her yellow hair,  
 And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

And he brought the harp to her father's hall,  
 And there the court was assembled all.

He laid this harp upon a stone,  
 And straight it began to play alone.

“ O yonder sits my father, the king !  
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen !

And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
 And by him my William sweet and true !”

But the last tune that the harp played then,  
     Binnorie, O Binnorie,  
 Was, “ Woe to my sister, false Helen !”  
     By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.\*

\* This very touching ballad, the termination of which is singularly poetical, was first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and afterwards, with some variations and additional stanzas, in Mr Jamieson's “ Popular Ballads and Songs.” Mr Sharpe, in his Ballad Book, has latterly given a third version, with an entirely different burden; of which the following is a specimen :

There lived twa sisters in a bouir,  
 Hey Edinbruch, howe Edinbruch;

## WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

WILLIE stands in his stable door,  
 And clapping at his steed,  
 And looking ower his white fingers,  
 His nose began to bleed.

“Gie corn unto my horse, mother;  
 Gie meat unto my man;  
 For I maun gang to Margaret’s bower,  
 Before the nicht comes on.”

“O stay at hame, now, my son Willie!  
 The wind blows cauld and dour;  
 The nicht will be baith mirk and late,  
 Before you reach her bower.”

“O though the nicht were never sae dark,  
 Or the wind blew never sae cauld,  
 I will be in my Margaret’s bower,  
 Before twa hours be tauld.”

“O gin ye gang to May Margaret,  
 Without the leave o’ me,  
 Clyde’s water’s wide and deep eneuch—  
 My malison droun thee!”

There lived twa sisters in a bouir;  
 Stirling for aye;  
 The youngest o’ them, O, she was a flour!  
 Bonnie Sanct Johnstoune stands upon Tay.

A fourth edition, with a different burden, has still more recently been given by Mr Buchan, in his “Ancient Ballads,” 1828. In the present reading, the best lines and stanzas of all the four copies are used, according, as usual, to the taste of the editor. The twenty-fourth verse is of Mr Jamieson’s own composition. The ballad is of considerable antiquity. Sir Walter Scott conjectures that the burden, “Binnorie, O Binnorie,” is a corruption of “Hey, nonny, nonny,” alluded to in Shakspeare’s delightful song, “Sigh no more, ladye;” and Mr Jamieson shows, from a parody published in 1656, that it must have been popular in England before that period.

“ The guid steed that I ride upon,  
 Cost me thrice threttie pound ;  
 And I’ll put trust in his swift foot,  
 To hae me safe to land.”

He mounted on his gude swift steed,  
 And fast he rade awa ;  
 But ere he cam to Clyde’s water,  
 Fu’ loud the wind did blaw.

As he rade ower yon hie hie hill,  
 And doun yon dowie den,  
 There was a roar in Clyde water,  
 Wad feared a hunder men.

“ O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,  
 Your stream is wondrous strang ;  
 Mak me your wreck as I come back,  
 But spare me as I gang !”

Sae he has swam through Clyde water,  
 Though it was wide and deep ;  
 And he came to May Margaret’s door,  
 When all were fast asleep.

O he’s gane round, and round about,  
 And tirdled at the pin ;  
 But doors were steekit and windows barred,  
 And nane wad let him in.

“ O open the door to me, Margaret !  
 O open, and let me in !  
 For my boots are fu’ o’ Clyde water,  
 And frozen to the brim.”

“ Oh, wha is this at my bower door,  
 That calls me by my name ?”

“ It is your first love, sweet Willie,  
This nicht newly come hame.”

“ I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,  
As few hae I therein ;  
The ae best love that ever I had,  
Was here just late yestreen.”

“ O gin ye winna open the door,  
Nor yet be kind to me,  
Now tell me o’ some out-chamber,  
Where I this nicht may be.”

“ Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
Nor here ye canna be ;  
For I’ve no chambers, out nor in,  
Nor ane but barely three :

The tane o’ them is fu’ o’ corn ;  
The tother is fu’ o’ hay ;  
The tother is fu’ o’ merry young men—  
They winna remove till day.”

“ O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,  
Sin’ better mayna be ;  
I’ve won my mother’s malison,  
Coming this nicht to thee.”

He’s mounted on his coal-black steed ;  
O but his heart was wae !  
But, ere he cam to Clyde water,  
’Twas half up ower the brae.

As he rade up yon hie hie hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
The roar that was in Clyde water,  
Wad feared a hunder men.

When he cam to Clyde water,  
 'Twas flowing ower the brim ;  
 The rushing that was in Clyde water,  
 Took Willie's cane frae him.

He leaned him ower his saddle bow,  
 To catch his cane again ;  
 The rushing that was in Clyde water,  
 Took Willie's hat frae him.

He leaned him ower his saddle-bow,  
 To catch his hat through force ;  
 The rushing that was in Clyde water,  
 Took Willie frae his horse.

His brother stude upon the bank,  
 Said, " Fye, man, will ye droun !  
 Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,  
 And learn ye how to soom."

" How can I turn me to my high horse head,  
 And learn me how to soom ?  
 I've gotten my mother's malison ;  
 It's here that I maun droun."

The very hour sweet William sank  
 Into the pot\* sae deep,  
 Up it wakened her, May Margaret,  
 Out of her drowsy sleep.

" Come here, come here, my mother dear,  
 And read this dreirie dreim :  
 I dreimed my love was at our yetts,  
 And nane wad let him in."

\* A deep eddy-pool in a river is often called a pot in Scotland.



“Lie still, lie still, now, May Margaret ;  
 Lie still and tak your rest ;  
 Syn your true love was at our yetts,  
 It’s but twa quarters past.”

Nimbly, nimbly rase she up,  
 And nimbly put she on ;  
 And the higher that the lady cried,  
 The louder blew the win’.

The firsten step that she steppit,  
 She steppit to the kute ;\*  
 “ Ochon, alas !” said that ladye,  
 “ This water’s wondrous deip.”

The neisten step that she waide † in,  
 She waded to the knee ;  
 Says she, “ I wad wade farther in,  
 Gin I my love could see.”

The neisten step that she waide in,  
 She waded to the chin ;  
 The deepest pot in Clyde water,  
 She got Sweit Willie in.

“ You’ve had a cruel mother, Willie,  
 And I have had another ;  
 But we shall sleip in Clyde water,  
 Like sister and like brother !” ‡

\* Ankle.

† A varied Scottish preterite of wade.

‡ Compiled from various fragments and copies published in the collections of Messrs Jamieson, Motherwell, and Chan.

## THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.\*

O HEARD ye na o' the silly blind Harper,  
 That lived lang in Lochmaben toun ;  
 How he did gang to fair England,  
 To steal King Henry's Wanton Broun? †

But first he gaed to his gude wife,  
 Wi' a' the haste that he could thole : ‡  
 " This wark," quo' he, " will ne'er gae weel,  
 Without a meare that has a foal."

Quoth she, " Thou has a gude grey meare,  
 That can rin ower baith laigh and hie ;  
 Gae, tak the grey meare in thy hand,  
 And leave the foal at hame wi' me.

And tak the halter in thy hose, §  
 And o' thy purpose dinna fail ;  
 But tie it ower the Wanton's nose,  
 And tie her to the grey meare's tail.

Syne ca' her out at yon back yett,  
 Ower moss, and muir, and ilka dale ;  
 For she'll ne'er let the Wanton bite,  
 Till she come hame to her ain foal.

\* It is not improbable that this ballad is as old as the time of the earlier of the English Henries. The editor of the Border Minstrelsy remarks that it seems to be the most modern in which the harp, as a Border instrument of music, is found to occur. But the whole incident surely implies a very early and primitive system of manners, not to speak of the circumstance of the court being held at Carlisle, which never was the case in any late period of English history. The language and versification of the ballad, moreover, appear to the present editor more nearly akin to the older compositions of the minstrels, than those of almost any other piece of the kind now popular.

† A horse so called.

‡ Suffer.

§ The hose were the wide breeches worn by our ancestors down to the reign of James I. and VI., and of which so extravagant an account is given in Hudibras. From the allusion in the text, they appear to have been used as receptacles or pockets for the stowage of miscellaneous articles.

So he is up to England gane,  
 Even as fast as he can hie,  
 Till he cam to King Henry's yett ;  
 And wha was there but King Henrie ?

" Come into my hall, thou silly blind Harper ;  
 And of thy harping let us hear !"

" O, by my sooth," quo' the silly blind Harper,  
 " I'd rather hae stabling for my meare."

The king looked ower his left shoulder,  
 And says unto his stable groom ;  
 " Gae tak the silly blind Harper's meare,  
 And tie her 'side my Wanton Broun."

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,\*  
 Till all the lords gaed through the floor ;  
 But and the music was sae sweet,  
 The groom forgot the stable door.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
 Till a' the nobles were fast asleep ;  
 Then quickly he took aff his shoon,  
 And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable-door he hied,  
 Wi' step as licht as licht could be ;  
 And when he opened and gaed in,  
 There he fand thirty steeds and three.

He took the halter frae his hose,  
 And o' his purpose didna fail ;

† In the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, this word is explained *sung* ; but the present editor suggests, with great deference, that it appears, from the use made of it in Barbour's Bruce, to refer to the narration which the ancient minstrels accompanied on their instruments. To *carp* is simply to relate or tell.

He slippit it ower the Wanton's nose,  
And tied it to his grey meare's tail.

He ca'd her out at yon back yett,  
Ower river, and moss, and ilka dale ;  
And she ne'er loot the Wanton bite,  
But held him still gaun at her tail.

The grey meare was richt swift of foot,  
And didna fail to find the way ;  
For she was at Lochmaben yett  
Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

When she cam to the Harper's door,  
There she gae mony a nicher and sneer ;  
" Rise," quo' the wife, " thou lazy lass ;  
Let in thy master and his meare."

Then up she rase, put on her claes,  
And lookit out through the lock hole.  
" O, by my suith," then quoth the lass,  
" Our meare has gotten a braw big foal !"

" Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly lass ;  
The moon's but glancing in thy ee :  
I'll wad my haille fee 'gainst a groat,\*  
It's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

The neebors, too, that heard the noise,  
Cried to the wife to put her in.  
" By my suith," then quoth the wife,  
" She's better than ever he rade on."

Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,  
The Harper harped to hie and law ; †

\* I will bet my whole wages against fourpence.

† High and low.

And the fiend dought they do \* but listen him to,  
Until that the day began to daw.

But on the morn, at fair daylight,  
When they had ended a' their cheer,  
King Henry's Wanton Broun was gane,  
And eke the puir auld Harper's meare !

" Alace ! alace !" says the silly blind Harper ;  
" Alace ! alace ! that I cam here !  
In Scotland I tint † a braw cowte foal, ‡  
In England they've stawn my gude grey meare !"

" Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly blind Harper,  
And of thy alacing let me be ;  
For thou shalt get a better meare,  
And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be."

Then ay he harpit, and ay he carpit ;  
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear !  
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,  
And three times ower for the gude grey meare. §

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## THE HEIR OF LINNE. ||

### PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen ;  
To sing a song I will begin :  
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

\* Nothing could they do.

† Lost.

‡ Colt foal.

§ From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. vi. 1803, collated with the copy published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

|| "The Heire of Linne" was first published in Percy's "Reliques," (1755,) where it was stated to be from the old manuscript to which the edi-

His father was a richte good lord,  
 His mother a lady of high degree ;  
 But they, alas ! were dead him fro,  
 And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheere,  
 To drink and revel every nichte,  
 To carde and dice from even to morne,  
 It was, I ween, his heart's delichte.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roare,  
 To alwaye spend and never spare,  
 I wote, an he were the king himself,  
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;  
 And he maun sell his lands so broad,  
 His house, and lands, and all his rente.

His father had a keen stewarde,  
 And John o' Scales was called hee :  
 But John is become a gentleman,  
 And John has got both gold and fee.

tor was so much indebted, though, in all probability, it underwent great alterations in passing from the manuscript to the press. There is still current in Scotland, a homely version which begins thus :

The bonnie heir, the weel-faured heir,  
 And the weary heir o' Linne ;  
 Yonder he stands at his father's gate,  
 And naebody bids him come in.

O, see where he stands, and see where he gangs,  
 The weary heir o' Linne !  
 O, see where he stands on the cauld causey,  
 Some ane wald taen him in.

But if he had been his father's heir,  
 Or yet the heir o' Linne,  
 He wadna stand on the cauld causey ;  
 Some ane wald taen him in.

Sayes, " Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne ;  
 Let nocht disturb thy heavy cheere ;  
 If thou wilt sell thy lands soe broad,  
 Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone ; my money is spent ;  
 My lande now take it unto thee ;  
 Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,  
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he gave him a god's-pennie ;  
 But, for every pound that John agreed,  
 The lande, I wis, was weel worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board ;  
 He was richte glad the lande to winne :  
 " The lande is mine, the gold is thine,  
 And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad ;  
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :  
 " My sonne, when I am gone," said he,  
 " Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me now upon the roode,  
 That lonesome lodge thoul't never spend ;  
 For when all the world doth frowne on thee,  
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heire of Linne is full of gold :  
 And, " Come with me, my friends," said he ;

“ Let’s drink, and rant, and merry make,  
And he that spares, ne’er mote he thee.”

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;  
And then his friendes they slunk away ;  
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three ;  
The tone was brass, the other was lead,  
And tother it was white monie.

“ Now well-a-way !” said the heir of Linne,  
“ Now well-a-way, and woe is me !  
For when I was the Lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,  
And why should I feel dole or care ?  
I’ll borrow of them all by turnes,  
So need I not be ever bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home,  
Another had payd his gold away ;  
Another called him thriftless loone,  
And sharpely bade him wend his way.

“ Now well-a-way !” said the heir of Linne,  
“ Now well-a-way, and woe is me !  
For, when I had my lande so broad,  
On me they lived richte merrilie.

To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a brenning shame :  
To rob and steale it were a sinne :  
To work my limbs I cannot frame.



Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,  
 For there my father bade me wend :  
 When all the world should frown on me,  
 I there should find a trusty friend."

## PART SECOND.

Away then hyed the heir of Linne,  
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
 Until he came to the lonesome lodge,  
 That stood so low in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,  
 In hope some comfort for to winne,  
 But bare and lothely were the walls :  
 "Here's sorry cheere !" quoth the heire of Linne.

The little window, dim and darke,  
 Was hung with ivy, breere, and yewe ;  
 No shimmering sun here ever shone ;  
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chayr, no table, he mote spye,  
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,  
 Nochte save a rope with a renning noose,  
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broade letters,  
 These words were written so plain to see :  
 " Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thy all,  
 And brocht thyself to penurie ?

All this my boding mind misgave,  
 I therefore left this trusty friend :  
 Now let it shield thy foule disgrace,  
 And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent with this rebuke,  
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;  
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast,  
 With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
 Never a word he spak but three:  
 "This is a trusty friend indeed,  
 And is richt welcome unto me."

Then round his necke the corde he drew,  
 And sprung aloft with his bodie:  
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,  
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne;  
 Ne knew if he were live or dead.  
 At length he looked and saw a bille,  
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bille, and looked it on;  
 Straight good comfort found he there:  
 It told him of a hole in the wall,  
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;  
 The third was full of white monie;  
 And over them, in broad letters,  
 These words were written so plaine to see.

"Once more, my son, I set thee cleare;  
 Amend thy life and follies past;  
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
 That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heire of Linne;  
 "And let be, but if I amend."

For here I will make mine avow,  
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heire of Linne,  
Away he went with merry cheere ;  
I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,  
Till John o' the Scales' house he came neare.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Up at the speere then looked he :  
There sat three lords at the borde's end,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespak the heire of Linne ;  
To John o' the Scales then could hee :  
" I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend mee."

" Away, away, thou thriftless loone !  
Away, away ! this may not be :  
For Chryst's curse on my head," he sayd,  
" If ever I lend thee one pennie !"

Then bespak the heire of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales' wife then spak hee :  
" Madame, some almes on me bestowe,  
I pray, for sweet Saint Charitie."

" Away, away, thou thriftless loone !  
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;  
For if we shold hang any losel heere,  
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then up bespoke a good fellowe,  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his borde :  
Sayd, " Turn again, thou heire of Linne ;  
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;  
 Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if neede bee.

And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companie :  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespak him John o' the Scales,  
 All woode he answered him againe :  
 " Now Christ's curse on my head," he sayd,  
 " But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
 Before these lordes so fair and free,  
 Thou shalt have 't backe again better cheape,  
 By a hundred merkes, than I had it of thee."

" I draw you to record, lords," he sayd.  
 With that he gave him a god's-pennie :  
 " Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,  
 " And here, good John, is thy monie."

And he pulled forth the bagges of gold,  
 And layd them down upon the borde :  
 All woe-begone was John o' the Scales ;  
 So shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
 He told it forth with mickle dinne.  
 " The gold is thine ; the land is mine ;  
 And now Ime again the Lord of Linne !"

Says, " Have thou here, thou good fellowe ;  
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee ;

Now Ime again the Lord of Linne,  
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;  
"Now well-a-way, and woe is my life!  
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,  
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heir of Linne,  
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales!" sayd hee:  
"When next I want to sell my land,  
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

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### THE GARDENER.\*

A MAIDEN stude in her bouir door,  
As jimp as a willow-wand;

\* This ballad is compiled out of two versions which have appeared in the recent publications of Messrs Kinloch and Buchan. The ballad, though of a highly poetical character, is thus one which has only found its way into print within the last few years; yet, in Herd's Collection (1776), there are two stray stanzas, which seem to have at one time formed a part of it.

"False luv! and hae ye played me this,  
In summer, 'mid the flowers?  
I shall repay thee back again,  
In winter, 'mid the showers.

But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye not turn again?  
As ye look to other women,  
Shall I to other men!"

Sir Walter Scott, moreover, in his novel of "Waverley," has put two similar stanzas into the mouth of Davie Gellatley:

"False love! and hast thou played me this,  
In summer, among the flowers?  
I will repay thee back again,  
In winter, amid the showers.

Unless again, again, my love,  
Unless ye turn again,  
As you with other maidens rove,  
I'll smile on other men."

When by there came a gardener lad,  
Wi' a primrose in his hand.

“ O, ladye, are ye single yet,  
Or will ye marry me?  
Ye'se get a' the flouirs in my garden,  
To be a weed for thee.”

“ I love your flouirs,” the ladye said;  
“ But I winna marry thee:  
For I can live without man-kind,  
And without man-kind I'll dee.”

“ You shall not live without man-kind;  
But you shall marry me:  
And, among the flouirs in my garden,  
I'll shape a weed for thee.

The lilye flour to be your smock;  
It becomes your bodie best.  
Your heid sall be busket wi' the gellye flour;  
The primrosé in your breist.

Your gown sall be o' the sweet william;  
Your coat o' the cammovine;  
Your apron o' the seel o' downs:  
Come, smile, sweetheart o' mine!

Your gloves shall be o' the green clover,  
All glitterin to your hand;  
Weil spread ower wi' the blue blawort,  
That grows among corn-land.

Your stockings shall be o' the cabbage leaf,  
That is baith braid and lang;  
Narrow, narrow, at the kute,\*  
And braid, braid, at the branne.†

\* The ankle.

† The calf.

Your shoon shall be o' the gude rue red ;  
 I hope it bodes nae ill ;  
 The buckles o' the marygold :  
 Come, smile, sweetheart, your fill !”

“ Young man, ye've shapit a weed for me,  
 Amang the simmer flouirs ;  
 Now I will shape anither for you,  
 Amang the winter shouirs.

The snow so white shall be your shirt ;  
 It becomes your bodie best :  
 The cold east wind sall wrap your heid,  
 And the cold rain on your breist.

The steed that you shall ride upon,  
 Shall be the weather snell ;  
 Weil bridled wi' the northern wind,  
 And cold sharp shouirs o' hail.

The hat you on your heid sall wear,  
 Sall be o' the weather grey ;  
 And, aye when ye come into my sicht,  
 I'll wish ye were away.”

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### JOCK OF HAZELGREEN.\*

As I went forth to take the air,  
 Intill an evening clear,

\* “ Jock o' Hazelgreen” is formed out of two versions of the same ballad, which have been published in the recent collections of Messrs Kinloch and Buchan ; omitting many of the coarser stanzas of both, and improving a few by collation with a third version which I took down from recitation, and another which has been shown to me in manuscript by Mr Kinloch. It is needless to remind the reader, that Sir Walter Scott has founded, upon the third stanza of this ballad, which he heard as a fragment, one of the most delightful narrative songs in the language.

I spied a ladye in a wood,  
 Making a heavy bier ;  
 Making a heavy bier, I wot,  
 While the tears drapped frae her een ;  
 And aye she sighed, and said, " Alas,  
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen !"

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The stars were shining clear,  
 When through the thickest o' the wood  
 An auld knicht did appear.  
 Says, " Who has done you wrong, fair maid,  
 And left you here alane ?"  
 " Oh, nobody has done me wrong ;  
 I weep for Hazelgreen."

" Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?  
 Why weep ye by the tide ?  
 How blythe and happy micht he be,  
 Gets you to be his bride !  
 Oh, wha has dune ye wrang, fair maid,  
 And left ye here alane ?"  
 " Oh naebody has dune me wrang ;  
 I weep for Hazelgreen !"

" What like a man was Hazelgreen,  
 Fair May, pray tell to me ?"  
 " He is a comely proper youth,  
 I in my sleep did see ;  
 His shoulders broad, his arms long,  
 Sae comely to be seen !"  
 And aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

" Now haud your tongue, fair May," he says ;  
 " Your weeping let alane ;  
 I'll wed ye to my eldest son,  
 And ye'll be ca'd, My Dame."



“ It’s for to wed your eldest son,  
I am a maid ower mean ;  
I’ll rather choose to stay at hame,  
And dee for Hazelgreen.”

“ If ye’ll forsake this Hazelgreen,  
And go along with me,  
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
Make you a lady free.”

“ It’s for to wed your youngest son,  
I am a maid ower mean ;  
I’ll rather stay at hame, and dee  
For Jock o’ Hazelgreen.

Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,  
And ever mair shall be ;  
I’ll nae forsake young Hazelgreen,  
Though him I ne’er should see.”  
And aye she sixed, and said “ Alas !”  
And made a piteous meane ;  
And aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock o’ Hazelgreen.

But he has taen her up behind,  
And spurred on his horse ;  
Till ance he cam to Edinbruch toun,  
And lichtit at the Cors.  
And he has coft \* her silken claes,  
Garred her look like a queen ;  
“ Ye surely now will sich nae mair  
For Jock o’ Hazelgreen !” †

\* *Coft*, bought.

† Varied reading in Mr Kinloch’s MSS.

He’s taen her to the Luckenbooths,  
Coft her a braw new gown,  
A handsome feather for her hat,  
A pair o’ silken shoon.

“ Young Hazelgreen he is my love,  
 And ever mair shall be ;  
 I’ll no forsake young Hazelgreen  
 For a’ the claes ye’ll gie.”  
 And aye she sixed, and said “ Alas !”  
 And made a piteous meane ;  
 And aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazelgreen.

Then he has coft for this fair May  
 A fine silk riding-goun ;  
 And he has coft for this fair May  
 A steed, and set her on ;  
 Wi’ mengie feathers in her hat,  
 Silk stockings and siller shoon ;  
 And they have ridden far athort,  
 To seek young Hazelgreen.

When they did come to Hazelyetts,  
 They lichtit doun therein ;  
 Monie were the brave ladyes there,  
 Monie ane to be seen.  
 When she lichtit doun amang them a’,  
 She micht hae been their queen.  
 But aye she loot the tears doun fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazelgreen.

Then forth there came young Hazelgreen,  
 To welcome his father free :  
 “ Ye’re welcome here, my father dear,  
 And a’ your companie.”  
 But, when he saw this lady fair,  
 A licht lauch lauchit he :  
 Says, “ If I getna this ladye,  
 It’s for her I maun dee.

This is the very maid,” he cried,  
 “ I ance saw in a dream,

A-walking through a pleasant shade,  
As she had been a queen.

For her sake I did vow a vow,  
I ne'er should wed but she.

Should this fair lady cruel prove,  
I'll lay me down and dee."

"Now haud your tongue, young Hazelgreen,  
And let your folly be:

If ye be sick for that ladye,  
She's thrice as sick for thee:

She's thrice as sick for thee, my son,  
I've heard her sae compleen;

And a' she wants to heal her woe,  
Is Jock o' Hazelgreen."

He's taen her in his arms twa,  
Led her through bouir and ha';

"Cheer up your heart, my dearest May,  
Ye're lady ower them a'.

The morn shall be our bridal day,  
This nicht's our bridal e'en.

Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,  
Frae Jock o' Hazelgreen."

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### LORD RANDAL.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
Oh, where have you been, my handsome young man?"

"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, mak my bed  
soon;

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"

“ I dined wi’ my true love ; mother, mak my bed soon ;  
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wad lie doun.”

“ What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?  
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man ?”  
“ I gat eels boiled in broe ; mother, mak my bed soon ;  
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wad lie doun.”

“ What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my  
son ?

What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young  
man ?”

“ Oh, they swelled and they dee’d ; mother, mak my  
bed soon ;  
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wad lie doun.”

“ Oh, I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son !  
Oh, I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man !”  
“ Oh, yes I am poisoned ; mother, mak my bed soon ;  
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie doun ?” \*

\* From the Border Minstrelsy. This very affecting ballad, which is sung to a fine air, seems to be one of those legends which appear in different shapes, but with the same general frame-work, in all the countries of Europe. The following is a nursery version, common in this country :

#### THE CROODLIN DOO. [COOING PIGEON.]

Oh, whaur hae ye been a’ the day,  
My little wee croodlin doo ?  
Oh, I’ve been at my grandmother’s,  
Mak my bed, mammie, noo !

Oh, what gat ye at your grandmother’s,  
My little wee croodlin doo ?  
I got a bonnie wee fishie,  
Mak my bed, mammie, noo !

Oh, whaur did she catch the fishie,  
My bonnie wee croodlin doo ?  
She catch’d it in the gutter-hole,  
Mak my bed, mammie, noo.

And what did she do wi’ the fish,  
My little wee croodlin doo ?  
She boiled it in a brass pan ;  
Oh, mak my bed, mammie, noo.

And what did ye do wi' the banes o't,  
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?  
I gied them to my little dog;  
Mak my bed, mammie, noo.

And what did your little doggie do,  
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?  
He stretched out his head, his feet, and dee'd,  
And so will I, mammie, noo!

Mr Jamieson, in his ingenious disquisition upon Northern Ballads, (Illus. Nor. Ant. 4to, p. 519,) gives, from the recitation of an English gentleman, the commencement of a Suffolk version:

“Where have you been to-day, Billy, my son?  
Where have you been to-day, my only man?”  
“I've been a wooing, mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down.”

“What have you ate to-day, Billy, my son?  
What have you ate to-day, my only man?”  
“I've ate an eel-pie, mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm sick at the heart, and shall die before noon.”

Mr Jamieson also translates, as follows, a German popular ditty, entitled *Grossmutter Schlangenkoechin*, i. e. Grandmother Adder-cook.

Maria, what room have you been in—Maria, my only child?  
I've been with my grandmother—Alas, lady mother, what pain!  
What has she given thee to eat—Maria, &c.  
She has given me fried fishes—Alas, &c.  
Where did she catch the little fishes—Maria, &c.  
She caught them in the kitchen garden—Alas, &c.  
With what did she catch the little fishes—Maria, &c.  
She caught them with rods and little sticks—Alas, &c.  
What did she do with the rest of the fishes—Maria, &c.  
She gave it to her little dark-brown dog—Alas, &c.  
And what became of the dark-brown dog—Maria, &c.  
It burst into a thousand pieces—Alas, &c.  
Maria, where shall I make thy bed—Maria, my only child?  
In the churchyard shalt thou make my bed—Alas, lady mother, what pain!

“That any one of these Scottish, English, and German copies of the same tale,” Mr Jamieson next remarks, “has been borrowed or translated from another, seems very improbable; and it would now be vain to attempt to ascertain what it originally was, or in what age it was produced. It has had the great good fortune in every country, to get possession of the nursery, a circumstance which, from the enthusiasm and curiosity of young imaginations, and the communicative volubility of little tongues, has insured its preservation. Indeed, many curious relics of past times are preserved in the rhymes and games of children, which are, on that account, by no means beneath the notice of the curious traveller, who will be surprised to find, after the lapse of so many ages, and so many changes of place, language, and manners, how little these differ among different nations of the same original stock, who have been so long divided and estranged from each other. As an illustration of this, we give the following child's song to the lady-bird, which is commonly sung while this pretty insect is perched on the top of the fore-finger, and danced up and down. Every child knows the English rhyme,

## EDWARD, EDWARD.\*

“ WHY does your brand sae drap wi’ blude,†  
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drap wi’ blude,  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?”

“ O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude,  
Mother, mother:

“ Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, and your children at home, &c.

“ The German children have it much more perfect, as well as much prettier, the English having preserved only the second stanza in their address:

“ Marienwürmchen, setze dich  
Auf meine hand, auf meine hand;  
Ich thu dir nichts zu Leide.  
Es soll dir nichts zu Leide geschehn,  
Will nur deine bunte Flügel sehn,  
Bunte Flügel, meine Freude.

“ Marienwürmchen, fliege weg,  
Dein Häschen brennt, die Kinder schrein,  
So sehre, wie so sehre.  
Die böse Spinne spinnt sie ein,  
Marienwürmchen; flieg hinein,  
Deine Kinder schreien sehre.

“ Marienwürmchen, flieg hin  
Zu Nachbars Kind, zu Nachbars Kind,  
Sie thun dir nichts zu Leide;  
Es soll dir da kein Leid geschehn,  
Sie wollen deine bunte Flügel sehn,  
Und grüss sie alle beyde.”

\* This terrific ballad was published by Dr Percy, from a manuscript which was transmitted to him, from Scotland, by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes). One somewhat similar, but substituting “ Son Davie, son Davie,” for “ Edward, Edward,” has since been printed in Motherwell’s Collection; and as Edward is a name not native to Scotland, and which never occurs in Scottish poetry, that editor has suggested that his version is the true original ballad, while Dr Percy’s has undergone revisions. Without entering into the merits of the case, Dr Percy’s has here been given merely as the finer composition of the two.

† “ Edward, Edward,” like all other ballads in Dr Percy’s work, is printed with an affected kind of orthography—thus:

“ Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi’ bluid.”

But it is here reduced to a mode of spelling more consistent with the orthoepy of the modern ordinary language of Scotland. Since the ballad was only recovered from tradition about the middle of the last century, it seems necessary that it should have an appearance conforming to that era, rather than to any other.

O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude :  
 And I hae nae mair but he, O."

" Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
 Edward, Edward :

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
 My dear son, I tell thee, O."

" O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
 Mother, mother :

O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
 That was sae fair and free, O."

" Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
 Edward, Edward :

Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair ;  
 Some other dule ye drie, O."

" O, I hae killed my father dear,  
 Mother, mother :

O, I hae killed my father dear,  
 Alas ! and woe is me, O !"

" And whatten penance will ye drie for that,  
 Edward, Edward ?

And whatten penance will ye drie for that ?  
 My dear son, now tell me, O."

" I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
 Mother, mother :

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
 And I'll fare over the sea, O."

" And what will ye do wi' your touirs and your ha',  
 Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye do wi' your touirs and your ha',  
 That were sae fair to see, O ?"

" I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
 Mother, mother :

I'll let them stand till they doun fa' ;  
 For here never mair maun I be, O."

“ And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
When ye gang ower the sea, O ?”

“ The world’s room : let them beg through life,  
Mother, mother :

The world’s room : let them beg through life ;  
For them never mair will I see, O.”

“ And what will you leave to your ain mother dear,  
Edward, Edward ?

And what will you leave to your ain mother dear ?  
My dear son, now tell me, O.”

“ The curse of hell frae me ye shall beir,  
Mother, mother :

The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir ;  
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O !”

### HUGHIE GRAHAM.

OUR lords are to the hunting gane,  
A-hunting o’ the fallow deer ;  
And they have grippit Hughie Graham,  
For stealing o’ the bishop’s meare.\*

And they have tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up through Stirling toun ;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried, “ Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.”

“ O lowse my richt hand free,” he says,  
“ And put my braid sword in the same ;  
He’s no in Stirling toun this day,  
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.”

\* Mare.



Then up bespak the brave Whitefoord,  
 As he sat by the bishop's knee ;  
 " Five hundred white stots\* I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free."

" O haud your tongue," the bishop says,  
 ; " And wi' your pleading let me be ;  
 For though ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 Hughie Graham this day shall dee."

Up then bespak the fair Whitefoord,  
 As she sat by the bishop's knee :  
 " Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me."

" O haud your tongue, now, lady fair,  
 And wi' your pleading let it be ;  
 Were he but the one Graham of the name,  
 He suld be hangit high for me."

They've taen him to the Gallows-knowe :  
 He lookit to the gallows tree ;  
 Yet never colour left his cheek,  
 Nor ever did he blink his ee.

At length he lookit round about,  
 To see whatever he could spy ;  
 And there he saw his auld father,  
 And he was weeping bitterly.

" O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
 And wi' your weeping let it be.  
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart  
 Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John  
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear ;  
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
 And see me pay the bishop's meare.

And ye may gie my brother James  
 My sword that's bent in the middle broun ;  
 And bid him come at four o'clock,  
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggie, my wife,  
 The neist time ye gang ower the muir :  
 Tell her she stawe the bishop's meare ;  
 Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,  
 I never did disgrace their blood ;  
 And, when they meet the bishop's cloak,  
 To mak it shorter by the hood."\*

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, to which it was contributed by Burns. Mr Cromek has preserved the following note, by the poet, on the subject.

" There are several editions of this ballad. This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song. It originally had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten."

Burns, Mr Cromek adds, did not choose to be perfectly candid in making this statement; the third and eighth stanzas being entirely his own composition, while the ninth and tenth were corrected by him.—*Select Scottish Songs*, ii, 151.

In the present copy, one half stanza—the second portion of the seventh—is borrowed from an edition in the Border Minstrelsy, where the hero is represented as suffering at Carlisle; a version somewhat inferior in point of poetry and pathos, to the present, but which is probably less corrupted by modern taste. Sir Walter Scott has made it appear, in the notes to his copy, that the bishop whose mare occasioned the catastrophe, was Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and that Hughie Graham was one of the clan Graeme, who dwelt on what is called the Debateable Land, near the Frith of Solway, a restless and predatory tribe, whose policy it was to fight in the interest of England or Scotland, precisely as either of these courses happened to be consistent with their own interest.

## CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

THE Laird of Roslin's daughter,  
 Walked through the wood her lane;  
 And by cam Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.  
 He said unto his serving man,  
 "Were t not against the law,  
 I wad tak her to my ain bed,  
 And lay her neist the wa'."

"I am walking here alane," she says,  
 "Among my father's trees;  
 And you must let me walk alone,  
 Kind sir, now, if you please:  
 The supper bell it will be rung,  
 And I'll be missed awa;  
 Sae I winna lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

He says, "My pretty lady,  
 I pray, lend me your hand,  
 And ye'll hae drums and trumpets,  
 Always at your command;  
 And fifty men to guard you with,  
 That well their swords can draw;  
 Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,  
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Haud awa frae me," she said,  
 "And pray let gae my hand:  
 The supper bell it will be rung;  
 I can nae langer stand;  
 My father he will angry be,  
 Gin I be missed awa;  
 Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,  
 "I pray tell me your name?"  
 "My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.  
 Though thy father and his men were here,  
 O' them I'd have nae awe;  
 But wad tak you to my ain bed,  
 And lay you neist the wa'."

He lichtit aff his milk-white steed,  
 And set this lady on;  
 And, a' the way he walked on foot,  
 He held her by the hand.  
 He held her by the middle jimp,  
 For fear that she should fa',  
 To tak her to his ain bed,  
 And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;  
 His landlady looked ben;  
 Says, "Mony a pretty lady  
 In Edinbruch I've seen;  
 But sic a lovely face as thine  
 In it I never saw;  
 Gae mak her down a down-bed,  
 And lay her at the wa'."

"O haud away frae me," she says;  
 "I pray you let me be;  
 I winna gang into your bed,  
 Till ye dress me dishes three:  
 Dishes three ye maun dress me,  
 Gin I should eat them a',  
 Afore that I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

It's ye maun get to my supper  
 A cherry without a stane;

And ye maun get to my supper,  
 A chicken without a bane;  
 And ye maun get to my supper  
 A bird without a ga';  
 Or I winna lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

"It's when the cherry is in the blume,  
 I'm sure it has nae stane;  
 And when the chicken's in the egg,  
 I wat it has nae bane;  
 And, sin' the flood o' Noah,  
 The doo she had nae ga';  
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man," she says,  
 "Nor that gate me perplex;  
 For ye maun tell me questions yet,  
 And that is questions six:  
 Questions six ye'll tell to me,  
 And that is three times twa,  
 Afore I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

What's greener than the greenest grass?  
 What's hicher than the trees?  
 What's waur nor an ill woman's wish?  
 What's deeper than the seas?  
 What bird sings first? and whereupon  
 First doth the dew down fa'?  
 Ye sall tell afore I lay me down,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

"Vergris is greener than the grass;  
 Heaven's hicher than the trees;  
 The deil's waur nor a woman's wish;  
 Hell's deeper than the seas;

The cock crows first ; on cedar tap  
 The dew down first doth fa' ;  
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

" O haud your tongue, young man," she says,  
 " And gie your fleechin ower ;  
 Unless ye find me ferlies,  
 And that is ferlies four ;  
 Ferlies four ye maun find me,  
 And that is twa and twa ;  
 Or I'll never lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

It's ye maun get to me a plum  
 That in December grew ;  
 And ye maun get a silk mantel,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through ;  
 A sparrow's horn ; a priest unborn,  
 This night to join us twa ;  
 Or I'll nae lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

" My father he has winter fruit,  
 That in December grew ;  
 My mother has an Indian gown,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through ;  
 A sparrow's horn is quickly found ;  
 There's ane on every claw,  
 And twa upon the neb o' him ;  
 And ye shall get them a'.

The priest, he's standing at the door,  
 Just ready to come in ;  
 Nae man can say that he was born,  
 Nae man, unless he sin ;  
 A wild boar tore his mother's side,  
 He out o' it did fa' ;

Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
And ye'll lie neist the wa'."

Little kened Girzie Sinclair,  
That morning when she rase,  
That this wad be the hindermost  
O' a' her maiden days.  
But now there's no within the realm,  
I think, a blyther twa ;  
And they baith lie in ae bed,  
And she lies neist the wa'.\*

~~~~~

### KEMPY KAYE.†

KEMPY KAYE'S a-wooving gane,  
Far far ayont the sea ;  
And he has met with an auld auld man,  
His gude-father to be.

"Gae scrape yoursell, and gae scart yoursell,  
And mak your bruchty face clean,  
For Kempy Kaye's to be here the nicht,  
Or else the morn at e'en.

What's the matter wi' you, my fair maiden,  
You look sae pale and wan ?  
I'm sure ye was once the fairest maiden  
That ever the sun shined on."

\* 'This very ingenious and amusing poem, which has long been popular all over Scotland, first appeared in "the New British Songster," a collection published at Falkirk in 1785. The present copy is taken directly from Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," with the advantage of being collated with one taken from recitation by Mr Kinloch.

† From the Ballad Book, published in 1824 by Mr Sharpe ; who adds the following note :

"My learned readers will perceive this song to be of Scandinavian origin, and that the wooer's name was probably suggested by Sir Kaye's of the Round Table, whose lady failed to prove her chastity in the troublesome affair of the mantle. The description of Bengoleer's daughter resembles that of the enchanted damsel who appeared to courteous King Henrie."

Sae they scrapit her, and scartit her,  
 Like the face of an assy pan ;  
 And in cam Kempy Kaye himself,  
 A clever and tall young man.

His teeth they were like tether stakes ;  
 His nose was three feet lang ;  
 Between his shoulders was ells three,  
 Between his een a span.

“ I’m come to court your dochter dear,  
 And some part o’ your gear.”  
 “ And, by my sooth,” quo’ Bangoleer,  
 “ She’ll serve a man o’ weir.\*

My dochter she’s a thrifty lass ;  
 She span seven year to me ;  
 And if it were weel countit up,  
 Full ten wobs it would be.”

He led his dochter by the hand ;  
 His dochter ben brocht he ;  
 “ O, is not she the fairest lass,  
 That’s in great Christendie ?”

Ilka hair intil her head  
 Was like a heather cowe ; †  
 And ilka louse aninder it  
 Was like a brucket yowe. ‡

She had lauchty teeth, and kaily lips,  
 And wide lugs fu’ o’ hair ;  
 Her pouches, fu’ o’ peasemeal daigh, §  
 Were hinging doun her spair. ||

\* War.

† A stalk of heath.

‡ A ewe whose wool is discoloured by the sun.

§ Dough.

|| Groin.



Ilka ee intil her head  
 Was like a rotten ploom ;  
 And doun doun browit was the quean,  
 And sairly did she gloom.

Ilka nail upon her hand  
 Was like an iron rake ;  
 And ilka teeth intil her head  
 Was like a tether stake.

She gied to him a gay gravat,  
 O' the auld horse's sheet ;  
 And he gied her a gay gold ring,  
 O' the auld kipple reet.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

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### KATHERINE JANFARIE.†

THERE was a may, and a weel-faured may,  
 Lived high up in yon glen ;  
 Her name was Katherine Janfarie :  
 She was courted by mony men.

\* The root of the old rafter.

† The scenery of this ballad is said, by tradition, to lie upon the banks of the Cadden water, a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford. By another account, Katherine Janfarie resided in the Glen, a beautiful and sequestered vale, connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The present version of the ballad is composed out of three different copies, which are to be found in the Border Minstrelsy, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, and Buchan's Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads; a very few verbal alterations being made throughout, to cause the various passages to correspond. The ballad derives an external interest, from the circumstance of its having given the hint of Sir Walter Scott's spirited ballad of "Lochinvar."

Doun cam the Laird o' Lamington,\*  
 Doun from his ain countrie;  
 And he is for this bonnie lass,  
 Her bridegroom for to be.

He has courted her, and courted her,  
 For a twelvemonth and a day;  
 Till, wi' flattering words and fair speeches,  
 He stole her heart away.

He tauld na her father, he tauld na her mother,  
 He tauld nane o' her kin;  
 But he whispered the bonnie lass hersell,  
 And did her favour win.

But doun then came an English lord,  
 Doun from the English Border,  
 All for to court this bonnie may,  
 Weil mounted, and in order.

He has courted her from father and mother,  
 And a' the lave o' her kin;  
 But he never asked the lass hersell,  
 Till on her wedding e'en.

"Prepare, prepare, my daughter dear,"  
 Her father 'gan to say;  
 "For the nicht it is good Wednesday night,  
 And the morn is your wedding-day."

"Oh, tell me, tell me, father," she said,  
 "Oh, tell me wha it's wi';  
 For I'll never wed a man on earth,  
 Till I know what he be."

\* In Sir Walter Scott's version, the name of the favoured lover is Lord Lauderdale; that of the rejected one, Lord Lochinvar. In the present edition, the title of the first person is adopted from Mr Motherwell's copy, and that of the other from Mr Buchan's.

“ He is a lord from the Border-side,  
 From North England, I mean ;  
 And when he lichtet at my yetts,  
 His style was Lord Lymington.”

“ O where will I get a bonnie boy,  
 Will win baith meit and fee ;  
 And will rin on to Lamington,  
 And come again to me ?”

“ O here am I, a bonnie boy,  
 Wad win baith hose and shoen ;  
 And will rin on to Lamington,  
 And come richt sune again.”

“ Where ye find the brigs broken,  
 Ye maun bend your bow and swim ;  
 And where you find the grass growing,  
 Ye maun slack your bow and rin.

And when ye come to Lamington,  
 Bide not to chap or ca' ;  
 But set your bent bow to your breist,  
 And lichtly loup the wa'.

Bid him mind the words that he last spoke,  
 When we sindered on the lee ;  
 And bid him saddle, and ride full fast,  
 If he be set for me.”

Where'er he fand the brigs broken,  
 He bent his bow and swam ;  
 Where'er he fand the grass growing,  
 He slacked his bow and ran.

And when he cam to Lamington,  
 He did neither chap nor ca' ;

But set his bent bow to his breist,  
And lightly lap the wa'.

“What news, what news, my bonnie boy?  
What news hae ye to me?”  
“Bad news, bad news, my lord,” he said;  
“Your lady awa will be.

Ye're bidden mind the words ye last spak,  
When ye sindered on the lee;  
Ye're bidden saddle and ride full fast,  
Gif set for her ye be.”

O he has sent a messenger  
Right quickly through the land,  
And four-and-twenty armed men  
Were sune at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
And she was aware of her first true love,  
With riders many a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,  
Upon her wedding-day;  
And said, “It was the Fairy Court,  
To see him in array!”

But he has left his merry-men all;  
He left them on the lee;  
And he's awa to the wedding-house,  
To see what he could see.

When he cam to the wedding-house,  
And there had lichtit down,  
The cups of gold, with good red wine,  
Were going roun' and roun'.

When he gaed into the wedding-house,  
 As I do understand,  
 There were four-and-twenty belted knights,  
 Sat at a table round.\*

They all rose up to honour him ;  
 For he was of high renown ;  
 They all rose up to welcome him,  
 And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the gude red wine,  
 In silver cups did flow ;  
 But aye she drank to Lamington,  
 For with him she would go.

O meikle was the gude red wine,  
 In silver cups gaed round :  
 At length they began to whisper words ;  
 None could them understand.

When Lymington did call on her,  
 She wadna come ava ;  
 But when Lamington did whisper her,  
 She was na sweer to draw.

“ Now, cam ye here for sport ? ” they said,  
 “ Or cam ye here for play ?  
 Or for a sicht of our bonnie bride,  
 And then to boune your way ? ”

“ I came not here for sport, ” he said ;  
 “ Nor did I come for play ;  
 But for one word of your bonnie bride,  
 I'll mount and go away. ”

They set her maids behind her back,  
 To hear what they should say ;

\* \* This seems an allusion to the ancient sport of the Round Table.

But the first question he asked her,  
 Was always answered nay ;  
 The next question he asked her,  
 Was, " Mount and come away."

It is a glass o' the blude-red wine,  
 Was filled up them between,  
 And aye she drank to Lamington,  
 Who her true love had been.

He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve ;  
 He's mounted her hie behind himsell,  
 At her kinsmen speired nae leave.

" Now take your bride, Lord Lymington !  
 Now take her, if you may !  
 But, if you take your bride again,  
 We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,  
 A' clad in Johnstone-grey ;\*  
 They said they would take the bride again,  
 By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were richt willing men ;  
 But they were na willing a' ;  
 And four-and-twenty Leader lads  
 Bade them mount and ride awa.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,  
 And swords flew frae the shea's ;  
 And red and rosy was the blude  
 Ran down the lilye braes.

The blood ran down by Cadden bank,  
 And down by Cadden brae ;

\* Johnstone-grey—the livery of the ancient Border family of Johnstone.

And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,  
 " Oh, wae's me for foul play !"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing !

Wae to your wilfu' will !

There's mony a gallant gentleman,  
 Whase blude ye hae garr'd spill.

Now, a' ye English gentlemen,

That are of England born,

Come never here to seek a wife,  
 For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,

Till, on your wedding day,

They'll gie ye frogs instead o' fish,

And play ye foul foul play.

~~~~~  
 GLENLOGIE.\*

Four-and-twenty nobles sits in the king's ha' ;  
 Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower amang them a'.

In cam Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,  
 And she has chosen Glenlogie amang a' that was there.

She turned to his footman, and thus she did say :

" Oh, what is his name, and where does he stay ?"

" His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home.

He is of the gay Gordons ; † his name it is John."

† From " The Ballad Book," 1824.

† The Gordons, who form a numerous and most respectable clan in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, are, or were, always styled, in popular parlance, " the gay Gordons," probably from peculiarity of character.

" He turned about lichtly, as the Gordons does a',"

“Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,  
My love is laid on you: I’m telling my mind.”

He turned about lichtly, as the Gordons does a’.  
“I thank you, Lady Jean; my love’s promised awa.”

She called on her maidens, her bed for to make;  
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.

In cam Jeanie’s father; a wae man was he;  
Says, “I’ll wed you to Drumfendrich; he has mair  
gold than he.”

Her father’s own chaplain, being a man of great skill,  
He wrote him a letter—indited it well.

The first line he looked at, a licht lauch lauched he;  
But, ere he read through it, the tears blinded his ee.

Oh, pale and wan looked she when Glenlogie came in;  
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat down.

“Turn round, Jeanie Melville; turn round to this side,  
And I’ll be the bridegroom, and you’ll be the bride.”

Oh, it was a merry wedding, and the portion doun told,  
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years  
old!

seems to indicate, that they were characterised by a certain levity of carriage which did not attach to their neighbours. For further notice of the peculiar adjectives by which the principal old families in Scotland were formerly characterised, the editor may make reference to a former publication, entitled “The Popular Rhymes of Scotland.”



## THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.\*

### PART FIRST.

O I WILL sing to you a sang,  
 Will grieve your heart full sair;  
 How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford  
 Have to learn some unco lear.†

They hadna oeen in fair Parish,‡  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love  
 Wi' the Mayor's dauchters twae.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,  
 The ladies sewed and sang;  
 There was mair mirth in that chamber,  
 Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word's gane to the mighty Mayor,  
 As he sailed on the sea,  
 That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans  
 O' his fair dauchters twae.

“ If they hae wranged my twa dauchters,  
 Janet and Marjorie,  
 The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,  
 Hie hangit they shall be.”

\* This singularly wild and beautiful old ballad is chiefly taken from the recitation of the editor's grandmother; (who learned it, when a girl, nearly seventy years ago, from a Miss Anne Gray, resident at Neidpath Castle, Peebles-shire;) some additional stanzas, and a few various readings, being adopted from a less perfect, and far less poetical copy, published in Mr Buchan's "Ancient and Modern Ballads," and from a fragment in the Border Minstrelsy, entitled, "The Wife of Usher's Well," but which is evidently the same narrative.

† Learning.

‡ Paris.

And word's gane to the Clerk himsell,  
 As he was drinking wine,  
 That his twa sons at fair Parish  
 Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,  
 And she spak tenderlie :  
 " O tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,  
 Or even tak ye three ;  
 And if ye canna get William,  
 Bring Henry hame to me."

O sweetly sang the nightingale,  
 As she sat on the wand ;  
 But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,  
 As he gaed in the strand.

When he came to their prison strang,  
 He rade it round about,  
 And at a little shot-window,  
 His sons were looking out.

" O lie ye there, my sons," he said,  
 " For owsen or for kye ? \*  
 Or what is it that ye lie for,  
 Sae sair bound as ye lie ?"

" We lie not here for owsen, father ;  
 Nor yet do we for kye ;  
 But it's for a little o' dear-boucht love,  
 Sae sair bound as we lie.

Oh, borrow us, borrow us, † father," they said,  
 " For the luvè we bear to thee !"  
 " O never fear, my pretty sons,  
 Weel borrowed ye sall be."

\* Oxen or cows.

† Ransom.

Then he's gane to the mighty Mayor,  
 And he spak' courteouslie :  
 " Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,  
 Either for gold or fee ?  
 Or will ye be sae gude a man,  
 As grant them baith to me ?"

" I'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives,  
 Neither for gold nor fee ;  
 Nor will I be sae gude a man,  
 As gie them baith to thee ;  
 But before the morn at twal o'clock,  
 Ye'll see them hangit hie !"

Ben it came the Mayor's daughters,  
 Wi' kirtle coat, alone ;  
 Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,  
 As they tripped on the stone.

" Will ye gie us our loves, father,  
 For gold, or yet for fee ?  
 Or will ye take our own sweet lives,  
 And let our true loves be ?"

He's taen a whip into his hand,  
 And lashed them wondrous sair :  
 " Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmers ;  
 Ye'se never see them mair."

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford ;  
 A sorry man was he :  
 " Gang to your bowirs, ye lilye flouirs ;  
 For a' this maunna be."

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry :  
 " Come here, Janet, to me ;  
 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
 And love, as I gae thee ?"

“ Ye sall hae your faith and troth,  
 Wi' God's blessing and mine.”  
 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,  
 Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William,  
 “ Come here, sweet Marjorie ;  
 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
 And love, as I gae thee ?”

“ Yes, ye sall hae your faith and troth,  
 Wi' God's blessing and mine.”  
 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,  
 Her father looking on.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ O ye'll tak aff your twa black hats,  
 Lay them down on a stone,  
 That nane may ken that ye are clerks,  
 Till ye are putten down.”\*

The bonnie clerks they died that morn ;  
 Their loves died lang ere noon ;  
 And the waefu' Clerk o' Owsenford  
 To his lady has gane hame.

#### PART SECOND.†

His lady sat on her castle wa',  
 Beholding dale and doun ;

\* Put to death.

† The editor has been induced to divide this ballad into two parts, on account of the great superiority of what follows over what goes before, and because the latter portion is in a great measure independent of the other, so far as sense is concerned. The first part is composed of the Peebles-shire version, mingled with that of the northern editor : the second is formed of the Peebles-shire version, mingled with the fragment called “ the Wife of

And there she saw her ain gude lord  
Come walking to the toun.

“Ye’re welcome, ye’re welcome, my ain gude lord,  
Ye’re welcome hame to me;  
But where-away are my twa sons?  
Ye suld hae brought them wi’ ye.”

“O they are putten to a deeper lear,  
And to a higher scule:  
Your ain twa sons will no be hame  
Till the hallow days o’ Yule.”\*

“Oh sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed;  
And, dule, come lay me down;  
For I will neither eat nor drink,  
Nor set a fit on groun’!”

The hallow days o’ Yule were come,  
And the nights were lang and mirk,  
When in and cam her ain twa sons,  
And their hats made o’ the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheuch;  
But at the gates o’ Paradise  
That birk grew fair eneuch.

“Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,  
Bring water from the well;  
For a’ my house shall feast this night,  
Since my twa sons are well.

Usher’s Well.” Here, as in almost all other cases, the south country copies greatly exceed that of the northern province in poetical merit. There are few tales, indeed, which possess the dramatic effect and deep pathos of the Second Part of this ballad.

\* The holidays of Christmas.

O eat and drink, my merry-men a',  
 The better shall ye fare ;  
 For my two sons they are come hame  
 To me for evermair."

And she has gane and made their bed,  
 She's made it saft and fine ;  
 And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,  
 Because they were her ain.\*

But the young cock crew in the merry Linkum,  
 And the wild fowl chirped for day ;  
 And the aulder to the younger said,  
 " Brother, we maun away.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,  
 The channerin † worm doth chide ;  
 Gin we be missed out o' our place,  
 A sair pain we maun bide."

" Lie still, lie still a little wee while,  
 Lie still but if we may ;  
 Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,  
 She'll gae mad ere it be day."

\* \* \* \* \*

O it's they've taen up their mother's mantil,  
 And they've hung it on a pin :  
 " O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,  
 Ere ye hap us again."

\* Variation in the Border Minstrelsy :

And she has made to them a bed ;  
 She's made it large and wide ;  
 And she's taen her mantel her about,  
 Sat down at the bed side.

† Fretting.

**SCOTTISH BALLADS.**

---

**PART FOURTH.**

**Imitations**

**OF**

**The Ancient Ballads.**

SCOTTISH BALLADS.

---

PART FOURTH.

Finlandia

OR

The Ancient Ballads.



# SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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## PART FOURTH.

### Imitations

OF

### The Ancient Ballads.

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#### SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,  
Of high and warlike name,  
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,  
That crowns the mountain's brow ;  
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,  
A firm undaunted band ;  
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,  
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,  
 Against the English keen,  
 Ere two and twenty opening springs  
 This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,  
 A maid of beauty rare;  
 Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne  
 Was never half so fair.

Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,  
 With seeming scorn and pride;  
 Yet aft her eyes confessed the love  
 Her fearful words denied.

At last she blessed his well-tried faith,  
 Allowed his tender claim:  
 She vowed to him her virgin heart,  
 And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
 Their passion disapproved;  
 And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,  
 And leave the youth she loved.

Ae nicht they met, as they were wont,  
 Deep in a shady wood,  
 Where, on a bank beside the burne,  
 A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,  
 The crafty Donald lay,  
 The brother of Sir John the Graeme,  
 To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began: " My sire  
 Your passion disapproves,

And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme ;  
 So here must end our loves.

My father's will must be obeyed ;  
 Nocht boots me to withstand ;  
 Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,  
 Must bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,  
 And from thy mind effaced :  
 But may that happiness be thine,  
 Which I can never taste."

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"  
 Sir James the Rose replied:  
 "And will Matilda wed the Graeme,  
 Though sworn to be my bride?"

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart  
 Than reave me of thy charms."  
 Then clasped her to his beating breast,  
 Fast locked into his arms.

"I spake to try thy love," she said ;  
 "I'll ne'er wed man but thee :  
 My grave shall be my bridal bed,  
 Ere Graeme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,  
 In witness of my troth ;  
 And every plague become my lot,  
 That day I break my oath!"

They parted thus : the sun was set :  
 Up hasty Donald flies ;  
 And, "Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!"  
 He loud insulting cries.

Soon turned about the fearless chief,  
 And soon his sword he drew ;  
 For Donald's blade, before his breast,  
 Had pierced his tartans through.

“ This for my brother's slighted love ;  
 His wrongs sit on my arm.”  
 Three paces back the youth retired,  
 And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared,  
 Frae Donald's head above,  
 And through the brain and crashing bones  
 His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,  
 A lump of breathless clay :  
 “ So fall my foes !” quoth valiant Rose,  
 And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,  
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;  
 And at Matilda's window stood,  
 And thus began to call :

“ Art thou asleep, Matilda dear ?  
 Awake, my love, awake !  
 Thy luckless lover on thee calls,  
 A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme ;  
 His blood is on my sword :  
 And distant are my faithful men,  
 Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,  
 Where my twa brothers bide,

And raise the valiant of the Isles,  
To combat on my side."

"O do not so," the maid replies;  
"With me till morning stay;  
For dark and dreary is the night,  
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch you in the park;  
My faithful page I'll send,  
To run and raise the Ross's clan,  
Their master to defend."

Beneath a bush he laid him down,  
And wrapped him in his plaid;  
While, trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,  
Till, in a lowly glen,  
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,  
With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page," he said,  
"So late who did thee send?"

"I go to raise the Ross's clan,  
Their master to defend:

For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme;  
His blood is on his sword:

And far, far distant are his men,  
That should assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"  
The furious Graeme replies:

"Dishonour blast my name, but he  
By me, ere morning, dies!

Tell me where is Sir James the Rose ;  
I will thee well reward."

" He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park ;  
Matilda is his guard."

They spurred their steeds in furious mood,  
And scoured along the lee ;  
They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers,  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate ;  
To whom the Graeme did say,  
" Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night ?  
Or did he pass this way ?"

" Last day, at noon," Matilda said,  
" Sir James the Rose passed by :  
He furious pricked his sweaty steed,  
And onward fast did hie.

By this he is at Edinburgh,  
If horse and man hold good."  
" Your page, then, lied, who said he was  
Now sleeping in the wood."

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair :  
" Brave Rose, thou art betrayed ;  
And ruined by those means," she cried,  
" From whence I hoped thine aid !"

By this the valiant knight awoke ;  
The virgin's shrieks he heard ;  
And up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appeared.

" Your sword last night my brother slew ;  
His blood yet dims its shine :

And, ere the setting of the sun,  
Your blood shall reek on mine."

"You word it well," the chief replied;  
"But deeds approve the man:  
Set by your hand, and, hand to hand,  
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart;  
My weighty sword you fear,  
Which shone in front of Flodden-field,  
When you kept in the rear."

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dared him to the fight:  
Then Graeme gave back, and feared his arm;  
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword:  
But still he scorned the poor revenge,  
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,  
And wounded him in the side:  
Out spouting came the purple tide,  
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword not quat the grip,  
Nor dropt he to the ground,  
Till through his enemy's heart his steel  
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay;  
And down beside him sank the Rose,  
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall :  
 " Oh, spare his life !" she cried ;  
 " Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life ;  
 Let her not be denied !"

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;  
 He raised his death-closed eyes,  
 And fixed them on the weeping maid,  
 And weakly thus replies :

" In vain Matilda begs the life,  
 By death's arrest denied :  
 My race is run—adieu, my love"—  
 Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side  
 With frantic hand he drew :  
 " I come, Sir James the Rose," she cried ;  
 " I come to follow you !"

She leaned the hilt against the ground,  
 And bared her snowy breast ;  
 Then fell upon her lover's face,  
 And sunk to endless rest.\*

\* This very beautiful ballad was written upon the story of an old one of the same name, which is given, as follows, in "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads, Peterhead, 1825."

O heard ye o' Sir James the Rose,  
 The young heir o' Buleichan,  
 For he has killed a gallant squire,  
 Whase friends are out to tak him.

Now he's gane to the house o' Mar,  
 Whar nane micht seek to find him ;  
 To see his dear he did repair,  
 Weening she might befriend him.

" Whar are ye gaun, Sir James ?" she said  
 " O wharawa are ye riding ?"  
 " I maun be bound to a foreign land,  
 And now I'm under hiding.

Whar sall I gae, whar sall I rin,  
 Whar sall I rin to stay me ?



## THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE'S a maid has sat o' the green merse side,  
Thae ten lang years and mair ;

For I hae killed a gallant squire,  
And his friends seek to slay me."

" O gae ye doun to yon laigh house ;  
I sall pay there your lawin ;  
And as I am your leman true,  
I'll meet you at the dawing."

He turned him richt and round about,  
And rowed him in his brechan ;  
And laid him doun to tak a sleep,  
In the lawlands o' Buleichan.

He was na weel gane out o' sicht,  
Nor was he past Milstrethen,  
When four and twenty beltit knichts  
Cam riding ower the Lethan.

" O hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir o' Buleichan ?  
For he has killed a gallant squire,  
And we are sent to tak him."

" Yes, I hae seen Sir James," she said ;  
" He passed by here on Monday ;  
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He's past the Heichts o' Lundie."

But as wi' speed they rode away,  
She loudly cried behind them,  
" Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meed,  
I'll tell ye whar to find him."

" O tell, fair maid, and, on our band,  
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."  
" He's in the bank abune the mill,  
In the lawlands o' Buleichan."

Then out and spak Sir John the Graeme,  
Wha had the charge a-keeping,  
" It's ne'er be said, my stalwart feres,  
We killed him when a-sleeping."

They seized his braidsword and his targe,  
And closely him surrounded :  
" O mercy, me cy, gentlemen !"  
He then fu' loudly sounded.

And, every first nicht o' the new mune,  
She kames her yellow hair.

And ay, while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,  
Fu' sweit she sings and hie ;  
Till the fairest bird in the green wood  
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,  
Or gangs the fair dame te, †  
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,  
Nor waukens an earthlie ee.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,  
I' the first come o' the mune,  
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,  
A-kaming her silk locks down.

“ Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall hae ;  
On nathing less we reckon.”  
“ Donald, my man, wait till I fa',  
And ye sall get my brechan :  
Ye'll get my purse, though fu' o' gowd,  
To tak me to Loch Lagan.”

Syne they took out his bleeding heart,  
And set it on a speir ;  
Then took it to the house o' Mar,  
And showed it to his deir.

“ We couldna gie ye Sir James's purse,  
Nor yet could we his brechan ;  
But ye sall hae his bleeding heart,  
But and his bloody tartan.”

“ Sir James the Rose, Oh, for thy sake,  
My heart is now a-breaking ;  
Cursed be the day I wrocht thy wae,  
Thou brave heir o' Buleichan !”

Then up she rase, and furth she gaes ;  
And, in that hour o' tein,\*  
She wandered to the dowie glen,  
And never mair was seen.

\* Excessive grief.

† To.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,  
 Her hand like new-won milk;  
 Her bosom was like the snawy curd,  
 In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks ower her white shoulders,  
 A fleece baith wide and lang;  
 And, ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,  
 She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,  
 The birds forhood\* their young,  
 And they flew i' the gate o' the grey howlet,  
 To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,  
 O' sweetness it was sae fu',  
 The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,  
 And dichtit his red-wat mou.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,  
 Red lowed the new-woke moon;  
 The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan tap,  
 Sax miles round that maiden.

“I hae dwalt on the Nith,” quo' the young Cowehill,  
 “Thae twenty years and three;  
 But the sweetest sang I ever heard  
 Comes through the greenwood to me.

O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips,  
 That maks sic melody?  
 It wad wyle† the lark frae the morning lift,  
 And weel may it wyle me!”

\* Forsook.

† Entice.

“ I dreamed a dreary dream, master,  
 Whilk I am rad ye rede ;  
 I dreamed ye kissed a pair o’ sweet lips,  
 That drapped o’ red heart’s-blude.”

“ Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,  
 Shod wi’ the red gowd roun’ ;  
 Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet :”  
 And lichtlie lap he down.

“ Kiss nae the singer’s lips, master,  
 Kiss nae the singer’s chin ;  
 Touch nae her hand,” quo’ the little foot-page,  
 “ If skaithless hame ye wad win.

O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,  
 O wha will bruik your gluve ;  
 And wha will fauld your erled bride  
 In the kindlie clasps o’ luvè ?”

He took aff his hat, a’ gowd i’ the rim,  
 Knot wi’ a siller ban’ ;  
 He seemed a’ in lowe\* with his gowd raiment,  
 As through the greenwood he ran.

“ The summer dew fa’s saft, fair maid,  
 Aneath the siller mune ;  
 But eerie is thy seat i’ the rock,  
 Washed wi’ the white sea faem.

Come, wash me wi’ thy lillie-white hand,  
 Below and ’boon the knee ;  
 And I’ll kame thae links o’ yellow burning gowd,  
 Aboon thy bonnie blue ee.

\* Flame.

How rosie are thy parting lips,  
 How lillie-white thy skin !  
 And, weel I wat, thae kissing een  
 Wad tempt a saint to sin !”

“ Tak aff thae bars and bobs o’ gowd  
 Wi’ thy gared doublet fine ;  
 And thraw me aff thy green mantle,  
 Leafed wi’ the siller twine.

And a’ in courtesie, fair knight,  
 A maiden’s mind to win :  
 The gowd lacing o’ thy green weeds  
 Wad harm her lillie skin.”

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,  
 Hemmed wi’ the red gowd roun’ ;  
 His costly doublet cuist he aff,  
 Wi’ red gowd flowered down.

“ Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,  
 Doun wi’ my pearlie kame ;  
 Then rowe me in thy green mantle,  
 And tak me maiden hame.

But, first, come tak me ’neath the chin ;  
 And, syne, come kiss my cheek ;  
 And spread my hanks o’ watery hair,  
 I’ the new-moon beam to dreep.”

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,  
 Syne kissed her rosie cheek ;  
 And lang he wooed her willing lips,  
 Like heather-hinnie sweet !

“ O if ye’ll come to bonnie Cowehill,  
 ’Mang primrose banks to woo,

I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,  
And bind wi' gowd your brou.

And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,  
Ye'se hae the rosie wine ;  
And, a' for the water-lilie white,  
Ye'se hae thae arms o' mine."

" But what will she say, your bonnie young bride,  
Busked wi' the siller fine ;  
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,  
Are left wi' vows on mine ?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou,  
His arm frae her waist sae sma' ;  
" Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed—  
It's time I were awa.

O gie me a token o' luv, sweet may,  
A leil luv token true ;"  
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,  
And knotted it round his brou.

" Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,  
But wi' luv's rose-knot kynde :  
My heid is fu' o' burning pain ;  
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue,  
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat ;  
And he laid his head 'mang the water lilies :  
" Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed ae link o' her wat yellow hair,  
Abune his burning bree ;  
Amang his curling haffet locks,  
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lilie,  
 Wi' witch-knots mae than nine ;  
 " Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,  
 This nicht ye shall be mine."

O twice he turned his sinking head,  
 And twice he lifted his ee ;  
 O twice he socht to lift the links  
 Were knotted ower his bree.

" Arise, sweet knicht ; your young bride waits,  
 And doubts her ale will soure ;  
 And wistlie looks at the lilie-white sheets,  
 Doun-spread in ladie-bouir."

And she has prinned\* the broidered silk  
 About her white hause bane ;  
 Her princely petticoat is on,  
 Wi' gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,  
 And faintlie lift his ee ;  
 And he strave to lowse the witching bands  
 Abune his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,  
 Of lowing gowd the hem ;  
 Then took she up his silken cap,  
 Rich wi' a siller stem ;  
 And she threw them wi' her lilie hand  
 Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,  
 And threw it in the sea ;  
 " That hand shall mense nae other ring  
 But wi' the will o' me."

\* Pinned.

She faulded him in her lilie arms,  
 And left her pearlie kame :  
 His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,  
 As she took\* the white sea-faem.

First rase the star out ower the hill,  
 And neist the lovelier moon ;  
 While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'  
 Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,  
 Blythe as a young bryde may,  
 When the new mune lichts her lamp o' luve,  
 And blinks the bryde away.

“ Nithisdale, thou art a gay garden,  
 Wi' monie a winsome flour ;  
 But the princeliest rose in that gay garden  
 Maun blossom in my bouir.

And I will keep the drapping dew  
 Frae my red rose's tap ;  
 And the balmy blobs o' ilka leaf  
 I'll kep them drap by drap.  
 And I will wash my white bosom  
 A' wi' this heavenly sap.”

And aye she sewed her silken snood,  
 And sang a bridal sang ;  
 But aft the tears drapt frae her ee,  
 Afore the grey morn cam.

The sun lowed ruddie 'mang the dew,  
 Sae thick on bank and tree ;  
 The plough-boy whistled at his darg,†  
 The milk-maid answered hie ;

\* Took the way by.

† Day's-work, or task.



But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'  
 Sat wi' a wat-shod \* ee.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves  
 She heard the bridegroom's tongue ;  
 And she heard the brydal-coming lilt,  
 In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane ;  
 Nae waiting may was there ;  
 She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,  
 The kame frae 'mang her hair ;  
 She wypit the tear-blobs frae her ee,  
 And lookit lang and sair !

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,  
 Frae aff the hawthorn green ;  
 " Lowse out the love-curles frae your hair,  
 Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled wood-lark, frae 'mang the cluds  
 O' heaven, came singing down ;  
 " Tak out thae bride-knots frae your hair,  
 And let the locks hang down."

" Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,  
 Come down and byde wi' me ;  
 Ye sall peckle o' the bread, and drink o' the wine,  
 And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,  
 And syne below her feet ;  
 And laid her down 'tween the lilie-white sheets,  
 And soundly did she sleep !

\* An eye brimful of tears, is said, in Dumfries-shire and Galloway, to be *wat-shod*.

It was in the mid hour o' the night,  
 Her siller bell did ring;  
 And soun't as if nae earthlie hand  
 Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,  
 Cauld as the marble stane;  
 And a hand, cauld as the drifting snaw,  
 Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,  
 O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;  
 And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,  
 Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another brydegroom, Marie,  
 On thae bosom faulds to sleep;  
 My bryde is the yellow water lilie,  
 Its leaves my bridal sheet!"\*

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## THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.†

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

"Now, come to me, my little page,  
 Of wit sae wondrous sly!  
 Ne'er under flower o' youthful age  
 Did mair destruction lie.

\* From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

† This truly beautiful specimen of the modern ballad, which appeared in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, is founded upon a legend which is told by some of the old Scottish historians, in connexion with the celebrated story of the murder of the Red Cumin by Bruce, in the Dominican Church of Dumfries. The monks, it appears, under the impression that it was necessary to express some resentment for a deed which had been committed with so little regard to the sanctity of their altar, gave out that, as they were watching Cumin's corpse, on the night after his murder, one

I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,  
 Within this castle rare;  
 Yet he shall rue the drearie feast,  
 Bot and his lady fair.

For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine  
 Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;  
 Nae mair he'll see the morning shine  
 Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

For he has twined my love and me,  
 The maid of meikle scorn—  
 She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' ee,  
 Her widowhood the morn.

And saddle weel my milk-white steed,  
 Prepare my harness bright!  
 Gif I can mak his body bleed,  
 I'll ride awa this night."

" Now haste ye, master, to the ha';  
 The guests are drinking there;  
 Kirkpatrick's pride sall be but sma,  
 For a' his lady fair."

of their number, (all the rest having fallen asleep,) heard a supernatural voice in the air call out, " How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" when immediately another voice answered, " Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." The monkish chroniclers, who relate this circumstance, add that, in the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cumin's death, James of Lindsay, son of one of the persons who assisted Bruce in the murder, being entertained in Caerlaveroc Castle, the seat of Roger Kirkpatrick, who bore the same relation to another and still more distinguished associate of King Robert, the former rose in the night-time, and, for some unknown cause, poniarded his unsuspecting host. Having subsequently fled from the house on horseback, the confusion of mind occasioned by guilt and fear caused him to lose his way, and he was taken only three miles from the castle gate. He was afterwards, on the representation of Kirkpatrick's widow, executed by order of King David II. And thus was the violation of the altar of the Dominican church expiated in the second generation, and at the distance of half a century.

In the present copy, one stanza (the 17th) is altered, and another (the 30th) added, by the author, whose kindness in other matters connected with this publication, I have much pleasure in acknowledging.

\* \* \* \* \*

In came the merry minstrelsy ;  
 Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,  
 And bagpipes lilting melody,  
 Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

There gallant knights and ladies bright,  
 Did move to measures fine,  
 Like frolic Fairies, jimp and light,  
 Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',  
 Wi' footing swift and sure—  
 Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',  
 When she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sae rare,  
 And pendants eight or nine ;  
 And she, wi' but her gowden hair,  
 Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,  
 Did warriors' hearts assail ;  
 But she, wi' her twa sparkling een,  
 Pierced through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,  
 With gay and courteous air ;  
 No stately castle in the land  
 Could show sae bright a pair.

O he was young ; and clear the day  
 Of life to youth appears !  
 Alas ! how soon his setting ray  
 Was dimmed wi' showering tears !

Fell Lindsay sickened at the sight,  
 And sallow grew his cheek ;  
 He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,  
 But word he couldna speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up,  
 On silver and on gold :  
 The page chose out a crystal cup,  
 The sleepy juice to hold.

And when Kirkpatrick called for wine,  
 This page the drink would bear ;  
 Nor did the knight or dame divine  
 Sic black deceit was near.

Then ilka lady sang a sang ;  
 Some blythe—some full of woe—  
 Like pining swans the reeds amang ;  
 Till grief-drops 'gan to flow.

Even cruel Lindsay shed a tear,  
 Forgetting malice deep ;  
 As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,  
 Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight,  
 Now steek they ilka door :  
 There's nought but stillness o' the night,  
 Where was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on ;  
 His steed doth ready stand ;  
 And up the staircase he is gone,  
 Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,  
 He shook wi' guilty fear ;

In air he heard a joyfu' shriek :  
 Red Cumin's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep.  
 A lamp of glimmering ray  
 Showed young Kirkpatrick fast asleep  
 In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,  
 By sleepy juice beguiled ;  
 And sometimes sighed by dreams opprest,  
 And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth of rosy hue,  
 Whence issued fragrant air,  
 That gently, in soft motion, blew  
 Stray ringlets of her hair.

“ Sleep on, sleep on, ye lovers dear !  
 The dame may wake to weep ;  
 But that day's sun maun shine fou clear,  
 That spills this warrior's sleep.”

He louted down ; her lips he prest ;  
 O ! kiss foreboding woe !  
 Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast  
 A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and meikle did he bleed :  
 His lady slept till day,  
 But dreamed the Firth \* flowed ower her head,  
 In bride-bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,  
 And backed his courser fleet :

\* The Frith of Solway, on which Caerlaveroc Castle is situated.

Than did the thunder 'gin to rair,  
 Than showered the rain and sleet.

Ae fire-flaught darted through the rain,  
 Where a' was dark before,  
 And glinted ower the raging main,  
 That shook the sandy shore.

And in that flash he might descry  
 The pale knight's spectre came—  
 Before the wind it flitted by,  
 Light as the white sea-faem.

Then mirk and mirker grew the night,  
 And heavier beat the rain ;  
 And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,  
 Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride ower hill and dale,  
 Nor mire nor flood he feared :  
 I trow his courage 'gan to fail  
 When morning light appeared.

For having hied, the live-lang night,  
 Through hail and heavy showers,  
 He fand himsell, at peep o' light,  
 Hard by Caerlaveroc's towers.

The castle-bell was ringing out ;  
 The ha' was all asteer ;  
 And mony a screigh and waefu' shout  
 Appalled the murderer's ear.

Now they hae taen this traitor strang,  
 Wi' curses and wi' blows ;  
 And high in air they did him hang,  
 To glut the carrion crows.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ To sweet Lincluden’s haly cells  
 Fou dowie I’ll repair ;  
 There peace wi’ gentle patience dwells ;  
 Nae deadly feuds are there.

In tears I’ll wither ilka charm,  
 Like draps o’ baleful yew ;  
 And wail the beauty that could harm  
 A knight sae brave and true.”

~~~~~

### HARDYKNUTE.\*

A FRAGMENT.

STATELY stept he east the wa’,  
 And stately stept he west ;  
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,  
 With scarce seven yeirs of rest.  
 He lived when Britons’ breach of faith  
 Wrocht Scotland mickle wae ;  
 And aye his sword tauld, to their cost,  
 He was their deidly fae.

High on a hill his castle stude,  
 With halls and towirs a-hicht,

\* This ballad refers to the battle of the Largs, fought October 2, 1263, between the forces of Haco, King of Norway, which had invaded Scotland at that part of the coast of Ayrshire, and those of Alexander III., which had been collected to repel the invasion. The subject of dispute between these monarchs, was the sovereignty of the Northern and Western Islands of Scotland. The Scots succeeded in driving back the Norsemen to their ships, and a tempest, which soon after took place, almost completed the destruction of the invaders. Haco himself took refuge, for the winter, in Orkney, where he died of grief.



And guidly chambers fair to see,  
 Whair he ludged mony a knicht.\*  
 His dame sae peirless anes, and fair,  
 For chast and bewty deimt,  
 Nae marrow † had in a' the land,  
 Saif Eleanour the Queen.

Full thirteen sons to him sho bair,  
 All men of valour stout ;  
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,  
 Nine lost their lyves bot ‡ doubt ;  
 Four yet remain ; lang may they live,  
 To stand by liege and land ;  
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,  
 And hie was their command.

Great love they bair to Fairly fair,  
 Their sister saft and deir ;  
 Her girdle shawed her middle jimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.§  
 What waefu' wae her bewtie bred !  
 Waefu' to young and auld ;  
 Waefu', I trow, to kith and kin,  
 As story evir tauld.

The King of Norse, in summer tyde,  
 Puft up wi' pour and micht,  
 Landit in fair Scotland the yle,  
 With mony a hardy knicht.

\* Fairly Castle, the supposed residence of Hardyknute, is here exactly described. It is a single square tower, standing "hie on a hill," in the neighbourhood of the Largs. A mountain stream runs close by it, and is precipitated, immediately under the castle, over the rock into a deep chasm. From the battlements of the castle there is to be obtained a wide view of the Frith of Clyde and its islands, including the blue and alpine summits of Arran. The ancient family of Fairly formerly possessed it; but it has long been the property of the Boyles of Kelburne, now ennobled by the title of Earl of Glasgow.

† Match, equal.

‡ Without.

§ Her hair shone like gold.

The tydings to our gude Scots king  
 Came as he sat at dyne,  
 With noble cheifs, in braif array,  
 Drinking the blude-red wyne.

“ To horse, to horse, my royal liege !  
 Your faes stand on the strand ;  
 Full twenty thousand glittering speirs  
 The King of Norse commands.”

“ Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple-grey,”  
 Our gude king rase and cryd :  
 A trustier beist, in all the land,  
 A Scots king nevir seyed.\*

“ Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill so hie,  
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,  
 And haste and follow me.”

The little page flew swift as dart,  
 Flung by his master's arm ;

“ Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 And red your king frae harm.”

Then reid, reid grew his dark-broun cheeks,  
 Sae did his dark-broun brow ;

His luiks grew kene, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do.

He has taen a horn as grein as glass,  
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,

That trees in grenewode shuke thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons, in manly sport and glie  
 Had passed that summer morn ;  
 When lo, down in a grassy dail,  
 They heard their father's horn.

“ That horn,” quod they, “ ne’er sounds in peace—  
 We haif other sport to byde :”  
 And sune they hied them up the hill,  
 And sune were at his syde.

“ Late, late yestreene, I weined in peace  
 To end my lengthened lyfe ;  
 My age micht weel excuse my arm  
 Frae manly feats o’ strife :  
 But now that Norse dois proudly boast  
 Fair Scotland to intrall,  
 It’s ne’er be said of Hardyknute,  
 He feired to fecht or fall.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow ;  
 Thy arrows shoot sae leil,  
 That mony a comely countenance  
 They’ve turned to deidly pale.  
 Braid Thomas, tak ye but your lance ;  
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,  
 Gif ye fecht wi’t, as ye did anis,  
 ’Gainst Cumberland’s fers heir.

And Malcom, licht of fute, as stag  
 That runs in foreste wyld,  
 Get me my thousands thrie of men,  
 Weil bred to sword and schield :  
 Bring me my horse and harnesine,  
 My blade of metal cleir ;  
 If faes kend but the hand it bair,  
 They sune had fled for feir.

Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,”  
 And tuke hir by the hand ;  
 “ Fairer to me in age thou seems  
 Than maids in bewtie famed,  
 My youngest son sall here remain,  
 To guaird these stately touirs,

And shuit the silver bolt, that keips  
Sae fast your paintit bouirs."

And first she wet hir comely cheiks,  
And then hir boddice grene;  
Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,  
Weil plat wi' silver schene;  
And apron set wi' mony a dice  
Of needle wark sae rare,  
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden ower muir and moss,  
Ower hills, and mony a glen,  
When he cam to a woundit knight,  
Making a heavy mane:  
"Here maun I lye, here maun I die,  
By treachery's false guyles;  
Witless I was that e'er gaif faith  
To wicked woman's smyles!"

"Sir knight, gin ye war in my bouir,  
To lean on silken seat,  
My ladye's kindly care you'd prove,  
Wha neir kend deidly hate;  
Herself wald watch ye all the day,  
Hir maids at deid of nicht,  
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,  
As sho stands in your sicht.

Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,  
Full lown's \* the shinand day;  
Cheis frae my menyie † whom you pleis,  
To leid you on the way."  
With smyleless luik and visage wan,  
The woundit knight replied,

\* Calm, without wind.

† Retinue; more usually, power of numbers.

“ Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht  
Can eir be sweit or fair ;  
But sune, beneth some drapping tree,  
Cauld death sall end my care.”  
With him nae pleiding nicht prevail ;  
Braif Hardyknute to gain,  
With fairest words and reason strang,  
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd,\* attoure  
Lord Chattan’s land sae wide ;  
That lord a worthie wicht was aye,  
When faes his courage seyed :  
Of Pictish race by mother’s syde ;  
When Picts ruled Caledon,  
Lord Chattan claimed the princely maid,  
When he saift Pictish croun.

Now, with his fers and stalwart train,  
He reicht a rying heicht,  
Where, braid encampit on the dale,  
Norse menyie lay in sicht ;  
“ Yonder, my valiant sons, and feris, †  
Our raging reivers wait,  
On the unconquered Scottish swaird,  
To try with us their fate !

Make orisons to him that saift  
Our sauls upon the rude ; ‡  
Synne braifly shaw your veins are filled  
With Caledonian blude.”  
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,  
Whyle thousands, all around,

\* Far beyond, over the country.  
‡ Cross.

† Companions.

Drawn frae their sheaths, glanst in the sun,  
And loud the bugils sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill  
In haste his march he made,  
While, playand pibrochs, minstrells meit \*  
Afore him stately strade.

“ Thrise welcome, valiant stoop of weir,  
Thy nation’s schield and pryde !  
Thy king nae reason has to feir,  
When thou art by his syde.”

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,  
For thrang scars could they flie ;  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the trie.  
Lang did they rage and fecht full fers,  
With little skaith to man ;  
And bludy, bludy was the field,  
Orr that lang day was done !

The King of Scots, that sindle bruikd  
The war that lookd like play,  
Drew his braidsword, and brak his bow,  
Sin’ bows seimd but delay.  
Quoth noble Rothsay, “ Myne I’ll keip ;  
I wat it’s bled a score.”  
“ Haste up, my merry-men !” cryd the king,  
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,  
With him to mease the faucht ; †  
But on his foreheid there did licht  
A sharp unsonsie ‡ shaft :  
As he his hand put up to find  
The wound, an arrow kene,

\* Proper.

† To measure or try the battle.

‡ Unlucky.

O waefu' chance ! there pinned his hand  
In midst betwene his eene.

“ Revenge ! revenge ! ” cried Rothsay's heir ;  
“ Your mail-coat sall nocht byde  
The strength and sharpness of my dart ; ”  
Then set it through his syde.  
Another arrow weil he marked ;  
It perst his neck in twa ;  
His hands then quat the silver reins—  
He low as yird did fa'.

“ Sair bleids my liege ! sair, sair he bleids ! ”  
Again, with micht, he drew,  
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow ;  
Fast the braid arrow flew :  
Wae to the knight he ettled at ! \*  
Lament, now, Queen Elgreid !  
Hie, dames, to wail your darling's fall,  
His youth and comely meid.

“ Tak aff, tak aff his costlie grife, ” †  
(Of gold weil was it twyned,  
Knit like the fowler's net, throuch whilk  
His steilly harness shyned,)  
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid  
Him venge the bluid it beirs ;  
Say, if he face my bended bow,  
He sure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,  
Braid shoulder, and arms strong ;  
Cried, “ Whair is Hardyknute sae famed,  
And feired at Britain's throne ?  
Though Britons tremble at his name,  
I sune sall mak him wail

\* Aimed at.

† Upper garment.

That eir my sword was made sae sharpe,  
Sae saft his coat o' mail."

That brag his stout heart could na byde ;  
It lent him youthfu' micht :  
" I'm Hardyknute ! This day," he cryed,  
" To Scotland's king I hecht\*  
To lay thee low as horse's hufe ;  
My word I mein to keip :"  
Syne, with the first straik eir he strak,  
He gard† his body bleid.

Norse, e'en like grey gos-hawk, stared wyld ;  
He sichd wi' shame and spyte ;  
" Disgraced is now my far-famed arm,  
That left thee pour to stryke !"  
Then gaif his heid a blow sae fell,  
It made him doun to stoop,  
As law as he to ladyes usd,  
In courtly gyse to lout.‡

Full sune he raisd his bent body ;  
His bow he marvelld sair,  
Sin' blows till then on him but darrd  
As touch of Fairly fair.  
Norse ferlyt,§ too, as sair as he,  
To see his stately luke ;  
Sae sune as eir he strak a fae,  
Sae sune his lyfe he take.

Whair, lyke a fyre to hether set,  
Bauld Thomas did advance,  
A sturdy fae, with luke enraged,  
Up towards him did prance.  
He spurrd his steed throuch thickest ranks,  
The hardy youth to quell ;

\* Promised.

† Bend, bow, stoop.

‡ Caused, made, occasioned.

§ Wondered.



Wha stude unmoved at his approach,  
His furie to repel.

“ That short brown shaft, sae meinly trimd,  
Lukes lyke poor Scotland’s geir ;  
But dreidful seims the rusty poynt !”  
And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britain’s blude has dimmd its shyne,  
This poynt cut short their vaunt ;”  
Syne perst the boisteris bairded cheik ;  
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Short whyle he in his saddle swang ;  
His stirrup was nae stay,  
Sae feible hang his unbent knie,  
Sure taiken he was fey.\*  
Swith† on the hardent clay he fell,  
Richt far was heard the thud,‡  
But Thomas luikt not as he lay  
All welterin in his blude.

With careless gesture, mind unmuvit,  
On rade he north the plain,  
His seim in thrang of ferses stryfe,  
When winner, ay the same.  
(Nor yet his heart dame’s dimpelt cheik  
Could meise§ saft love to bruik ;  
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,  
Then languid grew his luke.)

In thraws of death, with wallert|| cheik,  
All panting on the plain,  
The fainting corps of warriours lay,  
Neir to aryse again :

\* Doomed to death.

‡ The soft, heavy sound occasioned by the fall of a body on the ground.

§ Mollify.

† At once, presently.

|| Faded.

Neir to return to native land ;  
 Nae mair, wi' blythsome sounds,  
 To boist the glories of the day,  
 And shaw their shynand wounds.

On Norway's coast, the widowed dame  
 May wash the rock wi' teirs,  
 May lang luik ower the schiples seis,  
 Before hir mate appeirs.  
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain ;  
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;  
 The valiant Scots nae reivers thole\*  
 To carry lyfe away.

There, on a lee where stands a cross  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands full fers, that summer's day,  
 Filled kene war's black intent.  
 Let Scots, whyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name ay dreid ;  
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,  
 Sall latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy shour ;  
 Mirk† grew the nicht, eir Hardyknute  
 Wan neir his stately tour :  
 His tour, that usit, with torches bleise,  
 To shyne sae far at nicht,  
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid :  
 Nae marvel sair he sichd.

“ There's nae licht in my lady's bouir,  
 There's nae licht in my hall ;  
 Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,  
 Nor ward stands on my wall.

\* Suffer, allow.

† Dark.

What bodes it? Robert, Thomas say!"  
 Nae answir fits their dreid.  
 "Stand back, my sons! I'll be your guyde;"  
 But by they passd wi' speid.

"As fast I haif sped ower Scotland's faes"—  
 There ceist his brag of weir,  
 Sair shamd to mynd oucht but his dame  
 And maiden Fairly fair.  
 Black feir he felt, but what to feir  
 He wist not yit with dreid:  
 Sair shuke his body, sair his limbs,  
 And all the warrior fled.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The author of this celebrated ballad was Lady Wardlaw, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitfirrane, a gentleman of Fife, in Scotland. She was born in 1677, and in 1696 was married to Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Balumlie, or Pitrvie, also in Fife. She died about the year 1727. This lady, who must be allowed to have possessed poetical talents of no common order, considering that she lived at so dark a period in the literary history of Scotland, attempted at first to pass off Hardyknute as a genuine fragment of ancient ballad. She caused her brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to communicate the MS. to Lord Binning, (son of the poetical Earl of Haddington, and himself a poet,) with the following account: "In performance of my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found, a few weeks ago, in an old vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you will find, that the tenth part is not legible." The ballad was first published in 1719, by some literary gentlemen, who believed it to be what the authoress pretended; and it was afterwards admitted by Ramsay into the Evergreen, as a composition of the antique nature proper to that collection. For many years, it was generally received as a genuine old ballad; nor does any one ever seem to have questioned its pretensions to that character. Dr Percy at length, in his Reliques, published in 1755, disclosed the real fact of its authorship, which has latterly been confirmed beyond a doubt by other writers. Mr Hepburn of Keith, a gentleman well known in the early part of the last century for high honour and probity of character, often declared that he was in the house with Lady Wardlaw at the time she wrote the ballad; and Mrs Wedderburn of Gosford, Lady Wardlaw's daughter, and Mrs Menzies of Woodend, her sister-in-law, used to be equally positive as to the fact. See Chalmers's edition of Ramsay's Works. London, 1800.

## THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me\* rose with day,  
 He spurred his courser on,  
 Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
 That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,  
 His banner broad to rear ;  
 He went not, 'gainst the English yew  
 To raise the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack† was braced, and his helmet was  
 laced,  
 And his vauntbrace of proof he wore ;  
 At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
 Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days' space,  
 And his looks were sad and sour ;  
 And weary was his courser's pace,  
 As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancrum Moor‡  
 Ran red with English blood ;

\* Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, is a ruined Border strength, situated on the northern boundary of Roxburgh, among a number of wild rocks called Sandiknowe Crag. It is not a place of the least note in history ; but it derives a strong interest, nevertheless, from its being the scene of this ballad, and also from the circumstance that the author of this and so many other beautiful fictions, spent the years of his infancy in its immediate neighbourhood.

† The plate-jack is coat-armour ; the vauntbrace, or wambrace, armour for the body ; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

‡ The battle of Ancrum Moor was fought in 1515, between a strong invading party of English, under Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, and a small Scottish force, hastily gathered by the Earl of Angus (Douglas) and the Earl of Buccleuch. The former were defeated with great slaughter.

Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,  
His acton pierced and tore ;  
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still ;  
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

“ Come thou hither, my little foot-page ;  
Come hither to my knee ;  
Though thou art young and tender of age,  
I think thou art true to me.

Come tell me all that thou hast seen,  
And look thou tell me true !  
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,  
What did thy lady do ?”

“ My lady each night sought the lonely light,  
That burns on the wild Watchfold ;  
For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
Of the English foemen told.

The bittern clamoured from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill ;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,  
To the eerie Beacon Hill.

I watched her steps, and silent came  
Where she sat on a stone :  
No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;  
It burned all alone.

The second night I kept her in sight,  
 Till to the fire she came,  
 And, by Mary's might, an armed knight  
 Stood by the lonely flame.

And many a word that warlike lord  
 Did speak to my lady there ;  
 But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
 And I heard not what they were.

The third night there the sky was fair,  
 And the mountain blast was still,  
 As again I watched the secret pair,  
 On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
 And name the holy eve ;  
 And say, ' Come this night to thy lady's bower ;  
 Ask no bold Baron's leave.

He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;  
 His lady is all alone ;  
 The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,  
 On the eve of good St John.'

' I cannot come ; I must not come ;  
 I dare not come to thee :  
 On the eve of St John I must wander alone ;  
 In thy bower I may not be.'

' Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight !  
 Thou shouldst not say me nay ;  
 For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,  
 Is worth the whole summer's day.

And I'll chain the bloodhound, and the warder shall  
 not sound,  
 And rushes shall be strewed on the stair,

And, by the Black Rood Stone,\* and by holy St John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !'

' Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush be-  
neath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber in the east,  
And my footstep he would know.'

' O fear not the priest, who sleepeth in the east !  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en ;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

He turned him round, and grimly he frowned ;  
Then he laughed right scornfully :

' He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,  
May as well say mass for me.

At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,  
In thy chamber will I be.'

With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,  
From the dark to the blood-red high ;

" Now tell me the mein of the knight thou hast seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die !"

" His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light ;  
His plume it was scarlet and blue ;  
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

" Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me !

\* The Black Rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,  
All under the Eildon tree."

" Yet hear but my word, my noble Lord !  
For I heard her name his name ;  
And that lady bright, she called the knight,  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,  
From high blood-red to pale :  
" The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff  
and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.

Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain.

The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drowned the name ;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do  
sing,  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !"

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower-grate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,  
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,  
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood,  
Looked over hill and dale ;  
O'er Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,\*  
And all down Teviotdale.

" Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright !"  
" Now hail, thou baron true !

\* Mertoun, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.



What news, what news from Ancrum fight?  
 What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancrum Moor is red with gore,  
 For many a Southron fell;  
 And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,  
 To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said;  
 Nor added the Baron a word:  
 Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,  
 And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the Baron tossed and  
 turned,  
 And oft to himself he said:  
 "The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave  
 is deep . . . .  
 It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin bell,  
 The night was wellnigh done,  
 When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
 On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,  
 By the light of a dying flame;  
 And she was aware of a knight stood there—  
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,  
 "For the holy Virgin's sake!"  
 "Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;  
 But, lady, he will not awake.

By Eildon tree, for long nights three,  
 In bloody grave have I lain;

The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,  
But, lady, they are said in vain.

By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,  
Most foully slain I fell ;  
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height  
For a space is doomed to dwell.

At our trysting-place, for a certain space,  
I must wander to and fro ;  
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed :

"How, Richard, hast thou sped ?  
And art thou saved, or art thou lost ?"  
The Vision shook his head !

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life ;  
So bid thy lord believe :  
That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam ;  
His right upon her hand :  
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,  
Remains on that board impressed ;  
And for evermore that lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,  
Ne'er looks upon the sun ;  
There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That monk, who speaks to none—  
 That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,  
 That monk the bold Baron.



## WILLIE AND HELEN.

HUGH AINSLIE.

“ WHAIRFORE sou'd ye tauk o' love,  
 Unless it be to pain us?  
 Oh! whairfore sou'd ye tauk o' love,  
 When ye say the sea maun twain us?”

“ It's no because my love is licht,  
 Nor for your angry daddie;  
 It's a' to buy ye pearlins bricht,  
 And busk ye like a leddie.”

“ Oh, Willie! I can card and spin,  
 Sae ne'er can want for cleedin;  
 And gin I hae my Willie's heart,  
 I hae a' the pearls I'm heedin.

Will it be time to praise this cheek,  
 When years and tears have blencht it?  
 Will it be time to tauk o' love,  
 When cauld and care have quencht it?”

He's laid ae hand about her waist,  
 The other's held to heaven;  
 And his luik was like the luik o' man,  
 Whase heart in twa is riven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The auld carle o' Knockdon is deid;  
 There's few for him will sorrow,  
 For Willie's stappit in his stead,  
 But and his comely marrow.

There's a cozie beild at yon burn-fit,  
 Wi' a bourtree at the en' o't—  
 Oh, many a day may it see yet,  
 Ere care or canker ken o't.

The lilie leans out ower the brae,  
 And the rose leans ower the lilie—  
 And there the bonnie twasome lay,  
 Fair Helen and her Willie.\*

\* Copied from a volume entitled, "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," published in 1822. Unfortunately for this country, the youthful author chose to cast his fate in the Western World, before his talents, which seem to have been of a very high order, had got time to become known or appreciated here. His volume may be recommended as a fine specimen of youthful enthusiasm, and as containing much fine poetry.

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